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SOME PROMINENT MEMBERS OF THE BUSINESS EDUCATORS' ASSOCIATION.

(FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY SARONY, CONANT, PACI, VAIL, AND OTHERS.)

1. J. J. WILLIAMS, Business University, Rochester, N. Y.
2. A. J. RIDER, Business College, Trenton, N. J.
3. S. N. PACKARD, Business College, New York City.
4. F. B. STOWELL, Business College, Providence, R. I.
5. G. W. BROWN, Jacksonville, Ill.

6. RICHARD NELSON, Cincinnati, O.
7. H. A. SPENCER, Business College, New York City.
8. J. F. GARDNER, New England College, Bangor, Me.
9. R. C. SPENCER, Business College, Milwaukee, Wis.
10. W. H. SAEHLER, Business College, Baltimore, Md.

11. A. A. GRAY, Portland, Maine.
12. H. C. SPENCER, Washington, D. C.
13. R. E. GALLAGHER, Hamilton, Canada.
14. EPHRAIM SMITH, Commercial College, Lexington, Ky.

Centre. The Meeting at Chatter Hall.





pen to come into their heads. Naturally enough most of them chose that which was uppermost and discouraged about themselves. Some of the remarks are printed below.

#### AT THE THIRD QUARTER MEETING.

At Tuesday's session Mr. Hinman of Worcester gave his views upon "Class Instruction in Penmanship." Mr. Lansley wanted to know what reply a teacher should make to the questions, "Don't you think writing is a gift? Do you think you can make a good writer of anybody? Do you think you can teach me to write?"

Mr. Hinman hardly thought that every one could learn to write elegantly; but there were very few in his opinion who could not learn to write with accuracy and speed sufficient to answer all purposes of business. That all caught the artistic idea, and that the different influences are born equally in all persons, he did not believe.

Mr. Goldsmith of Atlanta was the opinion that intellectually played an important part in learning to write, and unless a person has that medium he cannot learn to write. He once had a pupil who worked hard for six months, had a good deal of attention and he had could not get no better at the end of that time than at the start. That result, however, might have been the fault of the teacher.

A paper by Mr. Spencer of Milwaukee on the ethics of business was well received by the convention. Mr. Brown improved the opportunity to brew another discussion, and Mr. Adams gave an illustrated lecture on displaced handwriting.

Mr. McAdam, a "Looker on in Venice," indulged in a talk to the Educators about the methods of putting before young men on their entrance to business life some principles of political economy. After hearing from Mr. McGowan and others in similar strain, the session adjourned.

#### THE HOME STRETCH.

Wednesday, the 14th, was the day for gathering up the bag ends and packing the grip-sacks for the homeward-bound. The meeting was no better at the end of that time than at the start. That result, however, might have been the fault of the teacher.

Nothing remained but to name officers for the ensuing year. Mr. Milwaukee Spencer humorously announced that he had prepared a "plate," and it went through with a whiz.

These were the favored ones.

President—Mr. Sadler of Baltimore. Vice-Presidents—Messrs. Gallagher of Hamilton, Ontario, and Gardiner, of Poughkeepsie, N.Y. Clerk of New York. Secretary and Treasurer—Mr. Osborn of Rochester. Executive Committee—Messrs. Spencer of Milwaukee, McGowan of Brown of Jacksonville, and Williams of Rochester.

The Educators accepted the invitation of Mr. R. C. Spencer to hold its next session at Milwaukee, at the call of the Executive Committee, kept their seats long enough to enjoy a capital little talk by President Sadler, and adjourned *vis à vis*. They had done more work probably than at any former session, and had more fun while they were doing it.

#### Penmanship

VIEWS OF DIVERS EDUCATORS ON MATTERS CHIROGRAPHIC.

Clark, Erie, Pa.—"I always begin with the whole arm movement; no finger movement. I keep the pupil working diligently on the whole arm movement until he comes and says, 'I wish I didn't have to get up so much whole arm movement.' I say, 'Very well, sir, and that is the first step. Take a good, firm, straight and a jerked of the whole arm movement, and then say to him, 'If you can carry that movement by allowing your arm to rest on the table, do so.' Allowing the arm to fall, he drops into the other movement with surprising ease. \* \* \* I believe we can have good, plain business handwriting,—can teach each student so as to draw out his individuality. I have no patience with writing that teaches set forms only."

He, C. Spencer, Washington, D. C.—"In teaching writing, correct form should be aimed at. There should be something definite about what you teach, and I believe that this can be observed and at the same time great skill and freedom be inculcated in writing. I recollect my father used to have a stage with him before the corrective stage. First, there would be the movement stage for drill, then the principles could be applied in the correct forms, and finally the application of the correct forms made according to principle. These stages he managed to introduce into almost every writing lesson."

Collier, Knoxville, Ky.—"I drill my students in the movement exercises without a pen—letter, oval, etc., then with the pen. After that I let them make the small letters, *i, u, w* and so on. I have no separate wrist movement. I do not teach ornamental writing to my business students, though I do teach it somewhat at home."

Rathbun, Omaha, Neb.—"The worst thing I have to contend with is the finger movement. I think it very objectionable, and this is what I have to say. In teaching writing, I find it is just as natural for a schoolboy or girl to take to the finger movement as for ducks to take to water. It is the first thing they learn, and the trouble is when we teach any movement that is foreign to them we have to fight the very thing they have learned."

Hinman, Worcester, Mass.—"I have gone before the simple movement of the wrist, the forearm, backarm, even to the feet. I believe muscular effort in good penmanship is required all over the body. \* \* \* Even in your finger movement, if you will put your hand upon the shoulder, you will feel a certain amount of action of the upper arm. So if you use the whole arm movement you will find the muscles of the chest to be in operation. Purely forearm movement I do not believe in. We think we act simply with the forearm, but we are really employing part of the shoulder and breast muscles. One of the best teachers I ever knew—and know to-day—used to go through a couple of minutes of this before he began to write. Much of his skill as a penman, as well as a teacher, was the result of his firm belief in developing free muscular action before attempting to write well."

H. A. Spencer, New York.—"It is between the lessons you give that the student of penmanship can make your instruction permanent in his mind. When he comes to practice again, he has been thinking of the matter, and it has been making more movement when away than when he was with you. It is through mental digestion that the laws of action become indelibly impressed upon the student. It was an old remark of my father's that some men had only to make their own signatures to become good penmen. They were men who had your mind with an excellent copy of his signature in his pocket, step around the corner, take it out and examine it frequently. I say that young man will excel as a business writer." I think there is no issue about writing movements. Men express themselves differently on the subject, but they all write with the same arm. Give it what you want you will, any movement of the body is muscular, and blending the action of the arm, hand and fingers is a requisite in good writing which all strive to attain. Obedience to the laws of position, motion and form will enable practical chirographers to write well at a speed of from thirty to forty words a minute."

Huntenger, New York.—"Our students must write rapidly and legibly. How shall we obtain this result? To do so, I find that I have to go to extremes. I think that it is impossible to reach the mean without going to extremes. I give the curve lines; then comes the question of angular turns at top and bottom. People say, 'Your pupil's writing is too angular.' I say, 'I have to write it that way.' Teach them the sharp curve. When they get into business that little turn will take care of itself."

Jones, Baltimore, N. Y.—"As a teacher of penmanship in the public schools, I have desired with all my heart to see good results, but have been successful only in a measure. This is due to the fact that the time given to writing in each school is only fifteen minutes, and when one undertakes to teach penmanship thoroughly in a room where there are from 70 to 100 pupils, and is able to devote only fifteen minutes to each lesson, I think he must, if he gets good results, have had a very much more extended experience than I have had. And these lessons are given only three times a week."

#### Flotsam and Jetsam.

SUNDAY SENTIMENTS EVOLVED AT THE GO-A-YOU-PLEASE EXERCISE MEETING.

Miller, Newark, N. J.—"The first requisite it seems to me of a good school is a good teacher; and I have aimed to secure teachers of character, teachers who possess great possibilities of doing good. I lay my success. I have always kept before me one idea, that no matter where I have diverged, I shall be a teacher through life. \* \* \* In connection with my work in school I am also engaged in Sunday school work, being superintendent of a Sunday-school having 30 teachers. Four of my teachers are absentees from the previous year, which may be called immoral. I don't know as smoking can be called immoral, though it may be termed so, as it has an influence on the mind of the young, to imitate the teacher."

Gray, Portland, Me.—"I find there is so much immorality in our schools that although I have aimed not to employ any one who will drink, smoke or keep late hours, and I feel I have succeeded pretty well; yet I think I shall put in an addition, and in order that we may be up to the standard of other schools of the kind, I shall introduce a short sermon Sunday morning, and a Sabbath-school in the afternoon; and in this manner put in all the time there for the benefit of the children."

Elizabeth, N. Y.—"I have been broken of my rest and kept awake nights on account of the preparation of these elaborate and purely extemporaneous remarks. There is no doubt that the members of the convention have been filled with the highest anticipations to see me and hear me speak my piece. For integrity of thought and sincerity, the remarks are to be the crowning effort of my life. I am perfect in but one respect, and that is an extraordinary diligence."

There is one thing that I have all along prided myself upon. Whenever I address my colleagues, I rise superior to the occasion. I have chosen for my text, 'I will be a good man.' This text, I have borrowed from the classics, may be divided into two heads: First, *gump*; second, *shun*. If you are a gump, people will shun you; and if you have no gumpium, you will be a gump—see? When a delegate to this convention starts from his home, brushes the hair away from his side, puts on his Sunday overalls and an umbrella, wends his way to 505 Broadway, where the mercury in a Fahrenheit thermometer at 95° in the shade, with 250 pounds of wife on one arm, and 130 pounds of gingerbread tied with a sharp string on the other, he starts skyward with his doubled edged sweetness. On reaching the door, he is met by a crowd of stars, the faithful delegate reads over the door, 'Take the Elevator,' and a cherry little lady taking the situation, remarks, 'Why didn't you take the elevator?' Shades of Cæsar! That I should have been born without gumpium! Ladies and gentlemen, the first time and the last time I came, I walked."

Roberts, Toledo, Mo.—"I established my school three years ago at Sellaia, Mo., the home of the James brothers, where whiskey almost runs through the streets. I am a firm believer in good discipline. The very best discipline is that which is free from domination, and any school that is run without discipline is a school of failure. \* \* \* Our rules are that no pupil shall enter a saloon. We have the sons of saloon-keepers, and they thank us for this rule. We claim that nothing can be taught successfully that cannot be taught by example; therefore, I employ no teacher who smokes, drinks, uses profane language, or is in any way immoral. Every year I expect to teach a better school than the year before."

Osborn, Rochester, N. Y.—"It is my experience, and I am sure it is the experience of others, that I am improved each year by contact with fellow teachers; that I get inspiration for better work. The man who comes to these meetings and does not get inspiration, is not the right kind of a man to be a member of the Business Educators' Association of America."

#### Schoolroom Experience.

DIFFERENT HOBBIES OF DIFFERENT EDUCATORS—DIFFICULTIES ENCOUNTERED.

Bartholomew, New York.—"The peculiar feature of my school is that I teach the stenograph and it only. The chief difficulty I have to contend with is getting students. There are enough of difficulty, however, to get all the willing scholars to whom the stenograph teaching, have to contend with. That is, having applicants appreciate the fact that general information and education in other matters, other than the mere use of or ability to write shorthand, is very necessary. The greatest drawback with me is that students do not seem to give enough attention to what they read and hear. Now I think that nearly all the mistakes that are made by amanuenses and shorthand writers grow out of the fact that they really do not understand the things they are writing. They do not get the meaning fully, and I think it well for us to try to impress upon the student the importance of the standard that they must understand the meaning of what they are called upon to write; else they cannot possibly do accurate work."

Pearson, New York.—"I think the difficulties I have had with my students have been more in the way of their discovering themselves, of their finding that they have a mind, and of knowing how to use that mind. Students naturally do not know how to write, and they come to us with the record of dullness. The first thing we do to a boy, and the thing we attach most importance to, is to wind him up and set him going. Let him feel that he can really do something. Now I have an exercise in the morning for that express purpose. If a boy can whittle better than any other boy, I want him to whittle. I want him to know that in some one thing he is better than any other boy. If he is dull in one direction, and he finds that he can really do something good; it gives him encouragement, and we start out from that. I find also, that young men have this trouble of expressing themselves. The first thing a boy says is, 'I know what it is, but I don't know how to express it.' Now, that is true; he knows something, but does not know how to express it. He often has an idea of something that has never formulated itself in language. I want a boy to know; I want a boy to say just exactly what is in his mind, and he will be so sorry that he cannot say it that he will try to do it. I want him to struggle until he gets the expression. It is not merely teaching him, but it is showing him the necessity, when he has got the use of his tongue, of having something behind it, of having something to say; and at once he sees the importance of reading up, of getting something into his mind that is behind his words. I want him to learn to read by showing them their ignorance when they stand upon their feet, making them so ashamed of themselves that they never will be caught in that way again. I have done more work in that direction than I have in all others."

Spencer, Washington, D. C.—"This feature of the meeting, getting knowledge from the libraries at home, from their observations on the streets, from conversations with their friends, and going into the schoolroom and rising before their fellow students and expressing it, is one of the most important exercises connected with education."

Gaines, Poughkeepsie, N. Y.—"I do not know that there are any features of our school which may be considered peculiar features, except three. One is the short term, and I attach great consequence to that; another is our system of public and private entertainments, and I attach a still greater importance to that; and the third is the moral influence thrown around the young men, none alone by wholesome restrictions, but also by a students' prayer meeting, which during ten months of the year meets once a week, and which always carries an attendance of about fifty, and on special occasions has from 150 to 200 students."

Hinman, Worcester, Mass.—"I can think of

but one thing that may be called the leading feature in our school, and that is the making of men out of boys. And I mean men in the fullest sense—gentlemen—men who will be refined hereafter, and who can make their way in the world by their own intelligence, by new ways, and good address, all based upon principle. The chief trouble that I have in my school is in watching myself to see that I keep a close eye on the enthusiasm of the pupils as well as teachers, to see that all do their best, and that the most intelligent, the best and most beautiful pupils receive proper attention. They are trained to come up to one ground of complete manhood and self-respect; to be courteous in action, that they may pass into the world well qualified to be able to succeed as capable, principled business men.

*Spencer, Louisville Ky.*—If I had to single out one feature of our school as being the most important, I should say arithmetic, simple addition, making out invoices and instructions, and so on. This is somewhat neglected, especially in schools of our class in the South and West. If we have anything that is especially peculiar to our school, I should say it is the presentation, practically, of books. I get just as large a variety of these books as I possibly can from the outside world. I have had a great deal of experience in accounting work, and I give the student everything that I find peculiar.

Stevell, *Walden*, R. I.—My first difficulty with students is that as they come to me I find that they have been in the habit of being governed wholly by circumstances. They go with the leader like a flock of sheep, and my first effort with them, and my effort to the end of the time, with I have them, is to teach them to the men, with all that means; that while they are in the system, each one individually represents the system in himself, and that from the center, himself, must emanate all the power and force which controls that system. And whether I am teaching arithmetic, commercial law or bookkeeping, it is to drive home to the student this thought, that he, himself, must make up within his own mind a base to operate upon, and that he must make that base strong enough and every word must be in conformance with that central idea: it is his, and his alone.

*Troy, P. Land, M.—* I am sometimes chided as nearly as I can what seems to be the most important for business education, and give those studies which are in my judgment relatively important, and then I try to instruct accordingly and make my course as nearly as possible the best. I do not think I can make my students thorough, and to do conscientious work, to make a thorough preparation for their life work; and then when they go out with a firm, through purpose, they will be able to do their work as well. My course is, I think, rather low. The students' purses are not long enough to enable them to take it. Another difficulty I have to contend with is that all over the State of Maine there are schools which advertise themselves as being thoroughly adapted to a short course, but proclaim themselves to be the most thorough, the best and the most practical in the world. They say that a student can get through in three and a half months, and they are not out in the least. But when the student has a thorough course, and is unable to stay longer, what does he take? Why, the very same things are put before him again, and there is the bright young man that is going to stay and take the same course right over

*Gallagher, Hamilton, Ont.*—We give a great deal of attention to thoroughness in the English branches, although we have no special English department, and I think that is demanded. I find a business man wants a boy in his office, who is not ignorant of the English branches, one who is able to spell correctly, write plainly, and figure rapidly and accurately. I do not want you to think that we neglect bookkeeping, but we do not give it that attention we did five years ago.

*Randall, New York.*—I found it necessary early in my career as a teacher of practical branches, to know my students from the start, and I have been much pleased with what has been said by Mr. Rathbun and Mr. Sadler in regard to knowing students. One thought he

would find out what a student knew, the other what he did not know. I think if you find out what he knows, and what he wants to know, you will be likely to learn what to give him with most benefit. I have adopted the plan of learning my students the first day as far as possible.

*Osborn, Rochester, N. Y.*—The difficulties that I experience in my work are general, not specific. They are difficulties that perhaps we all have to contend with so long as we are in the business of teaching. Chief among them is the wrong conception which students have of education. They view education as a mere accumulation of facts,—considering the brain a storehouse rather than a laboratory. This is the case with every one, probably, at some period of his being. At the same time, we all come at last to the inevitable conclusion that what others can do for us in developing the mind that is in us, is insignificant compared with what we can do for ourselves. In our work, especially, students come to us with the impression that we can pour our information into their heads. Most of all our students when they enter school have not passed this stage. I take occasion to tell them that I can do comparatively little for them; that they must not look to teachers as the grand dispensers of light, but rather as guides in the acquisition of knowledge, which can help those alone who will help themselves.

*Spencer, N. 2*—We business college men stand upon the line between the common schools, the literary schools of the country, and its business masses and industrial interests. We must shake hands with our constituents on both sides of the line.

*Winans, Rockford, Ill.*—When we first came to the place at which our school is located, business men said to us, "We are afraid of you fellows; every business college man that has been here has bit us,"—something I had not been used to. We made it a point to gain the respect of the community by doing business on business principles.

*Collins, Knoxville, Tenn.*—I cannot say that we have a particular hobby, unless it be to make our students thorough and enable them to enter at once upon the active duties of a business career. When a student places himself under our instruction, we find usually that his ideal seems to be to do a certain amount of work,—to go through the course, and our idea is to discourage him on this point. We try to teach him that thoroughness is the most important consideration.

*President Rider, Trenton, N. J.*—I can only say "Amen" to what has been said by others as to the advantages of helping students to think, and of teaching them what is going on about them.

### Instantaneous Views.

TYPICAL EDUCATORS AS THEY APPEARED  
THROUGH THE GOGGLES OF THE  
GAZETTE COMMISSIONER.

If you were to ask any member of the Board of Education, "What is the central figure of the association, I think the reply would be, 'S. S. Packard,'"—providing always, Mr. Packard were a member interested. If any one member can be said to be the center of the organization, surely it is he. At the session just held he contributed a good deal of time and worry and money to the entertainment of the educators,—more, perhaps, than even they realized. He started out to give the association a new and better building, but characteristic of the man, Mr. Packard is a man of spare build, pale, thin face with clear-cut nose, strong chin and a pair of wonderful blue eyes. His dark, white mixed hair, carefully parted on the side, giving full play to the temples, is thinning, but he has no beard. Every feature betokens the man of intellect and individuality. Those marvelous deep-set eyes beam with good nature, twinkle with humor and glow and flash with eloquence or peer with intense earnestness, according to the mood of the moment. He is a man of his own mind, discussing one of his pet hobbies, or touching back under knitted brows and sending out beams of light, or, in the case of an indifferent speaker, but a capital talker.

known a man of more pronounced personality. Talk to him five minutes, and you will be almost certain to take away with you something Packardian.

A MAN of massive frame, kindly countenance, set off by dark, pointed beard and mouse-tail, (what there is of it) at the same time, a little more than middle-aged, and a little more than middle-sized, he looked a trifle to look serious. There you have R. C. Spencer of Milwaukee, the eldest of the Spencer brothers. As I see him now, he is leaning over his desk watching with an amused expression his brother Brown, who is having one of his periods of "the blues." He is leaning over the side of his head struggles up to a point like the ears of a great horned owl. The eyes begin to sparkle and dance,—you know something is funny is coming, as surely as if you were going to say it yourself. It comes. The eyes near close, the lips part, the mouth opens and a dozen little fissures go skimming from the base of the nose in a dozen different directions.

HERE COMES A man tiptoeing through the room, careful to disturb no one, but looking for all the world as though he were conscious that half the eyes in reach were centered on him. He is rather tall and slight, the small head is squarely set upon the shoulders, the brown whiskers and moustache carefully trimmed, a little shiny spot on the crown of the head where the hair has become a trifle careless as to its duty. The blue eyes have something of a serious expression, but they light up with a kindly glow as the gentleman nods to a friend. The party described is one of the wheelwheers of the business college world, S. S. Williams of Rochester.

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"WHO IS THAT?" I ask of the gentleman on my right, indicating a fashionably attired gentleman, who is threading his way with great deliberation down the aisle, his hands clasped behind his back, and his body swaying slightly at every step. His pointed face, swarthy as a Spaniard's, is set off by a luxuriant growth of whiskers, English cut, which, with his eyes, are lustreously black. A pair of black hair boots look patrimoniously out through glasses that rest with easy dignity on the bridge of the nose. The bearing of the man is one of perfect satisfaction with himself. "I don't know him," comes the quick reply; "probably the owner of the premises; certainly not below the rank of a stock broker." At first sight it is perhaps natural for one to take away such impressions of H. C. Clark, Erie, Pa.

JUST IN FRONT OF ME, with his eyes riveted on Mr. Nelson, who is elucidating something about business practice, sits a large man, with broad shoulders, large chest, and a generally plump anatomy. His hair and the long moustache that disports itself on his lip are about four parts black and one of white. That he is a man who knows his own mind, and of an extraordinary kind, is the testimony of an extraordinary energy in motion to enforce his points. The facts are that the interest glance is sufficient to establish. If you should happen to look into those sharp black eyes when they were lighted with passion—as I happened to do on an occasion,—you might take away the notion that their proprietor was a dangerous man to take liberties with. But then when you get to know him, and find that he is a man who so soon recognizes his genial qualities and feels himself warming up to the great big brother that flutters under his capacious vest,

THE MEMBER who has just taken the floor is a good looking young man of medium build, brown hair, and eyes and face that betoken refinement and intelligence. His voice is clear and there is a seductive sweetness about the intonations that makes people listen whether they care to or not. He is graceful in manner and has the air of one who has been well treated by the world, and thinks none the less of it on that account. Clement C. Gaines is his name, and he hails from Poughkeepsie.

TWO MEN; you meet one and take a mental inventory of a symmetrical corpulence, pleasant face, with liberal accompaniments of brown moustache and whiskers that come to a point about five inches below the chin, hair a trifle darker, eyes to match nose that struggled to

be a pug, changed its mind when it had attained about half its growth, and branched out into a little knob. Subsequently you meet the other, and by a trick of your untrained sight he becomes the one. They are H. C. and I. A. Spencer of Washington and New York, respectively. As you get to know them better, points of difference begin to reveal themselves. The New Yorker is more stately and dignified, laughs less than his twin brother, and is not so fluent of speech. I think if I wanted to borrow a dollar, the Washingtonian would handle the first proposal.

YOU CAN FORM no idea as to how old the world was when the gentleman who is arising to speak concluded to grace it with his presence, but you are positive on the point that a good deal of history has been made since that event. The remnant of his hair is white. It reaches down by his ears, and as if encouraged to continue the innovation, lightly fringes the cheeks to the chin, where it spreads out into a little tuft, thicker and longer than the rest. The blue eyes have a benign expression and the sound of the low voice is kindness itself. The Educators pay close attention to what is being said, as they always do when Mr. Nelson of Cincinnati has the floor.

SOMETHING has been said about the personal appearance of A. J. Rider of Tinton, President of the Convention. As the official wielder of the gavel, he was unvaryingly fair, yet firmness personified when occasion demanded, and used his power for what it was worth. He impressed me as being one of the best school teachers in the assembly.

ERIESED IN A BROWN tweed suit that bears unmistakable evidence of valiant service, the member on the left is resting his elbow on the desk before him and supporting his chin with his hand. He is listening to all that is going on and wondering when he will have a chance to direct the proceedings with a suggestion on his own account. He comes from the land of the cow-boy—G. R. Rathbun, whose name for a dozen years has been as familiar as that of George Washington, to every youngster in the country addicted to penmanship. In point of historical fact I believe Mr. Rathbun is on the other side of forty, but surely old enough to be missed when he is speaking out the list, for you could easily imagine him to be thirty. He has a thin, sinuous frame, eyes and moustache as black as a raven's wing, hair to suit, and a complexion that would discount a Sicilian's. He seems to imagine that he is coralling cattle on his native plains every time he speaks, his voice being something of a compromise between a whine and a howl. In addition to which, Mr. Rathbun is one of the best fellows in the world, and very popular in the profession.

MR. STOWELL, of Providence, is standing at the blackboard working sums in interest after a new fangled plan all his own, and calmly answering questions that fly up from every part of the room. He is tall and muscular, without important signs of age, being very large. When nature first reached Mr. Stowell in the distribution of hair, she gave him his full share in a lump. It is of dark brown variety. The little segment that nestles on the upper lip and the shored which helps to sharpen the chin are mere apologies. Mr. Stowell has a loud voice, and gives himself no trouble to subdue what he says is far from orate, but rings with a hard, hoarse resonance, and I dare say earnestness, a hard worker, and I dare say an eminently successful teacher.

IF BROTHER BROWN, of Jacksonville, is not the brightest member of the association, who is? There he pops up for the hundred and fifty-fifth time, and the curious part of it is that most always he really has something to say. He reminds you of one of those "spit devils" the boys indulge in on holiday, that spend themselves over the whole neighborhood in the most lively and erratic fashions, to the delight of every fellow who doesn't happen to get stuck. But we to the luckless individual who permits himself to get near enough to smell the powder. Brother Brown, eyes, hair, moustache, and close set beard suit his name. His nose, however, does not suit his

forehead receding, face small and thin, and his front hair turns upward like the dash board of a Brewster sleigh. He wears glasses and has a way of twisting his head to one side when talking, like a little cock sparrow.

\* \*

L. A. GRAY of Portland, Me., is one of the striking figures of the Association. As I see him now, the foliage is visible on his intellectual dome, except little patches which struggle over the caves in close proximity to the former prominent ears. He has a long gray mixed head and moustache, and a countenance indicative of great decision of character. The lines of the mouth especially denote firmness, if not indeed obstinacy. Mr. Gray impresses me as one who came to the convention more to profit by the wisdom of others than to impress his brethren with his own importance and erudition.

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THERE are few men to whom nature has been less kind as to personal appearance than J. A. LANSLEY of Elizabeth, N. J. He is a hopeless cripple, and the lines of his thin face tell too plainly the tale of physical torture which must have been his portion. But, though thin and plucked, an air of noble resignation sits enthroned on these features, which at times are luminous from the reflection of a genial, well-souled disposition. Mr. Lansley is one of the best talkers in the association. He made by far the best speech at the experience meeting, and he has never once occu-

that are brown in spite of a brave effort to be red, and a benevolent smile that has done duty uninterruptedly for the past quarter of a century—there you have the outfit.

\* \*

A PROSPEROUS looking man is R. E. GALLAGHER of Hamilton, Ont.; tall and angular, with dull black hair and whiskers, trimmed English fashion, prominent nose and generally agreeable features, Mr. Gallagher would pass in almost any crowd.

\* \*

CONSPICUOUS among the younger members of the Association, both in personal appearance and force of character, is A. S. OSBORN of Rochester. He has a large frame, square shoulders, broad face, blue eyes, black hair, and incipient moustache and side whiskers of the same shade. His voice—which he only uses when there is something behind it—is a rich bass and seems to come up from his boots. Yet it is an honest voice, and has no squeak of sole-leather about it.

AN EDUCATOR who looks as though he might travel in his good looks is C. E. Cady of Newark. He is a solid looking citizen with something of a *distingue* air, receding forehead, deep set blue eyes that give him a force of expression, and an enormous moustache that he would not exchange for the best business college in America.

\* \*

BUT the FINEST looking man in the association by odds, and one of the most genial

a living embodiment of that sort of thing in the Spencers', H. A. and H. C., that would put to shame one of the much abused copy-book headlines. Possibly the old gentleman got his inspiration from contemplating the exactly corresponding proportions of his two sons only. I believe the old gentleman hadn't progressed sufficiently in his day to admire rigid exactness in penmanship, and was in no way responsible for its adoption in the copy-books that bear his name.

—The public meeting at Chickering Hall to welcome the Educators to New York, passed off as well as could be expected under the circumstances. People who passed the hall when the meeting was in session and heard the sound of voices within, wondered at the endurance of the men and women who could sit and listen to the perfunctory speeches, with the thermometer sealing the nineties. But sit and listen they did, in a stolid, good natured way, though the effort cost a heavy tribute to King Perspiration, and Bro. Miller is reported to have held an open air "thanks giving" prayer meeting on his way to his hotel, when the show was over.

—Burnett, of Providence, didn't seem to take much stock in the convention, though he was in the city throughout the session. He took no pleasure in studying the latest florishes in ladies' dress-gowns, and the newest curves in bangs. It was something to see him strike an attitude on Broadway and watch the blooming tide of femininity flow by. Attired

reporting stenographer can have an idea of the amount of drudgery and endurance involved in this transaction. And then such talkers! I would almost as soon attempt to "take" the whirr of a carrier pigeon's wings, as to keep pace with one of Bro. Brown's prometheic flights. Then to transcribe that mass of notes—hundreds of type-written pages—and have the job practically finished, when Father Sadler pronounced benediction—is a feat that fills us with admiration. The reporter was James N. Kimball, a sketch and portrait of whom were given in the January GAZETTE. He was assisted in minor details, such as the copying of written essays, by Misses Knight and Crocker, all from Packard's staff. I heard Mr. Munson, the celebrated shorthand, remark that it was an extraordinary accomplishment.

If any one should discover errors in the foregoing elaboration of incident and impression, whether they be errors of typography, of judgment, or of fact, he will oblige the writer by charging them to the printer. The fact that the writer will not get a chance to see the proofs, affords an admirable excuse for thus shifting the responsibility on other shoulders; and the printer is always such an accommodating creature, and has had so much of this sort of thing to bear, that he has become callous, and don't care a fig any way.

Not What He Said.

Henry Farnham, who was for years city

\$5000.00  
 Overlaid Mar. 14, '86  
 Three months from date I promise to pay Minnie Williamson or order Five thousand dollars, Value received  
 Ames C. Madison

Specimen by Gen. H. Schuetz, formerly a pupil of Prof. A. J. Sparhawk in Gaskell's College, now a pupil of Prof. Ulrich McKee.

pled the convention's time without giving a full return for it.

\* \*

A. H. HINMAN of Worcester, Mass., one of the great Chirographic Luminaries, looks every inch the gentleman that he is. He is one of those men who are not over size and yet do not appear small; in fact, there is nothing small about him. He has an abundance of brown hair, moustache and closely cropped beard, regular features and eyes expressive of quiet dignity and unswerving cordiality. His manner is impressive without being obtrusive. When he speaks, you have to listen attentively to catch his first words, but as he warms up to the subject, his voice becomes bolder, and every syllable is rich with the ring of earnest conviction.

\* \*

THE GAZETTE readers are as familiar with the lineaments of J. A. FRASHER of Wheeling, W. Va., as people can ordinarily be through the medium of a printed portrait. Yet the presentment of this gentleman which appeared in the GAZETTE is unobscured at least in one important respect. The great flowing beard is likely to carry with it an impression of gigantic stature, whereas the original more nearly fulfills the opposite condition. Mr. Frasher would consider himself fat if he tipped the beam at 125 pounds.

\* \*

I NEVER could look at C. T. MILLER of Newark, N. J. without involuntarily wondering if he had not missed his calling. Not that he is deficient as a teacher of practical branches, but if ever a man was cut and trimmed for a missionary, or at least an evangelist, that man is C. T. Miller. Tall and spare, with small face, dark hair and eyes, moustache and side whiskers

men in or out of it, is William Allan Miller of New York, a giant in stature, straight as an arrow, with no suspension of stiffness, a step as elastic as a boy's, large head covered with dark hair, gray mixed beard that reaches to the waist, eloquent blue eyes and features moulded after the pattern of an old Roman Senator. William Allan Miller is one of the finest types of physical manhood that I have ever seen.

\* \*

The above are some of the prominent features of the Business Educators' Association of America. Others there are, no doubt, quite as worthy of notice, and the only reason they are not presented to the readers of the GAZETTE is that they didn't happen to cross the reporter's line of vision when he was on the outlook for material.

#### Random Strokes.

—The autograph fiend was abroad in the land during the convention, and did what he could to make life miserable for the educators. But considering the fact that he was usually one of them, the offense can be readily condoned.

—The brother with the red nose, who usually occupied a seat near the door, had a cute way of dropping off into a sweet slumber whenever Bro. Brown would keep still long enough to give him a chance. A waking sound from one of these periodical naps, the dismal strains from Bro. Roeth's violin (I'll harshly on his ears, and the first thing that met his clouded vision was Bro. Rathbun's nest of hoop-nauls on the blackboard. "Gracious heavens! Have I got 'em again!" He didn't say the words, but he looked them every inch.

—Talk about geometrical accuracy and drawing letters to the same scale, but we have

in a nobly light suit, polka-dot vest, tall white hat cocked at an angle of 45 degrees, and a huge smile that seriously threatened the anatomy of his mouth, with one arm akimbo, and the hand of the other twirling a silver-knobbed cane, you would have thought he was posing for an animated statue of Apollo Belvedere.

It was like fooling around a buzzsaw to get into Bro. Brown's chair when he got wound up. Every one knew it was loaded and felt more comfortable when it was pointed toward the other fellow. But the sharpest of men "put their foot into it" at times. So did Bro. Brown. Collection was being taken up for the publication of the reports. In the midst of it the formidable member from Jackson, Ga., got one of his lips, and as usual with him on such occasions, arose to speak. "I occur to me—" "The gentleman is out of order," remarked President Rider, quietly; "he will please take his seat." "I merely desire to say—" "You will have to postpone saying it till the business is handled is through with," interrupted the president. "If the convention will hear me for a noo—" "The gentleman will be seated at once," came from the chair sharply. The gentleman did so, but almost instantly up he bobbed again. "Have a right—" Down came the gavel like a clap of thunder. "No down!" He sat.

One of the cleverest pieces of stenographic work that has ever come under this department's notice, was the reporting of the convention's proceedings. Day in and day out, for over a week, two sessions daily and occasional night sessions to fill up, all sorts of speeches on all sorts of subjects, by all sort of speakers, the busy pencil of the reporter flying over paper for hours on a stretch, no one but a

marsh of Banger, kept a store in Wintthrop a long time ago. One day a disreputable fellow came into Farnham's store and said:

"Mr. Farnham, a man just told me that you told him you would not trust me as far as you could sling a bull by the tail."

"I didn't say that," said Farnham, gravely. "I thought you did," continued the fellow, "and I told the man so."

"No," added Farnham, "that is not what I said. I told him I would not trust you as far as I could sling a bull up hill by the tail!"—*Levittown (Me.) Journal*.

#### Still They Come.

SYRACUSE, New South Wales.

G. A. GASKELL, Esq.  
 Gentlemen: I have very much pleasure in informing you that I received three copies of PENMAN'S GAZETTE, one Compendium, and the Guide four-days ago. Today that they quite exceeded all my sanguine expectations would not at all represent the manner in which I was surprised. I can honestly say that it is one of the best Investments I ever made. Such writing has never been seen in this quarter of the globe; the letters, scrolls, and beautiful arrangements are so very artistic and handsome that I feel my inability to say anything in their praise which would do them justice. I can only say that I think they are unsurpassed. THE PENMAN'S GAZETTE contains some of the most practical and original ideas of the age.

Yours truly,

I. B. WELLINGS.

Isaac Cuvellier, *The Enlightenment*. "Mr. Budge is a Graham writer of some thirty years standing, and no doubt the Stenography department of the GAZETTE under his command will sparkle with good things."

## Writing Lesson.—No. 9.

FOR TEACHERS.

BY CHARLES R. WELLS,

Superintendent of Penmanship in the Public Schools of Syracuse, N. Y.

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While the suggestions contained in the present lesson are intended more especially for teachers, they will be found helpful to the GAZETTE writing class in many ways, and it is recommended that the members should read them carefully.

Any true process of learning to write, like the acquiring of other branches, should comprehend both the theory and practice, and the more firmly a pupil becomes grounded in the underlying principles, the more certain will be the results which follow.

Instruction in penmanship may be logically classed under two heads, one which aims to teach scholars to draw, and the other which seeks to develop the forms of letters through the medium of natural movements.

The first makes use mainly of the movements which may be produced by the fingers, thumb and wrists, while the second recognizes a medium of execution which brings into play the entire arm and shoulder muscles.

These two processes are based upon principles so radically different, that a clear understanding of the nature and tendencies of each, is quite essential to any intelligent plan of teaching.

It could be comparatively easy to suggest theoretically a method for instructing classes in our public schools, which if carried out according to program would secure excellent results, but in practice we might find it an entirely different thing; the conditions are usually so resistive, and the requirements regarding other branches, to be taught so numerous that the question really becomes, not so much what ought a teacher to do, as what can he do, under the circumstances?

One of the first requirements, especially in our graded schools, is that a child from the moment he enters shall begin to learn to make the script letters, and to form them into work and execution, as an essential medium for developing the faculty of language. In doing this if he is able to draw out the forms legibly upon the slate or tablet, the important question of how it is done is rarely considered, and even the more important question as to what future use the child may make of this writing, receives but little attention.

It is a fact well known to teachers that in learning to form the letters, young children almost invariably acquire a habit of grasping the pencil in a manner which cramps the fingers, forces the hand over to the right, bends the wrist in toward the body, and places the pen in a position where the awkward and unnatural as to prevent absolutely anything like freedom in execution; but it is a question, if the additional fact that this habit of twisting and distorting the position of the hand, which in time must become as much a part of the act of writing as the form of the letter itself, is not sufficiently laid sight of.

The force of habit will be certain to assert its power, and this strained, unnatural position must eventually identify itself with the writing process in every letter—the act of forming becomes a torture instead of a pleasure, while the hopeless struggle between the pen and pencil, when the slate is exchanged for the copy book, and the attempt is made to correct the habit, is too much a matter of every-day experience to need extended comment.

Nor does the difficulty end when by careful teaching and patient effort, the scholar has obtained some control of the pen, and is able to imitate the forms of letters. The carefully drawn page in the copy book will often excite admiration, while the composition or other written exercise presents a style of penmanship which fails to suggest any connection between them, the character of the handwriting in the two instances being as totally unlike as if written by different persons.

This tendency to write two entirely different hands is not at all uncommon among school children, and demonstrates quite clearly that penmanship acquired by imitation, and

with the hand and pen in a false position, lacks the essential quality of practical application.

Under these conditions the teacher is quite apt to become discouraged, and may conclude that such results are inevitable! but when properly understood, the real cause of failure may be traced to the natural difference which exists between drawing two words per minute in the writing lesson, and the attempt to draw fifteen or twenty in the same time in the composition, where it becomes evident that the process of correct drawing must be restricted as to speed.

It is perhaps practically impossible to do away with slate work in teaching writing to primary scholars notwithstanding its facility to promote bad habits in penholding, but it is evident that the transition from the unyielding

work of the primary grades in many of our schools, is so much better than the pen-work of scholars in the higher classes; the formation in writing is so simple that the elements are readily acquired, but in the attempt to use pen and ink, without having been thoroughly drilled in movement, the correct form quickly disappears.

Want of confidence, generally arising from a belief that one must needs be a fine penman to teach this branch successfully, prevents many able teachers from attempting anything out of the ordinary routine.

A knowledge of the nature and value of movement, the ability to make upon the blackboard a few simple elements of form, a little faith gained from personal experience and a disposition to work, will enable any

that the best way to improve his penmanship is to stop writing entirely, so far as imitation of letters is concerned, and to give all attention to the cultivation or development of movement through practice on properly arranged exercises.

It is evident that if a scholar has already acquired a false position of the hand in learning to form letters on the slate or otherwise, that this form and position are to a degree inseparable, and that continued practice on the letters with pen and ink will serve merely to confirm bad habits, and to a great extent prevent the establishment of correct ones.

New forms of exercises must necessarily be acquired with a new position of the hand, and that the motive for practice may not be uncertain, the hand and arm under the impulse of an augmented power must be drilled to do something definite, but that having always for its object the application of the movements acquired, to the construction of letters; hence all exercises for muscular drill should be based upon the standard forms of ovals, separately, and as associated with straight lines.

There is so much variety in the shape and size of school desks that definite instruction for the position of the body, and the placing of the right arm so as to secure the best results in all cases, cannot be given, but it will generally be found that if a scholar gives a start in arm movement, and is made to understand clearly what is expected of him, he will usually adjust himself to existing conditions and work out both problems in a satisfactory manner.

The muscular movement as used in current writing may be produced by placing the arm perfectly flat on the desk, balancing on the bunch of muscles in the forearm, and resting the hand on the nails of the third and fourth fingers bent inward. Theoretically the arm rest on the muscles is stationary, while the hand rest on the finger nails is always movable.

Now using the shoulder muscles, work the forearm back and forth in its own direction, pushing it out and drawing it in, but without sliding the sleeve, which must remain as if glued to the desk while the wrist works out and in, impelled entirely by the action of the shoulder muscles.

The simple direct movement thus produced on a line with the forearm is the key to all muscular movements, and at the beginning should be practiced daily in and out of school, until the action of all the muscles brought into play when writing, becomes easy and natural.

The advance from this direct movement to one which forms the oval is simple, and the scholar very soon realizes that one way of learning to write well is simply to put the muscles of the right arm into training, and to discipline them until the movement produced comes under full control.

Then taking the pen in hand, and being careful to keep the arm perfectly flat, go over the same drills many times, but without allowing the point to touch.

Now take ink, adjust the hand and pen to position, and after the movement is well started, and the pen point as it moves above the paper appears to be forming an oval, let the point drop and trace upon the paper a record of the oval form.

In this way the movement is made to produce a form, and a test established by which to judge accurately of the quality of the arm action secured.

If the record is imperfect it shows a faulty movement, and recourse should be had to the preliminary drill, repeating this until the natural controlled movement will record a perfect form.

It is the constant, persistent repetition of a single movement which tells in forming an exercise, and this part of a beginner's work cannot well be overdone.

Drill a scholar in this manner for a few months and you will have given him a degree of facility with the pen which he can no more forget than the knot of a shawl and the order of a march, and in addition, enable him to lay the only true foundation for future successful practice in penmanship.

In telegraphy the character, or the sound representing it, is not produced by the operator through any mental recognition of the letters or groups of letters, but is produced by an unconscious action of the fingers, which through long practice has come to personate that special character. And the



business penman, although forming characters with perfect uniformity, gives no thought to the matter of right, left, or double curves; a definite movement has been established for each letter, and the hand trained by practice does the work without mental effort.

That which in practice is true of telegraphy or rapid business writing is equally true in applying acquired movements in learning to write. The letters are so constructed that by learning the stroke which forms the principal types—five in number—the letters themselves may be formed without special effort, and if the stroke fails to produce a correct type, the error will be found to result from an imperfect movement rather than from any lack of knowledge in formation, and want of character in any letter may be directly traced to lack of firmness and precision in the arm action.

Very much of this fine theorizing about the necessity for developing the artistic, and cultivating the beautiful in conception of form, as applied to teaching school children to write is

hind a special teacher in a well regulated public school is a powerful lever, and which rightly applied may be made a means for producing results not easily attainable in any other way. In addition to this, the fact that children may be kept under a systematic course of training for several years, and the habits of correct position, movement and formation so firmly established as to assure continued improvement after leaving school, renders the public school institution in many respects more valuable than tuition under other conditions.

A series of lessons having in view the application of this method of instruction in public or private schools will be commenced in the September GAZETTE, and which we hope to make helpful to those who may be desirous of affording their scholars better advantages in penmanship.

In the meantime, those who have not given the matter special attention will find the lesson in the December GAZETTE, useful in working out the suggestion offered in this number.

#### Pen Holders.

—F. H. Criger, Whitewater, Wis., writes a very handsome card for a boy of eighteen.

—Mysterious, isn't it, the way M. B. Moore scores the sleek back feathered songsters from the point of his enchanted pen?

—Henry Behrens-meyer, of Quincy, Ill., is one of the boys who has taught the stubborn pen to obey his command pretty well.

For delicacy of touch and artistic combination of curve, C. H. Kinning of Philadelphia, Pa., is in the front ranks of the great chirographic army.

—N. S. Beardsley, of St. Paul, is cutting extensive flourishes with the splashing or during his vacation. Says he finds time to read the GAZETTE, however.

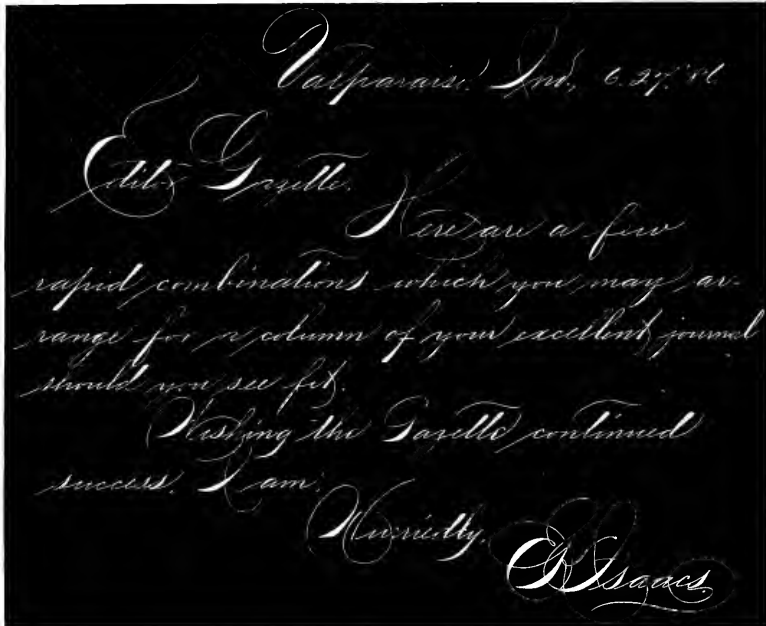
—Somewhere in the near hence the calm outlines of a pioneer muscular movement pen-

—What is more beautiful than to see a "muscular" penman write? The skillful and vigorous touch of A. N. Palmer causes the humid drop to appear in one's visionary orbs. Pardon our French, Austin.

—The GAZETTE is in receipt of some very clever work from the pen of G. Bixler, Principal of the Pen Art Hall at Wooster, O. Bixler is gaining rapidly in his work, and no doubt is doing a good work at Wooster.

—A very new subscriber asks if it is absolutely necessary for pupils writing with the finger movement to follow the hand with a circular wag of the tongue. Some one please step to the front and inform the gentleman what is best to check the useless wag.

—R. S. Collins, of Knoxville, Tenn., was at the convention, absorbing all the good points. His mental pores are never open to this highly clothed, deep-toned theoretical "bosh." Collins is earnestly showing the young people of Knoxville how to disseminate ink correctly.



more non-sense, and may easily become a hindrance rather than a help to practical work.

It is a well understood fact that no two persons ever did or ever will write exactly alike; in learning, each one will be certain to develop certain characteristics peculiar to himself, and there is little use or reason in attempting to force all hands into any specific mould.

Make a careful study of the right arm; ascertain by practice which muscles and joints come most prominently into use by the act of writing and then introduce such call-thetic exercises as will discipline them into subjection to the will, now, having your pen drills upon properly arranged exercise, put scholars in the way of securing this facility or knack of movement as applied to the different classes of letters, and the mere matter of form, although of equal importance, will require but little special attention.

Many teachers get the idea that as good work cannot be done in public schools as in those organized for special instruction in commercial branches, but eighteen years in business college work, followed by seven years' experience in teaching penmanship in graded public schools, has convinced me that beyond all question, the better work in almost every respect can and should be done in the latter.

The organization and force of discipline be-

#### 'Change.

Kelly's *Revolutionist*, Fosterla, Ohio, contains some good points.

The *Practical Educator*, Trenton, N. J., is before us, full of select reading matter. The *School Supplement* of Buffalo is the finest bound literary and school journal that enters our exchange list.

The *Hoson Naturalist*, Valparaiso, Ind., is a nice journal, treating of birds and bugs. We always devour its contents with relish.

The *Western Penman*, Cedar Rapids, Iowa, drops in to see us every month, with its columns bulging with clear cut information.

The *Office*, 205 Broadway, New York, is a fine journal of its class. Business managers, accountants and office men would find such a journal of great value in their work.

The *Gran City College Journal* is among the most readable college journals on our desk. No wonder, Musselman has one of the finest penmanship departments on record, and other departments in proportion.

The *Lone Star Freeman*, Dallas, Tex., was hurled into our chirographic retreat a few mornings since with a force which threatened havoc to our placid features. Keep on with your general drapery, brother Spring.

man will dawn upon the readers of THE GAZETTE. Don't miss this.

—F. U. Spring any more of those Dallas jokes on us we will employ Isaacs to bind you in endless cases, and place you in one of Toland's layrington stems.

—Big Rapids, Mich., is one of the wide-awake places of that State, and W. N. Ferris is earnestly working to keep practical education abreast with other enterprises.

—We clutched a hand not long since whose temperature and grasp suggested a large, fervent, palpitating apparatus directing—that hand was the property of B. F. Kelly.

—Fred O. Young, one of the C. G. of H. penmen, is doing a good business in San Francisco. The manner in which he manipulates that left hand is a wonder to the profession.

W. E. Dennis, who has been teaching at the Bridgeport (Conn.) Business College will begin teaching penmanship at Peirce's College of Business in Philadelphia 1st of September.

—W. P. Canfield, of Cedar Rapids, Iowa, is a very earnest and successful teacher of commercial branches. Any college desiring the services of a good man would do well to write him.

#### Wants to Introduce Them in His School.

MAPLETON, IAK.

THE GAZETTE COMPANY:

I am a school teacher at this place, and having used your Compendium and pen I like them so well that I want to introduce them in my school.

Yours truly,

D. A. RICHARDSON.

Correct, by placing the Compendium in the hands of your pupils, you raise the standard of their penmanship and add to the thousands of living testimonies which proclaim the excellent merits of GASKELL'S COMPENDIUM.

We believe that few persons would be without a "Fountain Pen" if they could be assured that it was possible to get one that was reliable and sure to work at all times and under all circumstances. The Paul E. Wirt Fountain Pen manufactured at Bloomsburg, Pa., was patented February 3, 1885, and at once became popular. It is simple in construction, practical, durable, reliable and cheap. Notwithstanding the existing prejudice against fountain pens, over 30,000 were sold the first year, and dealers everywhere express themselves more than satisfied with their sales. Those who use the pen cannot say enough in its favor, and as a consequence of its merit, sales now average quantities every month that are exceedingly gratifying. Any good thing, however, must succeed.











# One Hundred Valuable Suggestions to Shorthand Students.

This is a book of value, worthy of the author and reader. It contains suggestions for those who think of studying the art, as well as those who are passing on into the "deep things" of shorthand. It covers a broad field; is chatty and full of hints; does not weary by profuse; should prove helpful to many.

It is hardly to be doubted that the author could as easily have entitled his book, "One Hundred and One Suggestions," or "Ninety-Nine Suggestions," and written up or down accordingly, but the "One Hundred" given him the mark well, and all praising criticism is banished.

There is sturdy, robust, common sense in many of the suggestions given, to only one of which will we refer, No. XXII, "Learn the Vowels Well." Some of the recent fledgling authors decry vocalization, strike at once for full reporting forms, are professedly believers in consonants only, etc., etc. Such talk is foolishness, and our author smiles it. An ability to vocalize leads to extreme rapidity is oftentimes of essential importance, as when the speaker volubly gives names of persons or places unfamiliar to the reporter, or when similar names (Ellison, Allison; Merrick, Myrick), should be discriminated by pointed or positional outlines. Inattention to this familiarity occasions great difficulty at times in making transcripts. Let all novitiates in shorthand take warning.

We heartily commend this work to all our readers and students.

## Legible Shorthand.

BY FREDERICK POCKNELL, ESQ.

Edward Pocknell, Esq., Fellow of the Shorthand Society, London, England, is a right royal enthusiast in stenographic lines. He is a deep-sea investigator, belonging up to the neck in the subject, and a most goodly reporter. Although personally a most skillful reporter, we believe, in Isaac Pitman phonography, he has seen a need of greater legibility than that in even Isaac Pitman's wonderfully legible shorthand, and has devised an entirely new system on fundamentally different principles.

A goodly budget of his publications lies before us, in nine numbers, "Legible Shorthand," a brochure of about seventy pages, being the most important of about seven, this work claims marked originality: an unfolding of various systematic and simple methods whereby the vowels are fully indicated (not written), by means of the very shape, and the consonant outline, on either side of which they are "understood."

Mr. Pocknell's claims for superiority of his system over phonography are summarized thus: "In expressing syllables; in expressing double, triple, and other blended consonants; in indicating initial, final and medial vowels without writing them; in indicating unsounded vowels, ditto; in forming distinctive outlines by rule; in improved methods of abbreviation and forming words, signs, etc. These are strong, bare positions to take as against phonography."

Mr. Pocknell's system has three slates for letters, and each slate has (three strokes) to represent it. For instance, his "p" consonant sound may be written by either of the "Grammar" strokes. Pee, Ar, or El. If the stroke, "Pee" is written, it stands for "p" with no vowel before or after. If "Ar" is written, some vowel is implied located in the hollow of the "Ar" stroke; e, before his "p" vowel. If "El" is written, some vowel is implied in the hollow of the "El" stroke. e, before his "p" vowel. And so with all consonants—strokes. N, J, K, ch, sh, w, g, j, h, p, c, f, t, h, d, and so on. Large circle, small loop, small loop, small hook or large hook, and so on. Arrangement which cannot be understood without engraved illustrations. We should say that "Yankee" ingenuity devised this unique arrangement. Our limits forbid further analysis.

This system could not fail to be legible, after being thoroughly mastered, but we exceedingly doubt whether it could be facile. On these points only a future can decide.

## Shorthand Histories.

Continued.

Two veterans are about to publish Histories of Shorthand, Andrew J. Graham, the author of Standard Phonography in this country, and John Westby-Gibson, LL.D., in England. We know that Mr. Graham has been collecting and collating his material for many years, and his work will be unique and specially rich. Dr. Westby-Gibson proposes to make his work epochal, and a lasting memorial of the "Phonographic Jubilee and Centenary of Modern Shorthand."

Dr. Gibson has been severely studious in studying the development of the Shorthand idea, and as far back as 1881 presented before the Shorthand Society of London, a *Monograph* Key, which gave the titles, etc., of 2850 distinct words on short-hand, besides 340 particular words, 305 words printed in character, 205 papers and essays on the subject, and 395 words on phonetics, ciphers, universal language, etc., making over four thousand distinct items.

Mr. Graham's work is, we understand, rapidly approaching completion, and it, together

## German Stenography.

There lie before us the Instruction Books of the Gabelberger, the Stölze and the Arens's Systems of Stenography. They are each and all beautifully printed, both as regards the text and the shorthand characters. Our studies have not as yet carried us into the mysteries of these specific stenographies, but a few thoughts come to us:

1. The German voice-utterance is much slower than the English, and the shorthand of the German is founded upon a cursive style, far more like ordinary German writing than Pitman phonography is like English writing; and unless either of the three systems specified were greatly modified, they would not equal the Germans as to swiftness of Anglo-Saxon speech.

2. The German shorthand acquires their art, apparently, not so much for bread and butter considerations as for æsthetic, intellectual and social ends. With them their beloved Gabelberger, Stölze or Arens's system is an art bringing them refinement, friendship and mental uplift. With us, our Pitman, Graham, or Munson phonography is (or ought to be) simply the simplest stepping-stone to a financially more lucrative position. This is, we are sorry to say, our sorrow and worldly aim dominating. With the German, however, the thought seems to be good cheer, mental development, consequently there are hundreds on hundreds of associations, societies, coteries, etc., every considerable village having its weekly or semi-

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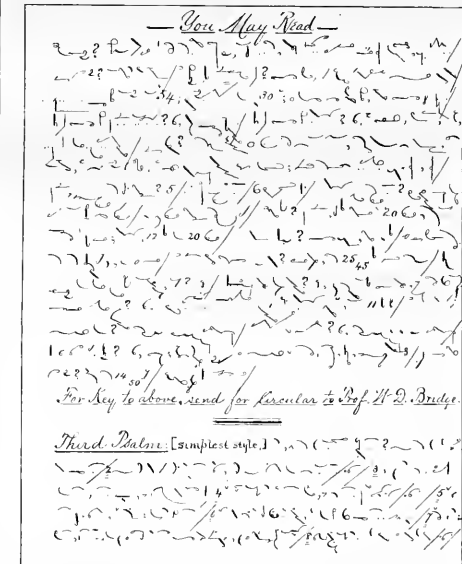
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with the forthcoming volume "Bibliography of Shorthand," by that remarkably enthusiastic scholar, Julius E. Rockwell, Esq., of Washington, D. C., and Dr. Westby-Gibson work, will serve to make every reader intelligently informed as to the past and present of shorthand.

## Again and Again.

One of the most difficult experiences in teaching the average shorthand pupil is that of securing a mastery of word-signs and connections. We deem it wise to bring into early and constant use all the simple (unhooked) consonant and vowel word signs, and no pupil should be allowed to proceed far in learning the special speed-securing principles (hooks, shortening, lengthening, etc.) till the commonest word-signs are become as "household words." To do this, he should take a column of a paper, and glancing down the lines, place under each word which is represented by a consonant or vowel word-sign a dot, and then on ruled paper write out that stroke—thereby binding together in his memory the word and the outline. This should be done again and again. Constant repetition alone can secure adequate command of what is found to be the bulk of all short hand writing.

weekly meeting, where songs, speeches, good wine and good cheer abound, all centering about "U. S. Stenographic Father."

3. The Germans have a multitude of shorthand periodicals, stenographic song books, stenographic monogram letter-paper and envelopes, broad-sheets or cravat-pins, and other larger or smaller reminders of their beloved art. Can we learn something from them?

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Practical! Elegant! No Typewriter! No Ink! No Paper! No Noise! No Trouble! No Cost! No Time! No Effort! No Pain! No Suffering! No Death! No Hell! No Fire! No Smoke! No Dust! No Dirt! No Grease! No Oil! No Water! No Wind! No Rain! No Snow! No Hail! No Thunder! No Lightning! No Storm! No Flood! No Earthquake! No War! No Peace! No Love! No Hate! No Good! No Evil! No Sin! No Virtue! No Mercy! No Judgment! No Life! No Death! No Resurrection! No Second Coming! No End of the World! No Beginning of the World! No Middle of the World! No Now! No Then! No Ever! No Never! No Always! No Sometimes! No Often! No Rarely! No Seldom! No Usually! No Commonly! No Unusually! No Extraordinarily! No Inordinately! No Superlatively! No Sublimely! No Divinely! No Heavenly! No Earthly! No Mortal! No Immortal! No Finite! No Infinite! No Limited! No Unlimited! No Measured! No Unmeasured! No Counted! No Uncounted! No Numbered! No Unnumbered! No Named! No Unnamed! No Known! No Unknown! No Told! No Untold! No Said! 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11. H. New York City. Practice Compensium copies as numbered, but dwell more on No. 1, than all the rest, until you secure a free movement. If you should dwell on the different roles for a whole week, no time would be lost; don't become discouraged, pluck is a very important ingredient in this work; combine much study with your practice.

Miss L. H. San Diego, Cal. You will perhaps find it difficult to hold the pen properly at first, but that is the method used by all good writers; don't hold the fore finger painfully straight, but as near straight as you can, and at the same time write with ease.

W. N. H. New York. You all good good penographers hold the pen as in writing. They get more accurate for us by this method.

C. A. Louisville, Mass. You have evidently not wholly succeeded in mastering a free movement. Persistent practice is the best thing for you. A free movement will bring speed. The composition of your letter is very good.

A. S. Irving, Ky. We are unable to account for your difficulty in inserting and removing a pen from the oblique holder, and we have no suggestions that would assist you.

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The Wise Broadbrims.

A Great Event in Quakerdom.

\* Brother Isaac: (upon meeting Brother Jonathan) How does thee do, Brother Jonathan?

Bro. Jon: (shaking Bro. Isaac warmly by the hand) Well, I thank thee, Bro. Isaac. Hast thou heard the news?

Bro. Isaac: Is it of late and dire importance?

Bro. Jon: It is. Aunt Mary has decided to go forth among the people and do good to suffering humanity with her "Cathartk Cure" and "Blood Syrup."

Bro. Isaac: Indeed? I pray for her success. I have used her "Cathartk Cure" myself, and can testify to its merit. Her "Blood Syrup" I have heard much about, but have never seen. Prithree, tell me what it is.

Bro. Jon: Read this and it will inform you:

The Blood is the Life!

The blood is the seat of many of the most terrible diseases which curse mankind, and an

INESTIMABLE BOON

It has been conferred on suffering humanity if a remedy has been presented which will quickly and effectively

PURIFY THE BLOOD

And throw from the system the germs of disease. At the earnest request of her many catholic patients Aunt Mary has at last decided to put her

BLOOD SYRUP

Before the people, assuring them that it is entirely vegetable, gentle in operation, and will effectively purify the blood and cure such diseases as Scrofula, Consumption (when not in its last stages), Eczema, Scurvy, and all diseases which may trace their origin from the blood.

Aunt Mary's Blood Syrup

It is put up in pint bottles and sold at 50c. per pint. IT IS NOT IN THE HANDS OF DRUGGISTS, and can only be procured direct from Aunt Mary, Address,

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# F B ENMAN'S AND BUSINESS HAZETTE EDUCATOR

THE G. A. GASKELL CO., PUBLISHERS. CHICAGO AND NEW YORK, SEPTEMBER, 1886. VOL. VIII.—No. 8.

## Prof. Chas. R. Wells.

As one of the pioneer business educators in integrating and developing the practical methods of education as exemplified in the business college of to-day, Prof. Wells has had an extended and successful experience.

Having received a good English education at one of the leading seminaries of the State, he entered the Commercial College of Geo. W. Eastman at Rochester, N. Y., in 1857, and completed the course of instruction while in his nineteenth year. From 1858 to 1864 he was associated with H. G. Eastman at Oswego, St. Louis and Poughkeepsie. During the latter year, in connection with Thomas H. Stevens, he organized a business college at New Haven, Conn. A feature of this college was the perfecting and systematizing of what is now generally known as the "Actual Business" or "Business Practice" plan of teaching a method which has added largely to the interest and value of the business college training. The significance of the improvements introduced at this time by Stevens and Wells was due to the fact that a real money value was attached to the results of every transaction, and that every gain or loss of the "representative" college currency was indicated by a genuine loss or gain in good money.

The originator of this plan (excepting the real money value) was Geo. W. Eastman, from whom it was received in detail by Prof. Wells in 1857.

Prof. Wells' long experience in business college work has made him familiar with, as well as an authority on nearly every department of instruction in institutions of that kind, but as a teacher of practical penmanship especially he has for many years been recognized as a leader, and every college with which he has been associated has felt the influence of his ability and zeal in this direction.

About ten years ago, having relinquished active participation in college work, he turned his attention to the improvement of methods of teaching penmanship in public schools, and since then has given the most of his time and devoted his best efforts to the working out of this problem.

The marked success which has signalized his work in the public schools of Syracuse, N. Y., where he has been engaged for the past seven years, has attracted wide attention, and even for him a most enviable reputation as a practical, successful teacher. With the excellent series of lessons given during the past year in the *HAZZETTE* the thousands who have followed them with interest and profit are of course familiar.

Prof. Wells was unquestionably born to teach, and his unflagging enthusiasm for the advancement of his chosen profession has been so uncertain a factor in augmenting the measure of his success.

As Director of the CHAUTAUQUA SCHOOL OF BUSINESS he has fully demonstrated his fitness for the position assigned him in the work of this great university. In the complete success of this correspondence school, which now appears to be amply assured, we can see the crowning achievement of a busy, useful life in the line of special educational work.

## Teaching Writing.

FRAGMENTS FROM A PAPER READ BY A. H. HENMAN AT THE BUSINESS EDUCATORS' CONVENTION.

Correct writing is partially the result of correct movement. Movement and form should go together like a team of good horses. The other day in Boston I was riding in a street

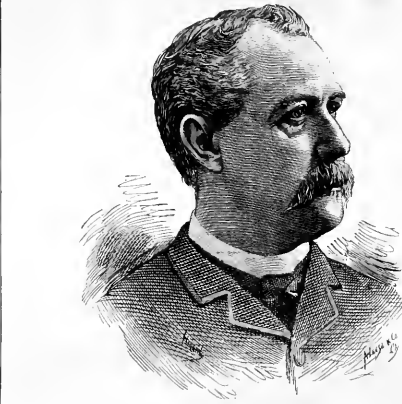
car when one horse pushed ahead and did the pulling, while the other held back. That was like form in writing going ahead without movement. But when both pulled together we went along nicely. That was like form and movement going along together. Driving either movement or form to excess will interfere with progress. The teacher should be constantly on the watch to see that both get along evenly. Too much form will injure writing by destroying movement; too much movement will also injure writing by destroying form. You cannot produce good results without uniformity of action. If a person steps quickly at one time and slowly at another, the steps will be of different length. But when he moves with a regular step—one, two, three, four—the steps will be equal in length. Uniformity of outline, or form, is largely the result of uniformity of action. To secure rapid writing (and I do not mean by that a rapid, jerky action) the movement should not be slow at

any time of writing. He got his pupils very enthusiastic in the matter of writing, and so worked them up to a love of the art that I have often seen tears shed in his classes by pupils who were discouraged. I saw him go to one young man whose tears had wet his paper, and who said, "I don't believe I will ever learn." Mr. Spencer sat down and wrote a poor copy, little better than the young man could write, and said, "There, see if you can't beat the old man." In a little while Mr. Spencer came along, looked at the work and slapped the young man on the back, saying, "There, you are beating the old man, I will get another pen," and he wrote a little better copy. In this way leading the pupil up to better work. You will find it a good plan to sometimes give a poor copy and tell your pupil to beat you. Take a little child. "Come," you say, "let's run a race." Away the little one goes, and how happy it is when it excels. But supposing you start off and run away from the

best key to success, and if you use it judiciously among your pupils they will strive to succeed.

## A Mammoth Book.

"Just out of London they are at work on the biggest book in the world," said a New York publisher yesterday, who has recently returned from a trip to England. "It will be more than four times as large as Webster's dictionary, and will contain something like eight thousand pages. It is to be the ideal dictionary of the English language, and will supersede all pre-existing authorities. It has long been realized by scholars that the English language is deficient in this respect. The French have two dictionaries, that of M. Litre and of the Academy, that are far superior to our own. The Worterbuch of the German brothers Grimms is still more exhaustive and authoritative. Even the Portuguese dictionary, by Vieira, decidedly surpasses anything in English. But the British Philological Society proposes to fill this yawning gap in our reference books. They hold that a dictionary should be an inventory of the language, and that its doors should be opened to all works—good, bad and indifferent. This new work will not be confined to definitions and cross references. The life history of each word will be fully given, with a quotation from some standard writer, showing its shade of meaning and the variations in its usage from one generation to another. The work was originally started in 1859, but the death of editors, financial embarrassments and changes in the plans have interrupted its progress. It is now hoped that the book may be published to its completion without unnecessary delay. The amount of research and reading yet to be accomplished is very great, and there are on hand some 3,000,000 to 4,000,000 slips which require patient attention. The next century will probably open before the dictionary can be placed in complete form upon the library shelves. But the advance sheets, devoted to the first letters of the alphabet, which have already been issued, have met with the most favorable comment from scholars, and given promise that the English language is to have at last a lexicography worthy of its literature."



PROF. CHAS. R. WELLS.

one time and rapid at others, but the pen should move as in walking, with regular steps. If a person moves his pen regularly as rapidly as he can write well, produces a good form, and keeps it up through the page, he will get through that page much quicker than he who writes spasmodically. It is uniformity of action that produces good writing and a swiftly written page. \* \* \*

Enthusiasm in the teacher is the chief key to success. The pupils will not be enthusiastic in their work if they do not see enthusiasm in the teacher. During the school hours the teacher should do the best work he can for his pupils, and if he feels himself lagging he should feel that he ought to quicken work or get out of the profession. This enthusiasm can be created in various ways. \* \* \*

I teach pupils what not to do in order to teach them what to do. Sometimes I believe it is well to have students write with you. If a pupil is discouraged in his work, I prepare for him a copy a little better than his own writing, and he thinks he is coming nearer to what I can do, that after all there is not much difference. I say to him: "See if you cannot beat my copy, and if you can I will try to give you a better one." I saw this done many years ago by Mr. Spencer, author of the *Spencerian* system of writing. He got his pupils very enthusiastic in the matter of writing, and so worked them up to a love of the art that I have often seen tears shed in his classes by pupils who were discouraged. I saw him go to one young man whose tears had wet his paper, and who said, "I don't believe I will ever learn." Mr. Spencer sat down and wrote a poor copy, little better than the young man could write, and said, "There, see if you can't beat the old man." In a little while Mr. Spencer came along, looked at the work and slapped the young man on the back, saying, "There, you are beating the old man, I will get another pen," and he wrote a little better copy. In this way leading the pupil up to better work. You will find it a good plan to sometimes give a poor copy and tell your pupil to beat you. Take a little child. "Come," you say, "let's run a race." Away the little one goes, and how happy it is when it excels. But supposing you start off and run away from the

child, can you ever get him to run with you again? \* \* \*

I believe in firing the ambition of a pupil in teaching writing in a poetic way. Father Spencer, who was so excellent in his work, was full of the poetic imagination. He saw beauty in the waves of the sea, and the trees and the flowers and the clouds. In the bend of a blade of grass—everywhere, in fact. He would in his blackboard practice let the movement up and down resemble the waves of the sea, training the pupil to graceful action, for where you have graceful action you will have graceful form. \* \* \*

The old gentleman, whom I shall always remember with reverence, Mr. Spencer, would go around and put a boy on the back, saying, "You are doing well," and the boy would work with all his might and wonder when he was going to get more of that praise; and when the master came around again he would look for it, for he knew he had been doing his best and deserved it, and that the old gentleman would be sure to give it. Love of approbation is an incentive to action. It exists in all mankind, and is the cause of the largest amount of excellence. Skill in almost every direction is developed through the love of approbation. Approbation was Father Spencer's

A novel use of the stereoscope was recently made in the detection of a counterfeit bank note. A hundred-franc note was submitted to the experts of the Bank of France as issued by a set of forgers, but the execution was so perfect that the experts could not discover by the closest examination. As a last resource the suspected note was placed side by side with the genuine one in the objective of a stereoscope, the two images of which, as well known, overlap each other and form a single picture. The result of the experiment was that the note in the left of the pair did not overlap exactly over that of the genuine one, showing that they had not been printed from the same plate.—*Ex.*

## Elegant Lead-Pencils.

In point of finish, beauty, fineness of lead, the Gaskell pencils are leaders. Don't use them securely and sent by mail at 5 cents per dozen, or wholesale to regular agents at \$3 per gross.

The card specimens on page 7 were dashed off by their authors without any idea of their interfering the engraver's retreat. The work is good, however, for unprepared strokes.

## Glimmering Glimpses of Chautauqua.

ETCHED FROM THE WING, BY THE GAZETTE'S  
GLASSER.

No summer resort offers such a mixture of comfort, pleasure and rare intellectual treats as Chautauqua Lake, a "glittering gem" of crystal water set in an elevated ridge which divides the slope of the Ohio, Alleghany and that of the Mississippi. Flowing in a south-

easterly direction the waters from this lake mingle with that of the Ohio, Alleghany and Mississippi, yet, go back in almost any direction and the flow is in an opposite direction. The supply of water to the lake is received mostly through the source of numerous springs which bubble up from its sylvan banks, and keep its waters always cool and crystal-like. The lake is about twenty miles in length, with charming summer residences sprinkled all along its wooded banks, and further back graded slopes with small farms of growing crops spread here and there. At times, when the sun bursts from behind a cloud, there are kaleidoscopic views about this lake which defy the inspired touch of a Raphael, or challenge the vocabulary of the most fastidious word painter to graphically represent. Across the lake perhaps you will see partly on land and partly on the placid water, a golden sheet of bright sunlight gilding hill-sides and water into a rare picture, and if a small sail boat happens to pass across this sunlit spot, the scene is intensified by the white sails flapping in the breeze.

Shadows of various clouds passing over the lake cause the water to variegate with the most delicate tints; here on its calm bosom an emerald spot appears, there in the distance is a shimmering spot of deep yellow, and further on perhaps, a purple belt drawn from shore to shore. And thus it is that the lake, ever changing its color, produces its corresponding change on its mirror-like surface.

Chautauqua proper is the chief attraction of the lake, being the place where the Assembly meets from year to year, and where thousands of visitors from all parts of the country come to spend their summers. Cottages and tents are thickly sprinkled all over the grounds, giving the place the air of some quaint old village of primitive times. There are no sidewalks, but rustic roads run here and there which are called avenues. So many educational departments, buildings and devices give it the appearance of a modern Athens. Here are the headquarters of the Literary and Scientific Circle, Schools of Languages, the Teachers' Retreat, the School of Theology, the College of Music, School of Clay Modeling, School of Cookery, Young Folks' Reading Union, Missionary Institute, Gymnasium, School of Signorthand, School of Business and other departments of education. It would be impossible to mention all the interesting features of this glorious place shorter than a volume. The amphitheater is located near the center of the grounds, and at times the peals from the great organ can be heard from nearly all the various cottages. Here, every day for two months, is given a programme of rare excellence.

One hour you are entertained by the most soul-stirring music, another by a lecture by some celebrity in this or other countries. To-day the Schubert quartet are lifting us heavenward by their blending voices, to-morrow we are awe-stricken by Sam Jones' shower of sulphurous theology. And so on; every day brings new features. While there we heard Dr. Talmage lecture on The Absurdities of Evolution in that stage-ambling style peculiar to himself. When he opens his mouth wide enough for one of his home constructed words to escape there is just enough room on the

outside for his voice, which, by the way, is a very noticeable feature. Some one speaking of his voice has said: "Talmage's resonant tones, when in a rasping vein of sarcasm, cause the feathers on the ladies' hats to curl and the flowers to wither under the pungent blast." This statement sounds to us like an overgrown hyperbole. We listened to Will Carleton in his best poems. Everybody in Carleton because his poems are full of life, and

physiognomy and proved to us that he was mortal, and would not vanish into thin air as many supposed.

Geo. W. Cable read some of his unpublished writings in an entertaining style. Upon his first appearance upon the stage he was somewhat fatigued from travel, and at first spoke rather low. Some shouting minister from the rear of the amphitheater who could not be entertained unless a man yelled until his epiglottis stuck to the roof of his mouth and turned red in the face, asked him to speak louder. Cable did so, but almost any one could see that he

For a number of evening entertainments we were taken across the Atlantic by means of ingenious stereopticon lectures and well delineated illustrations. One moment the listeners, lifted into imaginary spheres by vivid description and life-like views, were plowing their way through the briny waters of the Atlantic aboard some grand old steamer of the Cunard line, and the next were crowded into a quaint and dusty looking English omnibus. In an instant we were crossing the English channel en route to Paris. After arriving we were led through art galleries, museums, and other places of interest until the dazzling sights of Parisian beauty brought the nearly dazed eyes to our aching eyes. This is only a vague hint of what was brought so clearly before us.

The illuminated streets at Chautauqua are remarkably beautiful. Hundreds of row boats, steam launches, large boats and other crafts constructed for the occasion, all brilliantly illuminated with lanterns of every hue, furnish a charming panorama. They march in straight lines and then form into fantastic circles and embosoms, reminding one of what might be seen during a night at Venice, or a Japanese night of feasting.

The most novel musical feast we enjoyed while at Chautauqua was the "Rock Band" a more wonderful and unique arrangement could not be imagined. Fancy a wooden frame about twelve feet long, like two wooden shelves. On the upper shelf, insulated by means of straw ropes, are twenty-five slabs of rough stone chipped and hammered like the stone cots of our barnyards and hoes, from four feet to six or eight inches long and from one and one-half to four inches broad, arranged in threes and twos like the black notes of a piano, which they truly represent. On the

lower shelf, insulated in the same way, are the natural—made in number, and gradually decreasing in size, from the long deep notes of the bass cello to the small high notes of the treble. This gigantic instrument is played by three performers with wooden mallets covered with leather. There are three interesting features about the instrument, the novelty of construction, the definiteness of the performers, and the excellent melody produced.

Among the most interesting features of the Chautauqua grounds are a number of devices calculated to assist the instructors in the various departments. These are the models of Jerusalem, the great Pyramid, the Palestine Park, and the Pathway of Roman History. They not only serve their purpose in assisting students of the regular courses, but they are a continual object lesson, which is forced again and again upon the attention of the most careless summer visitor.

For a vivid realization of the natural features of the Holy Land, Palestine Park has but one equal, and that is Palestine itself. The Park lies along the lake which here makes a graceful curve like that of the Mediterranean Sea along the Sicilian coast. The mountains of Bible history appear here in their proper proportions, as mounds of masonry covered with close green turf. The Valley of the Jordan holds a tiny stream which runs all summer long in its sunken channel to the Dead Sea, at the foot of the level of the lake. Little cities dot the miniature landscape here and there and evergreen trees do duty as the Cedars of Lebanon. During the Assembly session lectures are given in the park by competent persons, who amid these suggestive surroundings explain the beauties of the Holy Land.

The Pathway of Roman History, in the rear of the postoffice, and presents a sectional view of the great Pyramid of Cheops near the Egyptian Nile, which is supposed by some learned men to contain within its massive

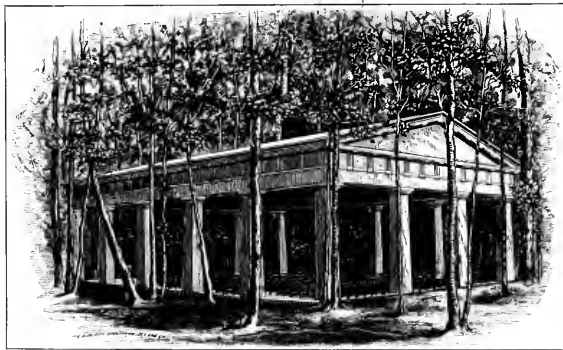


BITS IN AND AROUND CHAUTAUQUA.

he infuses new meaning by his peculiar but natural style. There is something in his manner which always announces the funny parts ere he reaches them—a twinkle of his eye, a half-curved smile stealing across his mouth, or a mechanical gloom drawn across his brow, all speak plainly of the coming of a button taster. He certainly touches the

was a little vexed at the remark coming so abruptly. After winding up a chapter with an enthusiastic climax he asked in a tone slightly tinged with sarcasm, "Did you hear that?"

Frank Beard was mysteriously blown in on the audience one afternoon, wearing a black look on his Apollo-like face and a bundle of charcoal and red paint under his arm. In care



HALL IN THE GROVE.

hearts of the keeper, by moving with them and not by taking to eagle's flight into the gauzy nothingness. Dr. Buckley, of New York, amused us one afternoon with his lecture on "Quackery." He pulled back the somber curtains of spiritualism, revealing the false hair, wax figures, unburnt spirits of the departed, timberjacks of all sizes, and all wires connecting with Plutonian stations etc. He also drew the cork from patent medicines, and showed the different species of bosh that were contained in the deadly concoctions. He also pulled the funeral drapery from the clerical

of his keeper. He was permitted to roam over the stage for the better part of the afternoon. After removing his cuffs and a few remarks, he was permitted to draw pictures. After drawing a very comical picture he has a way of looking grieving, as though all that was near and dear to him had been torn from his grasp. Counting all that is bare from his nose up, heard naturally has a very long face. His charcoal and crayon sketches are wonderfully graphic. THE GAZETTE readers will find novel and ingenious ideas in his drawing lessons which appear each month.



## Lesson in Writing.

BY A. J. SCARBOROUGH.

We beg the readers of the GAZETTE to accept a substitute for Prof. Wells' lesson this month, as he is so engrossed in business that he can't possibly appear in this connection before our next issue.

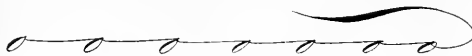
I shall aim to make free movement the chief point in these brief allusions. By free movement I mean muscular movement, though there are some hair-carving points of difference among penmen as to the exact meaning of this movement. Now I think almost every reader of the GAZETTE knows exactly what is meant by muscular movement, but does he practice what he knows, and believes to be reasonable and correct theory? We receive hundreds of letters at the GAZETTE office from the "Family Circle." Some of these letters show excellent form, but a glance at them is sufficient to see that all that has been said about training the movement has been sadly neglected. Others show muscular movement which is untrained and balky. They perhaps have good ideas of form, but not having concentrated their practice upon systematic exercise drill, they fail to make anything correct, except occasionally through blind luck. You may find it difficult to write long words and retain the proper slant and regular forms. The following practiced with a regular movement, will help you to overcome tediousness of movement:



Don't jump from one thing to another. There are only a few ground principles underlying penmanship, but they must be learned thoroughly. One of the best writers I have ever met often practiced the small *x* for two and three hours at a time. I have seen pages of his practice paper covered with the following:



The result of such practice not only establishes correct form in the mind but in the hand as well. You never use a good movement until you become so familiar with an exercise that you can start off with confidence enough to put force and freedom in your motion:



In making the three *a*'s, allow the hand to slide freely across the page, but observe that it does not turn over to the right as you form the connecting stroke:



The above practiced with a free and decided movement will help you in writing long words with regularity and speed. You can't expect to learn an exercise of this character by a few careless strokes. Strive to improve in every line:



Exercises containing loop and minimum letters, alternately help to give strength and regular slant to your work:



When good ovals are mastered, half the battle is won in capitals. You can't expect to make full oval capitals until you have thoroughly trained the movement in all the various oval drills.



The constant revolving of the hand and arm may bring back your days of grindstone rotation, but this constant repetition is the only way to train the arm in the primary elements. I don't care how much genius you may have scintillating about your being, you have, in order to learn penmanship, much plodding, even constant grinding before you.



You may have fair control of movement in form and utterly fail in shading in the proper places. An exercise which calls for light and shade alternately will give you skill in shading where you wish, if practiced with that object in view. Try the three *C*'s, shading the first in its loop, the second in the last down stroke of oval and so on.



Nothing tends to give so much force to capitals as the practice of combinations. Take up some letter that will connect well and write as many as four or five without lifting the pen or flagging in movement whatever. You can't dwell on this too much. No matter how good your writing may be already, this will give you more ease in your work and more decision in the appearance of your capitals.



This sweep and strength of movement is the very secret of some of our most expert business writers' success. They have their motion trained to such a free and positive swing that they write well without the slightest fatigue. You see a good penman write with free movement, apparently without effort; you say, "That looks easy," so it is, when you have once gone through this graduated system of training the hand, which gives results as surely as learning to spell prepares you for reading.



One of the best ways to learn writing is, after you get on the right track, to write. You might memorize a volume on the geometrical technicalities of writing and then without putting 'em and actual muscular push into your practice, you would scarcely rival the Mongolian hieroglyphics of Horace Greeley. If in teaching a child the art of walking parents should say: "Now little one, preserve an equilibrium by keeping your little body in a perpendicular position, and perambulate by placing your right pedal in advance of your left and *vice versa*, observing that you have compound action of mind and nerve;" the child would surely fall under such a mass of verbiage. But if the parent should say *Walk* the child would know what was meant. I have seen pupils grasp the idea of muscular movement from a simple illustration and hint. They would get ideas enough in a few lessons to practice on successfully for months.



Combined signatures make an excellent practice for giving skill in varied turns. This kind of practice is so fascinating that it calls forth more variety of movement than you realize. One common fault among students of writing is in failing to practice an exercise long enough to make it interesting to them. No matter how tedious an exercise seems at first, as you become skillful in its execution, the drudgery wears off.



## The Critique in Penmanship.

In the study of any art where beauty and harmony are leading characteristics, the aesthetic sense and discriminating powers naturally become more acute. The mind, through the study and practice of writing, is rendered more searching in the elements of expression or form in other objects. The eye is trained to such an extent that common place objects are scrutinized more closely. The penman feels, or should feel that his accomplishments are an incentive to the higher development of the artistic faculty in other things. If musicians should follow the nobler impulses awakened by their productions they would represent universally the grandeur of humanity, their minds would be ever stored with the most beautiful imagery, their natures would be the soul of sympathy itself. Train the mind to criticism: in one art, and you train it for investigation in others. Form the habit of in-

vestigation, and you become critical as a result, but the art of mastering in detail must first be learned in one thing. Learn to discover harmony and beauty in a landscape, and you learn to discover beauty in the description of landscapes. Become critical in form and motion, and you cultivate a taste for fitting words and graceful expressions. The reasoning powers are strengthened by the study of mathematics, and surely the sensuous knowledge is rendered more acute by the study of an art which has for its features beauty and harmony. The penman who is not cloistered with his art alone will not fail to feel that his knowledge and skill are preparing his taste for other arts. As the ear becomes sensitive to the slightest harshness or discord, so the eye becomes quick to detect deformity or defects of any kind in writing.

I can—Of course you can. You show it in your looks, in your motion, in your speech, in everything. I can! A brave, hearty, substantial, soulful, manly, cheering expression. There is character, force, vigor, determination, will in it. We like it. The words have a spirit and sparkle about them which takes one in the very right place. I can. There is a world of meaning expressed, laid down and a mmed into these two words; whole sermons

of solid-ground virtues. How we more than admire to hear a person speak it out bravely, boldly, determinedly, as though it were an out-reaching of his entire nature; a reflection of his inner soul. It tells of something that is earnest, sober, serious; of something that will battle the race, and tumble with the world in a way that will open and brighten and tellow man's eyes.—Ex.

*P. Young*  
1

*John W. D. Dakin*  
2

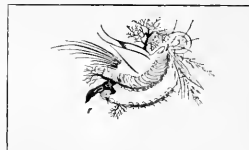
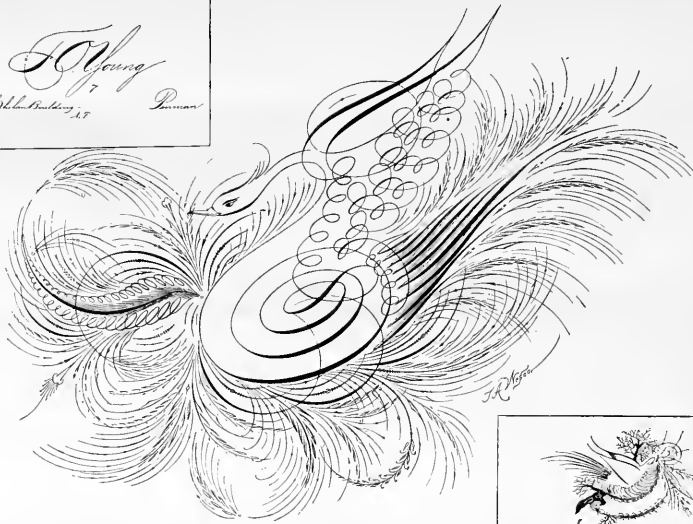
*A. W. Dakin*  
3

*F. E. Vaughan*  
4

*A. W. Dakin*  
5

*F. E. Vaughan*  
6

*P. Young*  
7  
Philip Young 1878 Penman



*F. E. Vaughan*  
9

*F. E. Vaughan*  
10

*F. E. Vaughan*  
11

*W. H. Bennett*  
12

*J. M. Bennett*  
13

*W. H. Bennett*  
14

## FLASHING SWEEPS FROM A FEW OF THE FULL-FLEDGED FLOURISHERS.

Nos. 1, 2, 3, 5 and 10 are from the flexible pen of the famous Madras. Nos. 4, 6 and 9 are from the unquivering hand of A. W. Dakin. Nos. 11, 12, 13 and 14 are from the invincible Bennett. No. 7 is from the left hand of the Pacific Fred O. Young. No. 8, representing a small fowl, apparently eating its nest, was executed by Mr. Bartow, and the central figure, a larger bird, is the work of J. A. Wesco.



**Write as You Think.**

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**Write as You Think.**

rical optics. Let's have peace; we can use large quantities of that article in our business. We will exchange a number of scathing pens and scalping knives for a few years of that "peace like a river." Many of the penmen who are now morose and even taciturn would be chipper to a large extent, if instead of having mud and venom poured upon them they could bask in soothing floods of tranquility. Take Michaels, for instance; he can't rest well at night; he occasionally awakens while he is asleep, fills the air with a disfigured vocabulary, struggles under the illusive grasp of hideous nightmares, all because some horrid

spiteful penman has intimated that he was not at *summun* of the chirographic. There's our greatest chirographic benefactor, G. A. Smith, who has been so good as to inform us that his Compendium has been the means of bringing out more good writers than anything of its nature published; now why should any penman turn a weak battery toward such a fort, while breastworks of living testimony are rising in every remote hamlet of the country? Let them fight it out in army. The generals are too numerous to count, and they will inevitably be slain by jealous slanders and arrows. Let us recognize every good thing, no matter from what source it comes. Let us be willing to throw up those old embossed methods when we find something better. Even if we know it all, for the sake of liberality let us give credit where credit is due. If some other penman, though his name be not etched on the top rail of renown; we can

crowd it into some remote corner of our bulging dome of thought. Try it; the mental dome is a wonderfully flexible structure, and it permitted will accommodate a few thoughts of others. Put your heads together, not with physical force, but in a common interest. A bundle of pates, so to speak, properly clustered in one grand cause, can often do more effective work than a solitary intellect bobbing in a wayward manner for an inspiration. Of course if there is a disposition on the part of some one to become entirely too "meek," then it is well enough to pour him into the fact that there are other writers who are not so easily bulldozed upon the firmament of his capacious mind. Inform him pacifically but firmly that there are portions of his intellectual sphere

which yet remain unsoaked. Oftentimes this class of men, after being convinced that Webster was a better speller than themselves, and that Wendell Phillips could outstrip them a few laps in fluency of speech, commence at the proper end of the thread and pull through to the other end. If you see a conspicuous member about to snatch the laurel from its proper stem, don't interfere by shaking his pedestal with unprize criticism. If he has earned the laurel, and it is ripe, let him wear it. O, consider this thing of being too rash in jerking "bright honor from the pallid moon," or claming "the laurel wreath from the sunbeams." Infant laurel from its branch, don't look well, and besides, the mercury of your ambition may rise too suddenly for the welfare of your saccharine hence.

**Vigor in Execution.**

There is a certain amount of freshness and life necessary in writing to make it fascinating. Penmanship may approach perfection of form and yet if the letters are tediously drawn out with finger movement and bated breath, there will be something about it which fatigues the eye and leaves in the mind only an impression of exhaustion and granulated eyelids on the paper. The eye is not to be deceived. It will be faithfully witness his wax-browed gaze as

which yet remain unsoaked. Oftentimes this class of men, after being convinced that Webster was a better speller than themselves, and that Wendell Phillips could outstrip them a few laps in fluency of speech, commence at the proper end of the thread and pull through to the other end. If you see a conspicuous member about to snatch the laurel from its proper stem, don't interfere by shaking his pedestal with unprize criticism. If he has earned the laurel, and it is ripe, let him wear it. O, consider this thing of being too rash in jerking "bright honor from the pallid moon," or claming "the laurel wreath from the sunbeams." Infant laurel from its branch, don't look well, and besides, the mercury of your ambition may rise too suddenly for the welfare of your saccharine hence.

**Vigor in Execution.**

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which yet remain unsoaked. Oftentimes this class of men, after being convinced that Webster was a better speller than themselves, and that Wendell Phillips could outstrip them a few taps in fluency of speech, commence at the next morning to write through the paper tolerably well. If you see some good member about to snatch the laurel from his parent stem, don't interfere by shaking his pedestal with unripe criticism. If he has earned the laurel, and it is ripe, let him wear it. O, consider this thing of being too rash in jerking the laurel from the tree too soon, or clanking about with the laurel of fate to the infant laurel from his branch, don't look well, and besides, the mercury of your ambition may rise too suddenly for the welfare of your saccharine hence.

**Vigor in Execution.**

There is a certain amount of fineness and life necessary in writing to make it fascinating. Penmanship may approach perfection of form and yet if the letters are tediously drawn out with finger movement and bated breath, there will be something about it which fatigues the eye and leaves in the mind only an impression of the monotony of the penmanship. On the part of the author, the swoop of the hawk or the graceful wings of his way through space is refreshing to the eye, while the labored flapping of the partridge rising from the ground conveys only the idea of hard work. This sleek and graceful look noticed in so much of the handwriting of the great writers, is not imitated by other than a vigorous, well trained movement. The eye naturally seeks landscapes whose scenery is alive, where vigor produces grace and beauty. No matter how untrained the eye may be, it will not fail to see and appreciate this quality in writing. Through much of this painfully tedious writing we can see the author, with furrows in his brow and an all-gone expression in his strained eyes, curved into a suffering attitude over his desk. In writing produced with free muscular movement, we rarely see the writer using an arm, or a shoulder, or a back, or accomplishing his work with a wholesale refusal.

A ray of hope beams in the face of the statue-like builder of cognomens, and he informs her that he cannot print cards, but can write them in a style that will satiate her aesthetic appetite. After seeing the very simple contortions of his wrist, she consents to diminish his stock to the amount of six plain cards at twenty cents per dozen.

Of course by use of a flattened alphabet he manages to squeeze Miss Whippletree's full name on the cards.

She likes the work very well, but thinks it would look better not to crowd the letters so much.

"Now," the lady remarks, "I want our minister's name on the other two. Are you prepared?" He informs her by a nod and a most sigh that he is ready to tackle the unseen collection of Latin derivations.

Such are the experiences of the wandering scribe. He as well as other mortals must taste the bitter morsels of life. Yet there is much unadulterated balm in his career. When, for instance, he wields his willowy pen in fan-

There is no reason why the card writer might not continue to exist if he could exchange the praise and glory he constantly receives for about seven dollars' worth of board and washing each week. We have seen the

the manning he would whisper: Don't know

cards in almost every conceivable style. He curves himself over his desk something after the order of a Hindoo worshiper, and the cards slip from under his pen with the regularity and speed of machinery.

Whenver it is possible, the correct address—such as street and number—of both the person taking out the order and the person to whom it is to be paid, should be given.

## BOOK NOTICES.

"Cennino's is an art to be acquired only, but readily, by a simple, practical system, consisting of six books." The pupils are relieved from having his mind burdened and confused with elaborated "Principles" and unintelligible "Elements," which took up so much space in other books simply, and yet so systematically, arranged, as to give more *real* practice upon the twenty six letters of the alphabet than do in two or three numbers. The interest of the young student is maintained by giving him not only separate letters, but familiar words, and common names, and he is made to write them from dictation, and to make his purpose - in short, that *he is writing*. The exercises given tend to develop an easy, rapid and business-like hand. In the last number, under the requirements of a copy book, we believe the series to be complete. These superior copy books sent on receipt of 60 cents in cash or by postal note, to J. B. Coates, Philadelphia, Pa., and C. L. Campbell, Portland, Me.

"I have received the *Guide*, and find it to be an excellent book in every respect."—JOHN L. HONNIGSBY, Deer River, Conn.

Orders for subscriptions should be addressed to our Chicago office, as follows:

**G. A. GASKELL CO.,**  
29 Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill.







in accordance with the preceding rules for the simple vowels, thus; (See Plate 1, Section 3) qualify, qualify, endure, procure, abjure, require.

If any reader of the GAZETTE wishes to know if he is correct in his studies of this lesson, and of the *reading exercise* following the instruction, write the phonographic words with your translation on alternate lines, and send to Prof. W. D. Bridge, Plainfield, N. J., with two ten-cent stamps, and a correct reply will be returned.

#### Now Begin in Earnest.

Many young and middle-aged people have been poring over the "Convenient Season" should come, to take up shorthand and go it with a will. Begin now. Cooler days and nights invite to renewed diligence in study, and probably no single branch of study will pay so richly in all lines as the mastery of Phonography. You can learn shorthand at any time, just as well as at a school for that purpose. We speak the sober sense when we give this instruction by Correspondence by a competent teacher will produce as excellent result as face to face instruction. We have taught both ways for twenty-five years and we do not speak unadvisedly in this matter. Begin now.

#### Phonographic Nomenclature.

The word *nomenclature* may be an unusual one to many of our readers, but it is used to indicate a system of technical names or terms; for example the chemist will write NaCl for Sodium, meaning *Common Salt*, and the Graham phonographer will write *Pit!* for the word *perfect*.

Now it can be clearly seen that any system of word naming, or syllable naming, or phrase naming, ought to be founded on simple and suggestive principles. We have examined the nomenclatures of several publishers of shorthand books, and many of them are utterly incongruous. Mr. Graham thirty years ago most scrupulously devised a harmonious, and natural system by which every conceivable form written in shorthand can be clearly, legibly expressed in type words, and as readily understood by the skilled student as would be the words of Socrates or Plato.

In our own teaching we are accustomed to enforce the use of nomenclature, or shorthand terminology—what has been termed by phonographers, our "Sacred Sanskrit." We once rode with a pupil for a large portion of an afternoon, and our entire and rapid conversation for the whole time was carried on by means of Graham's nomenclature. We talked about the carriage and pony, the duty road and the scenery, the campground by which we passed, the family and domestic topics, shorthand and scientific subjects, and not once did we put the pen or pencil to paper, but used the clear and picturesque principles by which the shorthand forms which we created in our minds were expressed in spoken letters and punctuation marks, such as the compositor might use. We advise all to try this experiment—even for a certain form of private, secret conversation when occasion might require it.

#### Tagikaphy in England.

Our old correspondent, D. P. Lindley, Esq. of Philadelphia, makes a most ungracious attack on us in the *Conservative Shorthand*, charging us with writing what we never wrote, and with having feelings towards him and tagikaphy which we never held. If he will show one single line which we ever wrote in any bitter spirit concerning him or his system of shorthand, made evident on the surface of the article itself, we will mercurially make a satisfactional answer to Mr. Lindley. Will he please bring proofs of his charges?

All this is preliminary to what we would say concerning a beautiful little sheet which pioneers the way for "tagikaphy" in England. Some time since a phonographer became impressed with the desirability of introducing a *condensed* system of shorthand in England, and became a diligent student, practitioner, and now publisher of this his new system.

There lies before us the first number (September) of the *Student's Shorthand Journal*, to be issued bi-monthly, by George Harris, F. S.

Sc, from the Tagikaphic Shorthand Institute, Gloucester, England. This magazine has three illustrations; has excellently engraved shorthand in the student's style, the learner's style, etc., the whole being printed on good paper, and inclosed with a neat illuminated border. Welcome, Brother Harris, to a large field. Do all the good you can with a *condensed* vowel system in England.

#### The Ammanuensis.

The amanuensis, private secretary, or personal stenographer, should be possessed of a great variety of qualifications.

He should be "honest as the hills," so trustworthy that the employer should never doubt his integrity.

He should be *willing and obliging*, that his perfect readiness to go beyond the mere line of routine, or obligation, should be recognized. Many times an unanticipated pressure of care, through accumulation of correspondence or otherwise, should evoke a general readiness in the stenographer to step beyond the "letter of the contract."

He should be *patient*. Sometimes the matter concerning which dictations are given are of such an exciting or exasperating character that the client's blood, brain to burn, tongue to fly, nerves to jump, and then the utmost coolness should be shown by the secretary. If he burns, there's a great fire indeed. Calmness is demanded to do shorthand notation, which shall be absolutely legible under the most exacting conditions.

He should be *systematic*. Ofttimes when a great mass of letters, contracts, memoranda, editorials, quotations, appointments, etc., etc., are crowded on the amanuensis, he is compelled to exercise a most wise discretion concerning the definite order in which some of these matters shall be written out, and shall consider when taking his notes whether they should be immediately reproduced. In such a case the shorthand for "at once" should be written in the margin.

He should be *accurate*. When the letter says, "Please find inclosed —," the amanuensis should be sure to prepare the needed envelope at the very first opportunity, and then and there *inclose* the special letter, slip, document, check, bill, or what not. If he fails to receive a "please find inclosed" with no inclosure, getting it somewhat later or not getting it at all. Accuracy should of course fully characterize the note-taking. If the dictator says I send you so and so, the note should not be so carelessly written as to lead the note taker to read "I sent," and so fail to ask the employer for the thing to be sent.

He should be a *keeper of secrets*. No employer but dictates letters which he would not willingly make public, even to a very limited audience. His stenographer and the party addressed should alone carry the secrets, whether expressly so characterized or not. Family matters, business prospects, plans in embryo, opportunities looked for, these are often of a semi-confidential nature, and should be safe.

He should be a *gentleman* in the best sense of that word. What employer will often confide to his care delicate letters and messages which he should be able to perform with suave manners, and the culture of the genial, refined taste and purpose. No clown or boor is fit to hold the position of private secretary to any gentleman. Therefore a courteous spirit and being are of the highest value in such an office.

#### And It Died.

Our readers have been informed from time to time of the existence and work of the International Stenographers' Association, and of its proposed annual meeting at Lake George, N. Y., in August last. So it was to be, but alas, so it was not.

At the close of the New York State Stenographers' Association at Lake George, which was at least of its usual brilliancy, there was to have been a further meeting of the distinguished representatives of the craft from the West, North and South, but only a handful of thirty or thereabouts put in an appearance, and as a quorum for business purposes requires twenty, we believe, the International failed to "come to office." The noble thirteen present sat in solemn silence, except when discussing how most respectfully to bury the corpse.

The most important feature of this convention (which was not in *esse*, only in *ferre*, and there was not enough present for a *posse comitatus*) was the significant absence of the officers. This gave a painful suspicion that this death was "foreknown" if not "predestinated." It was not. It was not mistaken sixty-three paid-up members were on the rolls when the International "gave up the ghost." This association has been doing a good work and deserved to live. Jealousy of amanuensis and phonographic teachers, on the part of the regular stenographers was the cause, if not the cause, of this sad ending off.

#### Poetry.

The following sparkling words were taken from a lecture delivered by Edgar A. Poe. They are so full of delicate beauty as a new-born rose:

"The poet recognizes the ambrosia which nourishes his soul in the bright orb that shines in heaven, in the volutes of the flower, in the clustering of low shrubberies, in the waving of green fields, in the slanting of tall cedars, in the blue distance of mountains, in the grouping of clouds, in the twinkling of half hidden brooks, in the gleaming silver rivers, in the repose of sequestered lakes, in the star-mirroring depths of lonely wells. He perceives it in the songs of birds, in the harp of *Eolus*, in the sighing of the night wind, in the reaping of the forest, in the sun that comes to the shore, in the fresh breath of the woods, in the scent of the violet, in the voluptuous perfume of the hyacinth, in the suggestive odor that comes to him at eventide, from far-distant, undiscovered islands, over dim oceans, illimitable and unexplored. He owns it in all noble thoughts, in all unworthy motives, in all holy impulses, in all chivalrous, generous and self-sacrificing deeds. He feels it in the beauty of woman, in the grace of her step, in the luster of her eye, in the melody of her voice, in her soft laughter, in her sigh, in the harmony of the rustling of her robes. He deeply feels it in her winning endearments, in her burning enthusiasms, in her gentle charities, in her meek and devoted self-surrender; but above all, ah, far above all, he knurls to her worship in the faith, in the purity, in the strength, in the altogether divine majesty of her love."

#### Stimulant.

The following beautiful lines were written by George D. Prentice, whose pen seemed ever armed with animated truth:

"There is a time when the pulse lies low in the bosom and beats low in the veins; when the spirit sleeps the sleep which apparently knows no waking; sleeps in the house of clay, and the windows are shut; the doors hung with the invisible care of melancholy; when we wish the golden sunshine pitchy darkness, and wish to fancy clouds where no clouds appear. This is a case of sickness when physics may be thrown to the dogs, for we want none of that. What shall we do the spirit? What shall make the heart beat again, and the pulses throbb through all the myriad-throated lanes in the house of life? What shall make the sun kiss the eastern hills again for us with his old awakening glances, and the night overflow with moonlight, love and flowers? Love itself is the greatest stimulant—the most intoxicating of all, and performs all of these, and is a miracle still, and is not the drug store, whatever they say. The counterfeits in the market, but the winged god is not a money-changer we assure you."

"Men have had many things, but still they ask nothing more."

"Men try to bury the floating dead of their own souls in the wine cup, but the corpse rises. They see their faces in the bubbles. The intoxication of drink sets the world whirling again, and the pulses to playing music, but the clock runs down, and, when an unnatural stimulant leaves the house is filled with the wildest revelry more silent, more sad, more dreary."

"There is only one stimulant that never intoxicates—duty. Duty puts a clear sky over every man into which the sky-lark happiness always goes singing."

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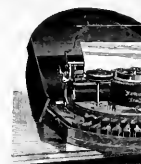
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**Bookkeeping.**

A LESSON FOR BEGINNERS.—NO. 9.

BY CHARLES R. WELLS,  
Director of the Chautauque School of Business.

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In attempting to give a series of lessons in bookkeeping for beginners, in a publication of this kind, the scope as well as the arrangement of topics was necessarily limited. How to present the subject so as to maintain an interest, and at the same time give rudimentary instruction which could be understood and applied, appeared to be a rather difficult problem. It was thought best, however, to take up one topic at a time, and by devoting the space allowed to a series of simple lessons which would exemplify the principles of double entry, endeavor to make the student familiar with those fundamental principles of debit and credit which underlie the science of accounting.

But in the present number we shall interrupt this order, and give some attention to the subject of forms or vouchers as commonly used in business transactions.

In their relation to commercial operations these vouchers become important factors, entering into nearly every transaction, and usually furnishing the data from which the bookkeeper is expected to make up his records. It is well, therefore, that the beginner should know something of their nature, origin, and use, that he may determine more readily their effect upon the various accounts in his ledger.

INVOICE OR BILL.

BOSTON, July 1, 1886.

MR. A. BEGINNER,  
BOUGHT OF JOHN S. HAYDEN.

250	1/2	bbls. Stand. Shore, No. 1	Mackerel, 12 1/2	3037	150
-----	-----	---------------------------	------------------	------	-----

The invoice is a memorandum giving date of purchase, number, kind, and cost of items, and usually the terms of sale. When no time for payment is specified, it is supposed to be "on account," that is, giving the customary time of credit. If receipted, it becomes a voucher for the amount paid.

STATEMENT.

SYRACUSE, Aug. 1, 1886.

BILLINGS, SWAN & Co.,  
BOUGHT OF A. BEGINNER.

July	1	Mds.	-	-	-	1723	Q1
	8	Mds.	-	-	-	2078	Q2
	16	Mds.	-	-	-	2077	Q2

The statement does not give the items, but the amount of purchases at different dates. If payments have been made, the date and amount of each may be indicated. It becomes a voucher if receipted.

RECEIPT.

\$950.  
Received, Baltimore, August 7, 1886, of MR. A. BEGINNER, Nine Hundred and Fifty Dollars on account.  
BAYARD & THOMPSON.

The receipt, as a voucher for the payment of money, may be given in full, on account, or in blank.

ORDER.

SYRACUSE, Aug. 15, 1886.

MESSRS. P. KINGSLEY & SON, Philadelphia, may deliver to William Smith one hundred doz. No. 3 Bartlett pears, and charge the same to my account.  
A. BEGINNER.

An order may be for mds., or cash, and is held as a voucher by the party on whom it is drawn. If for mds. the party filling it would usually take a receipt from the person presenting it, and send a bill for the goods to the one who gave it.

CHECK.

\$1000.  
FIRST NATIONAL BANK,  
Pay to A. BEGINNER, or order,  
Ten Hundred and Twenty Dollars,  
No. 640.  
Geo. K. LAPHAM.

A check is an order on the bank, and may be made payable to "order," as above, or to bearer. In the former case the person presenting it must indorse, or write his name on the back, and it becomes a voucher or receipt to the person giving it, and is also a voucher to the bank.

Checks are considered as cash items, and when received should be entered to the Dr. side of the account.

If a ledger account is kept with the bank, the person giving the check should credit the bank, and if the money in bank is counted as cash on hand, the cash account should be given credit.

INDIVIDUAL NOTE.

\$523.48  
SYRACUSE, N. Y., June 15, 1886.  
Three thousand eight hundred and twenty-three and 48/100 dollars, value received, at Merchants' Bank.  
Due 6, 28, '86.  
A. BEGINNER.

In the above note A. B. is the "maker," and S. & M. the firm in whose "favor" it is made.

A. B. would charge it to S. & M., and credit bills payable account, while S. & M. on receiving it would charge bills receivable account, and credit A. B.

Before collecting it at the Merchants' Bank, S. & M. would have to indorse the note, as it is payable to their order, and it would become a voucher for the payment of that amount by A. B. The bank would also hold it as a voucher against A. B., the same as if he had given a check.

COMPANY NOTE.

\$2000.  
GENEVA, N. Y., July 26, 1886.  
Thirty days after date we promise to pay to the order of A. BEGINNER, Two thousand dollars, value received, at the Bank of Geneva.  
DUE 7, 28, '86.  
HUSON & CRANE.

It is not always necessary to make a note payable at the bank, or other specified place, although that is the usual form in giving commercial paper. The party named in the body of a note is called the first indorser, and should another person put his name on the back as ad-

ditional security, as may be the case in having it discounted at the bank, he would be called the second indorser.

In case a note is not paid by the makers at maturity, the bank or other holder is required by law to go through the legal form of protest, and to notify each party of this fact, in order to fix the liability of the indorsers.

Upon receiving the above note, A. B. would credit H. & C. and charge bills receivable account. H. & C. on giving the note would charge A. B. and credit bills payable account.

JOINT AND SEVERAL NOTE.

\$1500.  
BUFFALO, N. Y., Aug. 20, 1886.  
Two months after date, for value received, we, or either of us, promise to pay to the order of GEORGE ANDREWS, Fifteen hundred dollars, with interest.  
DUE 10, 23, '86.  
SAMUEL MARTIN,  
JAMES P. KNOW.

A note does not draw interest unless so specified, until after maturity, when it bears legal interest until paid.

As a note is a simple contract, the words value received express the consideration for which it is given.

The three notes given above are negotiable, that is, they may be transferred by indorsement and collected by a third person. This would also be true of a note made payable to some person "or bearer," in which case it would be negotiable without indorsement.

NON-NEGOTIABLE NOTE.

\$500.  
ELMIRA, N. Y., Aug. 23, 1886.  
One day after date I promise to pay GEORGE ALLEN Five hundred dollars, for value received, with interest at five per cent.  
H. L. WILSON.

As this note does not contain the conditions which would render it transferable to a third party, it must remain the property of George Allen until paid. It will draw interest from the 24th of August, but only at the rate specified.

DRAFT.

\$400.  
NEW YORK, July 12, 1886.  
At fifteen days' sight pay to the order of ourselves, Four hundred five hundred dollars, value received, and charge the same to our account.  
To A. Beginner,  
Syracuse, N. Y.  
GORDON & WILLIAMS.

In the above draft Gordon & Williams are the drawers, and A. Beginner the drawee. G. & W. are also the payees.

Gordon & Williams would indorse the draft and place it in their bank for collection. The bank would forward it to another bank in Syracuse, by whom it would be presented to A. B. for acceptance. In doing this A. B. would write across the face in red ink, "Accepted July 14, 1886, payable at Merchants' Bank, A. Beginner." By this acceptance he agrees to pay the amount named, according to the terms expressed in the body of the draft.

Allowing for the three days of grace the draft becomes due Aug. 1, dating from the acceptance, at which time it is presented to the Merchants' Bank for payment.

When A. B. accepts the draft he charges Gordon & Williams and credits bills payable, and when notified that the Merchants' Bank has paid it, he charges bills payable and credits the bank. Accepting (agreeing to pay) a time draft is the same in effect as giving a note.

DRAFT.

\$391.62.  
SYRACUSE, N. Y., Aug. 16, 1886.  
Thirty days after date pay to the order of SYMPTON & MILLER, Three hundred nine hundred sixteen, and 2/10 dollars, value received, and charge to my account.  
To Ostrom & Judson,  
Palmyra, N. Y.  
A. BEGINNER.

A. B. is the drawer, O. & J. the drawers, and S. & M. the payees.

Suppose A. B. wishes to send the draft to S. & M. as a payment on account, his entries would be (according to the plan we have been following) as follows: Charge Bills Rec. and credit O. & J., then charge S. & M. and credit bills receivable.

We term it bills receivable, although it does not become so to O. & J. until they have accepted it. The draft would be considered "in favor" of S. & M., because it is made payable to their order. On receiving the draft S. & M. would credit A. B. and charge bills receivable. When A. B. comes to accept it, they would charge A. B. and credit bills payable.

As this draft drawn thirty days after date, it would become due and payable Sept. 18, without reference to the date of acceptance by O. & J.

\$1000.  
PHILADELPHIA, Aug. 5, 1886.  
At sight pay to the order of HENRY MUNSON, cashier, One thousand dollars, value received, and charge to our account.  
To A. Beginner,  
Syracuse, N. Y.  
P. KINGSLEY & SON.

In this transaction P. K. & S. make the draft to the order of the cashier of the bank where they do business, and deposit it as a cash item. It would be transmitted to some bank in Syracuse, and if presented to A. B. for payment. If he wishes to honor the draft, he writes across the face, "Accepted, payable at Merchants' Bank." He would charge P. K. & S. and credit the Merchants' Bank.

On making the draft P. K. & S. would credit A. B. and charge the bank for it as a deposit.

**Re-Educating the Brain.**

Forgetfulness is a blessing. Without it every occurrence of a person's past life would be present with him day by day. One reason why sleep is a mental restorative is that it steepens the senses in forgetfulness.

But as blessings may become curses through excess, so a total loss of memory would leave us in the mental condition of infants. Oblivion of the past means the erasure of education and of the mental habits and possessions which it has brought. An educated man who loses his memory requires to be re-educated.

A lady of twenty-four years of age entirely lost her memory through an illness which put her into a state of torpor. She could not recollect even her husband, or the common words of daily speech. She could neither read, nor write, nor sew, nor knit.

She began learning these things, as if she were a child, but, unconsciously to herself, her previous knowledge seemed to make their acquisition easy. In a few months she re-

covered her lost knowledge with accuracy.

A student at one of our colleges was attacked by a fever, which so affected his brain that he lost wholly his knowledge of the studies in which he had been training for years. He was ignorant of Latin, knowing nothing of the grammar, and being unable to read the simplest Latin sentence.

As soon as he regained his physical health, he faced the fact that he must re-educate his brain by beginning at the rudiments. He took edge of Latin, and everything in it was new to him, and he experienced a mental difficulty in fixing his attention so as to recall the lesson of the hour.

One day, while learning to construe, he was making a strong effort to recall something in the lesson, when suddenly all the old knowledge of Latin appeared to his mind. He took up a Latin classic, and found that he could read it, as he used to do before his sickness.—*Ex.*

13



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Few penmen combine so much freedom of movement with accuracy of form in their handwriting. Consequently his work is forcible, and at the same time graceful. The speed with which he writes naturally gives a fresh smooth stroke. His style is a happy blending of the business with the ornamental. I cannot resist the temptation to write.

Your cursive writing, in freedom of movement, smoothness of shade, and quality of hair line, the best, and superior to that of any (I say) "best penman in America." B. F. KELLEY.

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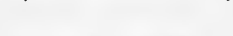
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- No. 1. Drafted post paid on receipt of price. Each.
- 1. Brass, 1/2 Divided 4 1/2 in.; pen and pencil attachment, crayon holder, wire, forefinger, bar and protractor; mahogany case. \$ 75
  - 2. Same as No. 1, about 3 1/2 in. 50
  - 3. " " 3 and 2 Dividers. 35
  - 4. " " 2 and larger Dividers, with movable legs, etc., etc. 25
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# EDUCATOR

VOL. VIII.—No. 9

**THE C. A. CASKELL CO.,**  
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# PENMAN'S INK-BAZETTE

## AND BUSINESS EDUCATOR

THE G. A. GASKELL CO. PUBLISHERS.

CHICAGO AND NEW YORK, OCTOBER, 1886.

VOL. VIII.—No. 9.

### Warren H. Sadler.

The GAZETTE feels a degree of self-gratulation upon being permitted to present the accompanying imprint to its readers. Mr. Sadler has not only made his imprint on copper and zinc photo cuts, but by his arduous work as a business educator in the broadest sense, has become deeply graven on the hearts of the commercial world. He is now in his forty-fifth autumn, but the boyish twinkle still lights up his brown eyes. He is genial in manner and possesses a something about his expression and demeanor which always inspires confidence and friendship. At the recent session of the Business Educators' convention, held in New York, he was elected president for the coming session at Milwaukee, where we all hope to see "Tob" in his native glory with the same petrifactive smiles proceeding from the base of that self-sustaining organ.

When Mr. Sadler was conducted to the chair he made a few fitting remarks in which he referred to Mr. Packard's hospitality in the following fourth-of-July style: "How fondly you will cherish the remembrance of the visit to the tomb of General Grant under the guidance of Bro. Packard [Packard flushes] you will picture him as he rode up and down the line with majestic grace on his mottled steed, pointing out the places of interest with that expressive index finger and making his guests thrill with happiness. [Packard turns ghastly pale and looks for a trap-door] If ever we had an opportunity to make a general of a business educator it was yesterday." At this point Mr. Packard seemed discomfited and gave him a withering look which brought him from his pinnacle of eloquence with an obtuse thud. He saw his way through however, and continued, "They will tell of our efforts last night to make a general of this great and good man, and how, he, with his welling up in his eyes which mirrored the surroundings, declined the honor, saying, 'Don't call me General, call me Silas.'"

As an educator Mr. Sadler's greatest achievements have been in commercial calculations. He has invented more short cuts in business computations than almost any man living. His textbooks on commercial arithmetic have always met with success, having been introduced throughout the country in all schools where common sense methods were appreciated.

The patronage of Mr. Sadler's school is largely from the city of Baltimore, but he also draws extensively from all the Southern, as well as from the Northern and Western States. His school is always well filled, having an average daily attendance of over three hundred pupils. His annual commencement are an event in the city. The great Academy of Music, to whom they are held, is always filled to overflowing with the best citizens of Baltimore, to whom he has commended himself and his enterprise in a very fitting and happy way. For the past year the best lecture courses given in Baltimore have been given by Mr. Sadler, under the auspices of his college. There are no lecturers so highly priced or so high-minded as to escape his toils, and he rarely fails of making a hit. To all of these entertainments the students of his college have free access.

He is as free hearted as a child, not a bit cynical, free from petty jealousies, and as true as steel. He holds no rancorous stings in his breast; and while he is necessarily an earnest competitor—ardently desiring that he believe to be his own—he never allows business contests to enter the social realm, nor does he the sacred relations of friendship to his fellow man. Give the world more such men and you bless the race.

Here are a few of his mottoes of life:

- "A good name will shine forever."
- "He that speaks sows, he that hears reaps."
- "Civility costs nothing and buys everything."
- "Better be alone than in bad company."
- "He is rich whose income is more than his expenses."
- "Say little; think much; do more."
- "He who commands confidence commands success."
- "It is never too late to learn."
- "Promise little and do much."

### Dispassionate View of the Late Educators' Convention.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE PENMAN'S GAZETTE.

Sir.—It is a matter of gratification to the members of the Business Educators' Association of America that the two leading organs in this country of practical education, the

and co-operation than in the recent convention?

It is true, as it should not be, that a very large number of important workers in our specialty were absent; and it is also true that their presence and labor would have added very much to the interest and substantial benefits of the occasion. I felt at the time, and still feel that this absence was unfortunate and should not have been, but I also feel that there was no special obligation laid upon any teacher in this country to neglect his own business or to go contrary to his own judgment in helping to make a success of the New York meeting. There has never been a time in the history of the business colleges, and there never will be, when the majority of those engaged in the business will feel it incumbent upon them to join their fellows in a convention. It is not necessary to inquire why this is so, nor to bewail its being so. The convention is in the highest degree a business affair, and those who

fact so far as the general public is concerned, we stand together as representing a distinct idea of education; and it is a very limited view of our duty to the community that we should be careful only as to the claims and practices of our individual schools. Any man in our business who will acknowledge even to himself that he doesn't care for the better conduct of the so-called business colleges of the country, has in my opinion a very narrow view of the great work in which he is engaged, and of which he can be at the best only a part.

The time is past in the history of these schools when individual success in one direction is to be measured by individual failure in another. It can with great certainty be said that the higher the level reached by the united efforts of the business schools of the country as a whole, the better is it for the success, financial and otherwise, of every honest individual effort. "No man liveth to himself alone;" and of no human effort can this be more surely said than of the effort in which the practical educators of this country are at present engaged. The New York convention was the eighth in the regular order of the conventions of the organization started as a Penman's Association and culminating in the "Business Educators' Association of America." This organization had its birth in this city, and the impulse given at that first meeting, which was in itself a protest against a convention of schools, one of working teachers, has been in one direction, that of broadening and ennobling our work, and of fostering the sentiment of mutual feeling and co-operation among all grades and classes of workers. The meetings have been held during the vacation months, because at that time the teachers were supposed to be generally at liberty. The conventions during these eight years have covered a large area of territory within the limits of New York on the east and Jacksonville, Ill., on the west, and it was felt that a return of the association to the place of its birth, under the present conditions of growth, warranted an appropriate and timely event. The special advantages in New York for such a meeting were alluded to in the invitation, and reiterated in the various circulars sent out to the members. It was presumed, as undoubtedly was the case, that the most of those who found it possible to be present would desire to cover in their visit to the metropolis as many points of interest, instruction and edification as possible, and the Executive Committee who had the matter in charge felt it incumbent upon them to see that these natural wishes were met. While there was no lack of exciting work in the programme of the convention there was intermingled a just proportion of social recreation to oil the machinery and meet the reasonable expectations of the members. The committee knew, of course, that each individual had the privilege of selecting for himself his own means of entertainment and that the course he chose would be the time devoted to the conventional work, but they felt also that an added pleasure might be given by uniting, as far as could be done gracefully, our forces in recreation as in work.

So one day was set apart for a trip up the Hudson, including a banquet and the ordinary accessories proper to such an excursion. A visit to the paper mills and the waterfalls, including a dinner under the auspices of one of the city clubs; a carriage excursion to the tomb of Grant; and some other minor diversions not necessary to mention, were had. It has been hinted, in one at least of the college journals, that the great mistake of the convention was "in trying to serve the inter-



WARREN H. SADLER.

GAZETTE and the *Art Journal*, have seen proper to devote so much space to the deliberations of that body in its recent convention in New York; and not only that space has been surrendered, but that our candid—although spicy and in some instances sharp—a review was given of the proceedings. Some of the Business College exponents—only two of which, however, have come to my notice—have spoken somewhat in disparagement of the results of the convention, and have drawn some inferences which seem to me unfair. And in so saying I do not fear that any one will charge me with undue sensitiveness; in fact, so far as my own interest in the convention is concerned, or so far as pertains to remarks concerning my part in it, I have no feeling whatever, and do not find it at all necessary to speak either in self-defense or otherwise. And again, it is possible that my own position and responsibility in the matter somewhat disqualifies me from an impartial estimate of the results; so that when I say candidly, as I feel candidly, that in no previous meeting of any of the bodies of business educators which have flourished more or less during the past twenty years, was there more good honest work, or a better prevailing spirit of harmony

attended it, necessarily look at it in a business way.

There is no investment of time and money which should not be made without an adequate return, either in the acquisition of knowledge, in the cultivation of friendly relations, or in restful recreation. In my view of it, the convention should conserve all these three things, and so far as I am concerned it always does. We are all such hard worked men and women in our ten months of severe application to exacting duties that we have little or no time to cultivate friendly relations with each other, or to find out what is being done outside of our own household.

We naturally get into ruts of which we are not aware until we are brought face to face with different practices and different ideas, and I think I give voice to the average sentiment when I say that the great work that has been accomplished so far in all our coning together has been in the direction of broadening our ideas, giving us a better sense of our responsibilities, and putting us in greater harmony with our work. For, say what we will, or think as we may concerning the differences in merit between schools of our kind, we cannot avoid the responsibility or belittle the

ests of the individual members rather than the welfare of the organization." Until that sentiment was promulgated the committee innocently supposed that the best way to promote the welfare of the organization was to look after the best interest of the members, simply supposing that it was the members that made the organization. So far as the committee are concerned they are perfectly willing to stand upon the record, and when the proceedings of the convention shall be made public, as they will be within a few days, all interested persons will have the privilege of deciding for themselves as to the comparative outcome of the convention. It has been my privilege to prepare these proceedings for the press, and I have been profoundly impressed, not only with the good spirit manifested by speakers, but with the good sense and practical value of their several contributions.

There was the utmost freedom of discussion both permitted and encouraged, and

there were not a sufficient number in attendance at any one time to give the subject anything like a fair presentment, and it was therefore not called up. I am the more astonished at this, because during the past year there has been more progress made in different schools in shorthand and typewriting than in any other studies, and there seems to be no good reason why the whole question of amanuensis work which includes practical grammar and a better use of English should not have received marked attention. On the whole, however, I feel prepared to say as the result of a candid estimate of the work of the convention that it was wholly satisfactory, and do not fear but it will be so rated by all candid persons.

Sincerely yours,

S. S. PACKARD.

Command large fields but cultivate small ones."

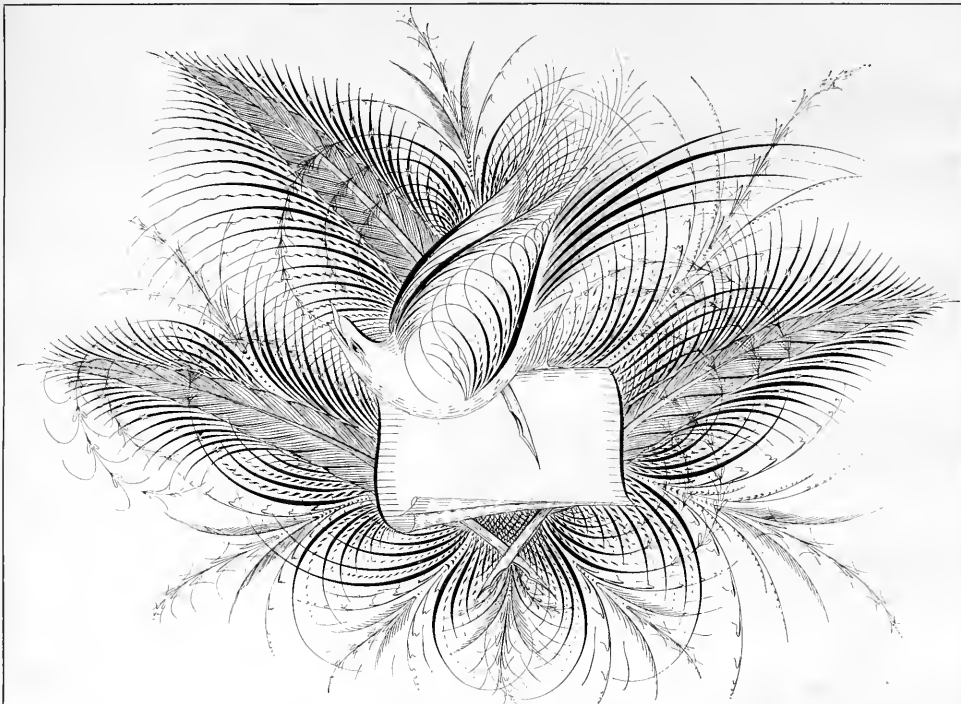
wise and laconic reply: "That education that is used the most." Never was a greater truth uttered, and it is a fact that is so plain that he that runs may read; but it is also a fact that has never penetrated the understanding of far too many professional educators of this country. It is true, however, that every successful Business College has somehow introduced this truth and made it their watchword. Business education is what the people need and must have everywhere, and what they will always use the most. The multiplication of these worthy and useful institutions has so utterly confounded and mystified their most inveterate enemies, that we seldom now hear a word of complaint against them.

The common sense of the American people which can be relied upon in every emergency, came to the rescue of these schools, and gave them such a magnificent patronage as was never accorded to any institution in the world's history. They have shown the whole

with this body will forge a powerful link in his chain of true success, and he will gain a fund of advice and instruction which will be sure to redound to his future benefit.

#### Drawing Apparatus.

This apparatus consists of a frame provided with a stationary drawing board, of a movable counter-balanced T square, and of rollers on which an endless sheet of drawing paper is mounted. Each of the bearings of the upper roller is adjustable in a slot, formed in the upper part of each standard, by means of a set screw, so that the drawing paper can always be held in stretched position on the board which connects the standards. The shafts of the rollers are provided with pulleys, over which pass endless cords, by pulling which the paper may be moved up or down. On the outer side of each standard is a guide rod, on which is mounted a slide, to which the T square is



FLOURISHED BY M. B. MOORE, MORGAN, VA.

although it was true, as it has always been, and will ever be, that the older members, rather than see the time go to waste, spent a good share of it in promulgating their views and in trying to bring out the younger members, still I am sure that the ground covered and the sentiments evolved will strike any fair mind as being in the direct path of progress for the work in which we are all interested. The subjects receiving the best attention were naturally the subjects most taught in our schools, namely, penmanship, bookkeeping and arithmetic; but beyond these, the matured views upon political economy, commercial ethics and the management of schools have not been excelled in any previous meeting of our body. It was a source of great regret, if not of humiliation, that one important subject which we had hoped would be brought out more prominently than in any previous meeting, namely, that of shorthand, was entirely neglected.

The Executive Committee made a strenuous effort to secure a fair attendance of shorthand teachers and writers, but for some reason,

#### The Secret of Success in Business Education.

BY PROF. H. RUSSELL, JOLIET, ILL.

The well-known aphorism "That nothing succeeds like success," was never more vividly verified than in the rise and progress of business education in this country.

It was begun under many discouraging circumstances, and only for men of indomitable courage who were the advance guard of the pioneers, could we begin to hope for the grand results that have been so gloriously achieved. To such men in all worthy undertakings the world is and always will be the great debtor.

Men who have the courage of their convictions and faith that they are right, then death or victory, are the kind of men that move the world. History is replete with doings of such men. America has many such names to enroll on her scroll of honor. One of the greatest scholars and orators that this country ever produced who was once asked: "What education will pay the best," gave this

world a grand system of Business Education that they can point to with pride and gladness in nearly three hundred institutions well equipped for the good work. The secret of their great success is in that education for the people must be founded upon common sense, and upon what they need to prepare them to do their business.

It has also been the aim of these institutions who have been the most successful, to adapt themselves to the wants of their patrons.

In all their efforts they have been most heartily sustained and encouraged by that great-hearted, whole souled educator, who has proven himself the right man in the right place, Gen. John Eaton, the Commissioner of Education at Washington, D. C.

America have also done a power of good, and has proven one of the best organizations that has ever existed in this country: composed as it is of some of the oldest scholars, experienced teachers, finest debaters, it has been and always will be one of the foundation elements of progress. And he who connects himself

attached. Secured to each side is a cord, which is led over guide roller, to a counter weight. The T square slides in two horizontal straight edges. With the aid of the straight edges horizontal lines may be drawn; and with the swinging straight edge, which can be moved laterally on the straight edges, vertical or diagonal lines may be drawn. With this apparatus, the operator can make drawings on paper of considerable length without moving from the board.

This invention has been patented by Mr. Arthur C. Fenn, whose address is care of Potter & Styms, corner 41st street and Lexington avenue, New York City—Scientific American.

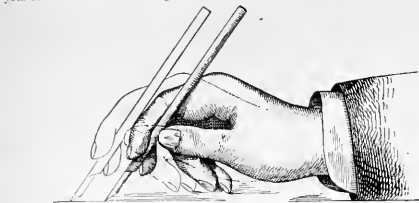
While the Union troops were marching through a Maryland town during Lee's invasion, some of the stragglers broke into a bakery, and as one of them issued forth, bearing a loaf of bread on a bayonet, an Irish soldier cried out: "Liftin'! Liftin'! Liftin'! he jabbers, there goes a man wid de staff of life on the point of death,"—South Framingham Gazette.

solemn, gray-haired old man came in on one day last week and said the fish in the Six River were out on the banks fanning themselves with their tails. Nobody seemed to doubt him.—*Estelline Bell.*

## Hand and Arm Calisthenics.

BY A. J. SCARBOROUGH.

Flourishes the prevailing feature, eh? Well, considered only as letters they do look a little lettered, but the idea is to bring the letters in the closest possible relation to their corresponding movement drills. By such practice we learn to associate every movement drill with the letter or part of letter it is intended to strengthen. Getting complete control of the movement is a hard task for many, and unless practice becomes interesting, discouragement follows. After you have reached the point when you come to make capital letters with a fair degree of skill and ease, you find practice pleasant. You see clearer the advantage of exercise practice. You find your coils and ovals transforming into graceful letters. You see and comprehend more fully a



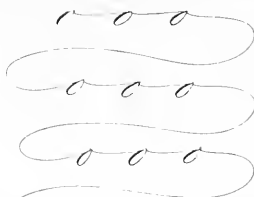
*Showing correct position of hand and pen, also showing action of the hand, with forearm working back and forth without shifting the sleeve, in making the direct muscular movement.*

beautiful art growing out of the drudgery of repetition. Skill and grace in execution which you once considered a gift to a select few from a partial author of nature, you now see that all this wonderful accomplishment is the result of toil.

Now I want every student reader of the GAZETTE to lose sight of genius, or the idea that the penman is born with one of the nine muses grafted in his right arm. Just rake away the trash of all your old habits of finger movement, cramped fingers, whole arm movement etc., and get down to solid ground. First get a good position of the hand as shown in cut. Don't take hold of the pen as timidly as though you feared it would explode with the slightest pressure, or grip it as though you feared some one else wanted the same holder, but take hold and move in a firm, positive manner.



Such an exercise as the above will give you a sweep of movement. The lateral strokes tend to strengthen the movement in long words.



These exercises call for more extensive movement than anything else. When you have learned to make them well, you will find you have much more confidence in your movement. By such practice you get training in both small and capital letters combined.



Try to make a row of C's across the page without stopping or raising the pen. Shade in the loop and observe that the finishing strokes are full curves. Don't allow your movement to weaken until you have made as many as five or six, the more the better.

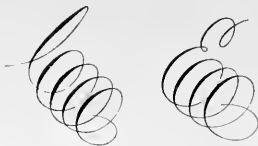


Shading is a feature that needs special study and practice. You may be able to form a letter perfectly and fail to get the shading just as you wish. Shading down strokes alternately in oval practice is a splendid drill. The following C exercise should be practiced as often as possible, shading the first in loop, second in oval and so on.



The GAZETTE is a strong advocate of business writing, but at the same time it realizes that

if the ornament is entirely removed from writing, there is little of the fascinating element left. It is often the ornament that leads us to the practical.



Beauty charms and inspires our minds to action. Labor becomes a pleasure when we love the accomplishments we are seeking. Drudgery wears off as skill approaches.



The above will help you in shading the stem letters at the base line, and will also help you in forming good ovals in stems.



Practice the S and G, finishing with oval exercise; see that your ovals are full and shaded right down at base line.



Strike the shoulder with a force and determination that will land you across the page with a string of healthily looking G's. The GAZETTE wants to see some of the work of every subscriber, and especially those who are practicing from these lessons. We are going to do all we can to make the lessons a success, but we can't know this until we see some of the results.



We feel an interest in every one who is trying to profit by the GAZETTE's teachings, therefore we want to keep track of the flock.



The above is a good drill for L, D, and all letters containing the compound or stem curve. Don't conclude it useless practice because it looks like a prize package watch chain.



In practicing the three B's combined, the movement becomes strong and free. Cover three or four sheets with such practice. Don't become careless because you have dwelt on a copy for some time. See that you improve on an exercise before changing off to something else.



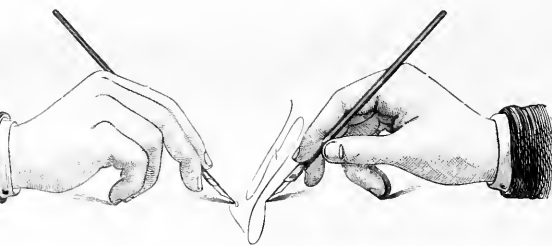
Combining caps is an interesting practice and helps you in signature writing.



Remember the GAZETTE "Family Circle" column is always open to its members. When you wish to know about any features in writing that are not explained, let us hear from you.



By reference to Prof. Wells' lesson to beginners in the December GAZETTE, you will find the following unopposed direction for getting the muscular movement: With right arm resting lightly on the table, open the hand, placing it perfectly flat upon the table, palm touching and arm resting on the fleshy part behind the elbow. Now you have the correct position. Keep it so by frequently repeating the above.



SHOWING CORRECT POSITION OF HAND.

Without changing position, close the right hand firmly, raise it just enough to clear the table, and balance on the muscles of the forearm, not allowing the wrist to touch; now, using the muscles of the shoulder in conjunction with the shoulder and elbow joints, work the forearm back and forth in its own direction, pushing out and drawing in, but without sliding the sleeve. The sleeve should remain stationary as if glued to the table, while the wrist works out and in, impelled by the action of the shoulder muscles. The simple motion thus produced on a direct line with the forearm is the key to all muscular movements, and should be practiced daily until the action of the muscles brought into play becomes perfectly easy. The forearm in this direct motion will carry the hand back and forth a distance of from one to one and a half inches without sliding the sleeve.

#### Humor Among Penmen.

MR. EDITOR:—In my migratory experience I have rubbed against almost every symptom of the profession, and have found but very few caves of that malady known as joke-blindness. I have noticed that the chronic placidity of the most stolid and reserved scribe may be wrought into mirthful confusion by the rejuvenating thrill of a newly burnished joke. I have even seen gravity shattered on the embalmbed features of the most important by the laughable tint of a time-hallowed "cheesiest." No reason why the profession should be forever impaled on the point of logical care. Give them some sauce with their feast. Distort their solemn faces with mirthful electricity. Read the funeral service which covers the very human. Why should a penman incur a disordered laugh through an excess of chronic dignity? Why should he cultivate a longitundinal expression because he can construct a fair English alphabet? Because of his hands' cunning, should he look upon a life as a vast mass of obsequies? I have met a few of the fraternity, whose facial muscles were apparently paralyzed, and who would look upon humor as they would upon the marble brow of a deceased relative. But the majority of them are as full of spice as a Hostetter's Almanac. I have seen the reflective mirage jerked from Packard's face by the intrusion of an electrical jet. I have seen the time-traced lines merged into curves, as his oval vacuum commenced to roam across his features. I have observed

Harvey and Henry Spencer converse like two gelatinous mountains while exchanging their infantile effusions of attenuated wit. I have seen Sadler's eye assault the finger of an Alaska diamond when anticipating a tidal wave of hilarity. I found the most stolid among the tribe occasionally give way to the distorting effect of instantaneous coruscations of seamsters, and ruthlessly smash the obsolete canon and conventionalities of cast-iron antiquity. That's what we want. In order to succeed, every penman needs a robust liver and a pair of lungs larger than a two-cent spoon. Look at "Bob" Spencer! There's a living monument to whole-souled laughter! Look at the haleyn expression of Burnett! He smiles and smiles and is a penman still! Turn your gaze southward, there's R. S. Collins, who wields the pen with skill and hasn't an atom of cynicism in his system. Let's exchange some of the side-whiskered pomp and capacious austerity for wholesome humor. Not wit whose duty would entitle it to a position in some dusty museum, nor puns which should have been sacked and rammed into oblivion before the medieval period, but unimpaled, soul-stirring productions of the present age. B. F. Kelly don't like the idea of shearing the moss off an antiquated joke before he can laugh at it. He can get back numbers at any time, by calling on Preston. There's Malabar, he's piping for late editions, and Dennis is growing pale in truth over the moth-eaten pages of the *anti-bellum* period. Palmer needs the same diet to change his facial perpendicularity to a horizontal expression.

Of course if any are possessed of a galvanized check we can't expect them to fracture it by a smile.

Hoping, Mr. Editor, that these eye-moisten leg remarks may be viewed through the transparency of tears, I remain

Smilingly yours, "SALLY."

#### The Itinerant Teacher.

BY W. D. SHAWALTER.

The itinerant period in the life of a penman is one of amusing interest. It is generally considered necessary, before assuming the responsibilities of a business college teacher, for the youthful ink-slinger to spend a season in organizing and conducting evening classes. Experience is demanded by college proprietors, and the hopeful young-ster accepts his fate, and embarks in the traveling field. He soon ascertains that the greater part of his net profits will be in the coin of experience. "The true he finds this currency very valuable in his future career, but it is often very reluctantly accepted as a recompense for the unceasing toil incident to itinerant work; to tell that the college professor never knows the meaning of, unless he, too, began his career in this way.

The life of a traveling teacher of penmanship is one of continual hardships. He is received with coldness and suspicion by the majority of those to whom he must look for patronage. He is the focus of all eyes, and the subject of

the class to have a good time, and therefore of course make no improvement, a fact which he is frequently reminded of toward the close of the school. He succeeds in collecting about one-half of the small amount of tuition promised him, and finds that it will little more than meet his board bill.

He leaves the place to repeat the same programme in an adjoining town, with probably a little variation for the better or worse. As he has suffered a good deal of loss of time and money during his stay in the village, he feels that he is in need of some vigorous physical exercise, so for this and other sufficient reasons, he indicates his opposition to railroad monopolies by proceeding to his next field of labor in the pomp and splendor of pedestrianism.

Upon taking a retrospect of his labor, he finds that those rough places through which he has passed constitute the school of real experience, and he concludes that he must have enough of it by this time to carry him safely through anything that might await him in his future career. Not having any offer of anything better just at present, and desiring to make just most enough with his itinerant teaching to enable him to purchase a new suit of clothes, and pay his railroad fare, should he succeed in finding a position somewhere, he toils on, growing insensible to all gossip concerning him, learning how to gain the favor of those with whom he comes in contact, finding a way to get on with his pupils, and his classes successfully, how to avoid being the dupe of ordinary tricks of school boys, and in short, how to organize intelligently and carefully, how to teach thoroughly and practically, and how to secure the favor of almost any community, be they ever so prejudiced against writing teachers.

This frosty winter of bitter experience causes the death of many a fondly-cherished hope, the crumbling of many a dream-castle, the abandoning of many impractical theories and the erection of reasonable hopes and possibility structures in their stead.

The itinerant life is abandoned with a great sigh of relief, and yet in the further career of the itinerant, he often reverts with pleasure to some of the bright places in his wanderings. He forgets, for a moment, the hardships endured, and recalls some moonlight night when he walked home blushing with some maiden-pupil or expended a part of his scanty earnings for a lively rig with which he spent two hours in the company of a bright, bright village dame, despite the precautions of watchful mothers and jealous lovers. This gladi of his dearly-earned experience, he would gladly live over again.

On the whole, the traveling teacher of writing is not to be envied, and yet this severe school of discipline, this hard contact with humanity, will never in its good effects on his after life, and if he achieves fame or fortune in the chirographic world, he is likely to attribute his success, in a very large measure, to his early itinerant teaching, and the experience thus acquired.

Dubuque, Ia., Sept. 15, 1886.

#### What to Read.

Are you deficient in taste? Read the best English poets, such as Thomson, Gray, Goldsmith, Pope, Cowper, Coleridge, Scott and Wordsworth.

Are you deficient in imagination? Read Milton, Akenside, Burke and Shakespeare.

Are you deficient in powers of reasoning?

Read Chillingworth, Bacon and Locke.

Are you deficient in judgment and good sense in the common affairs of life? Read Franklin.

Are you deficient in sensibility? Read Goethe and Mackenzie.

Are you deficient in political knowledge? Read Chillingworth, Bacon and Locke.

Are you deficient in patriotism? Read Demosthenes and the Life of Washington.

Are you deficient in conscience? Read some of President Edwards' works.

Are you deficient in anything? Read the Bible.—E. S.

—In the page of card specimens for September A. W. Dakin should have been credited with card No. 5.

—Read this number of the GAZETTE carefully, and ask your friends to subscribe.

all gossip during his stay in a country village. Every act of his serves to feed the famishing scandal peddler, and all his movements are scrutinized with the most uninitiating watchfulness.

His personal appearance excites the comment of the fair sex, and the question of powers of self-defense engages the attention of despising town loafers. The school directors are not sure that it would be exactly right to allow him the use of the school building for conducting a class, provided he secures one, and the direct threats are indulged in and the most awful penalties whispered of, should he attempt to flirt with a certain pretty girl, upon whom a burly young villager seems to have a claim.

His terms are declared unreasonably high, and he is constantly reminded of the scarcity of cash in that section. It is not long in reaching his ears that he looks awfully green for a professor, and his ability to teach a class in penmanship is generally doubted.

He at last secures a small class of pupils, and finds that some of them belong to the rough class, and are bent upon creating a disturbance. The entire village population insist upon showing their appreciation of his efforts by crowding in as visitors, and succeed in making such confusion that he finds it difficult to secure the attention of any one, and his instruction, as a result, is not nearly so brilliant as he intended it should be. If he excludes visitors he is voted "perfectly horrid," and the young ladies, or rather the young people, sneer at him in the street, the small boys snowball him and break panes of window glass in the schoolroom windows, for which he is held responsible.

While he is trying to collect and see his teaching abilities, every tick known to school boys is tried on him, and although he is often slightly provoked at these proceedings, yet in respect to the better portion of his class, he must repress any biting expression of his feelings and sentiments. Most of the pupils join







## Shorthand.

This department is edited by PROF. WILLIAM D. BRIDGMAN, A. M., *Principal of the School of Phonography in CHAUTAUQU, U. S. A.*  
(Address: Lock Box 555, Plainfield, N. J.)

While we make phonographers are invited to contribute to this department, a brief suggestion: 1. News-clipper clippings on our shorthand lines. 2. Legal notices, notices, notices, notices, notices, notices. 3. Personal letters to shorthand writers or work. 4. Type writers and machine reports, notices. 5. Local shorthand associations, notices. 6. Local shorthand associations, notices. 7. Local shorthand associations, notices.

Curtis Haven of Philadelphia, has bought out E. N. Miner of New York.

Do not be deceived by advertisements purporting to sell books so simplifying shorthand that you can master it in six weeks. Folly!

Any person having a copy of Morris's System of Phonography for sale would confer favor on Prof. Bridge to write to him, stating price.

Some of our contemporaries are becoming "funny" with ludicrous word-cuts. Better not attempt to rival *Pink* or *The Judge*, good friends.

Isaac Pitman has for years sought to prevent correspondence teaching of shorthand far pay, but remunerated instruction grows rapidly in England.

All readers of this department are cordially invited to send us news items, questions, clippings, reports of associations and other interesting matter.

Be thorough. A principle mastered till all words naturally coming under it can readily be written, is far more profitable to you than five principles understood but not utilized.

Two hours a day study and practice this fall and winter will make you a good shorthand writer by spring. If the proof of this matter is in you.

Mrs. E. B. Burns of New York has not a set of her own publications, and scarcely any to sell. Persons having copies of her works to dispose of are requested to communicate with Prof. Bridge.

One valuable aid to personal enthusiasm in shorthand would be the securing as fast as possible of a library of shorthand works, papers, magazines and books in your system of shorthand—that one with which you are most familiar.

The recently elected officers of the New York State Phonographers' Association are: President, W. O. Wyckoff, New York City; Vice-President, George C. Appel, New York City; Secretary and Treasurer, William S. Kershner, Elmira, N. Y.

The process of photo-engraving employed in the reproduction of our shorthand "copy," as seen in the illustrations in these papers, is not always equally good, as see the look shown in the September issue, which looked through a ten-ton weight had fallen on the block.

The Hoston type writing machine is now on the market. It is the invention of a practical shorthand and typewriting expert, and claims special excellencies, some of them are greater than any other machine. Send for the latest Hoston Typewriting Machine Company, Toronto, Ont.

A minister, a returned missionary, has just told us that he took up Graham's phonography and studied it without a teacher, so that he might be able to do his work, and though he has never made a cent by it directly, it has been of inestimable help to him. Multitudes could do the same, to their great self-improvement.

Since Chautauqua, several pupils have begun courses in the Chautauqua University System of shorthand. Prof. W. D. Bridge, Plainfield, N. J., Director, and many have sent for the new circular of the Shorthand Department. Send stamp and secure a circular which has information which all seeking to study phonography should read.

Our observation shows us that the system of giving so much a month tuition in phonography, shorthand, and typewriting, compared to the conductors of schools to keep the pupils as long a time as possible, that the tuition fees may be the greater. We have known students to be enticed by various means and

promises to stay eight, ten, and even fourteen months, constantly, at "so much a month." Gigantic frauds were these professors. The true procedure is to pay a stipulated price for a course of lessons thoroughly taught.

Many have asked if the lessons in shorthand in the PENMAN'S GAZETTE are the same as Prof. Bridge sends to pupils in his shorthand department of the Chautauqua University. We answer, No. The University course is very fully and carefully matured, every point being made clear to the pupil. The GAZETTE course is necessarily greatly condensed.

Our recent article on "Deep-Sea Dredging" is going the rounds of the shorthand press. Good! It is inspiring to beginners in this art to think that if they master two words in the very best shorthand forms (word-signs and otherwise), they will have learned at least one-half of all the words they will ever have to write in shorthand. Our readers will do well to re-read that article.

Phonographers should welcome any valuable shorthand periodical which gives them reading matter in their own chosen system. We most heartily commend Prof. Morris's forthcoming *Monitor*, the magazine to be pub-

lished by the "writer" in order as far as possible by cleaning it frequently—even regularly. Keep it out of dusty draughts; cover it on completing your work; oil slightly working parts; do not allow children to "play" with it; tighten loose screws; examine tentacles; care as much for your machine as you would for a working horse, and be sure that neither will do good work without painstaking watchfulness.

Stick to your system, if it is a good one. Don't mix it with untempered mortar from some other. We see at times young phonographers dabbled with several systems, and good at none.

Follow these rules in your early study and practice of shorthand: 1. Think out the best form for the word desired. 2. Write that form with painstaking accuracy, as if it were to be engraved from your own copy. 3. Then write that word, with increasing speed, five, ten, twenty or even fifty times, till great speed is secured. 4. Join the word in simple phrases, writing them with similar accuracy and repetition. Thus you will secure two essentials of shorthand writing—legibility and rapidity.

Quite a war of words is waging between James Herbert Ford of England and Isaac Pit-

man at the end of the same. Am I correct? Yes, I am pleased to see that you see the element of "principles" running through shorthand, and as surely should in a correct system. We therefore have a large book at the end of all curves, to indicate the syllable "tion," and also on all straight strokes on the right hand side at the end, looking from the end to the beginning. Please notice that this "tion" hook at the end is not on the same side of the straight strokes that the "n" hook is, for the reason that when straight strokes have a "tion" hook are to be joined with other strokes, the junction can be made much better if that hook is on the right hand side than if it were on the left (see plate 1, section 2). Fashion, vision, lotion, mission, nation, union, Goshen, Goshen's, ration, Goshen's, addition, magician, anclon, Russian, Hessian.

How do you make "plural's" of such words as have a "tion" hook? To make "plural's" or add "s" follow the following rules: 1. On curves having either an "n" or "tion" hook write a small circle on the inside of these hooks. This rule applies to Goshen, Goshen's, ration, Goshen's, addition, magician, anclon, Russian, Hessian, thin, thin's, assign, assign's, shun, shun's, earn, earn's, announce, savor's, pin, bounce, tunc, dance, chance, joins, coins, runs, hones, etc. 4. Will you give me a miscellaneous mixture of words with these two hooks, and let me see if I can read them? Yes. (See plate 1, section 4.)

Will you now give me a varied list of words using these two hooks, that I may see if I can rightly apply the rules given me to-day? Yes. Cushion, rhine, swine, warren, moans, inaction, none, imitation, moonbeam, runaway, canopy, vocative, negations, bounce, drains, trains, crane, trunks, thones, shires, aversion, Thurston, editions, Parliam, emotions, aversion, revisions, ascension, Domition, ignition, demons, tury, train, barrons.

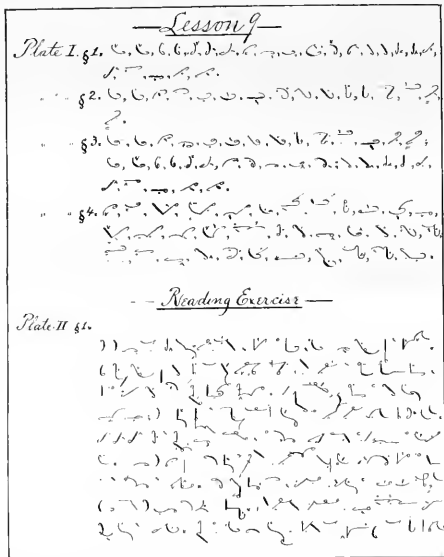
### Learning Shorthand.

Any teacher of experience has many times received such a question as this: Are there not special practical suggestions which will help me to learn shorthand? We have a letter lying before us, just received, making that inquiry. We will most briefly reply: (1) Not all persons can learn shorthand. As some people have no ear for discrimination of sounds, cannot tell one note from another, cannot see any difference between *join* and *few*, cannot except with utmost painstaking tell what are the sounds composing any given word—they therefore seem to be devoid of an ability which is absolutely essential to shorthand writing, according to phonographic principles.

(2) Some people are deficient in "grit," "pluck," "stick-to-itiveness," which says: What ought to be done if possible I will do. The principles of shorthand are simple. There is no hugar to frighten modest souls. One step strongly taken, the next is simple if it is not as simple as the first. The third, fourth, fifth, etc., are not to be feared. But to be sure, determination to go through is an absolutely indispensable factor to secure success.

(3) An special need in the study of shorthand is "reviewing" of principles, or in other words, a constant drill. A mere seeing clearly the various individual principles of the system will not suffice. An iterated repetition is essential. Before studying the second lesson be sure to go over the first at least five times. Then before taking up any lesson, go most carefully and repeatedly over all the preceding lessons, so that before you take up the twentieth lesson there should be a full and complete review of all that has preceded. We cannot emphasize this too much.

(4) The difficulties of individual pupils are by no means identical. What troubles one another sees intuitively. The latter favors the first walks with courage. Therefore do not by any means assume similarity of one's work as another's. An iterated repetition of instruction as the characteristic difficulties present themselves. And here we should say



lished entirely in Graham's system of phonography. Its date of publication will be the 15th of each month; price, \$2 a year. Address Prof. I. G. Morris, Easthampton, Mass.

Dr. J. M. Buckley, editor of the *Christian Advocate*, New York City, is probably one of the most rapid speakers on the American platform. In a recent series of lectures in Boston, Mr. James P. Bacon, one of our pupils, reported Mr. Buckley for seventy consecutive minutes, and on counting the words found that they averaged one hundred and seventy-nine a minute. How is that for speed?

The August number of the *Shorthand Times*, in a brief notice of Prof. Bridge's "New and Rational System of Shorthand Numbers," says of it: "It could be easily mastered and put in practice." The editor then devotes one page of his magazine to a suggestive extract from the work itself, and presents a specimen sample of its use as applied to ordinary accounts. Thanks, brother!

Because your type writing machine gets out of order, do not curse all machines, but remember that not a machine now on the market will show at times the "perverseness of machines," and in most perplexing ways plague its operator. We do not know of an exception to this rule. They all "go get out of order at times." Every honest dealer in type-writers will acknowledge this. But keep

man, by reason of the criticisms of the former upon the efficiency of the "certified shorthand teachers" who are commended to public favor by the latter. Other persons are being admitted to the fray, and the capabilities of English teachers of pupils in phonography are being very seriously criticised. There are few "certified" teachers of shorthand in these United States.

### Phonography.

CONDENSED INSTRUCTION BY PROF. W. D. BRIDGE, PLAINFIELD, N. J.

#### NINTH LESSON.

You have been giving me hooks at the beginning of strokes. Are there hooks on the end of strokes? Yes. I will call you now to study these. First, there is a small hook on the end of every stroke in the system, written as follows, to indicate the sound of "n" inside the curve on all curves, and on the left hand side of all straight strokes, looking from the end to the beginning of such strokes (see plate 1, section 1): Fine, vine, thin, then, assign, zune, shun, line, moon, noon, longin', wine, yawn, plain, tune, down, ehahn, John, keen, gall, rain, hone.

2. Hook is used on the end, and now, as you had a large hook at the beginning of stroke, I may imagine that you will also have large

that every pupil should be free to express his difficulties, doubts, and his hopeful feelings when they come.

(5) Put in immediate practice the knowledge acquired in each lesson. Begin to write as soon as possible. Early master the "word-signs." Begin to use these in every possible way. Copy time and time again the first phonography. Do not write *much* matter, but the *same* matter over and over till it can be written and read with the utmost freedom. And this "same matter" to which we referred should be such as a qualified teacher has corrected after you have written it once, or which he has written for you as a "copy."

**Esprit de Corps.**

We have sometimes thought that a fault among American shorthand writers is a lack of a lively *esprit de corps*. There has seemingly been a seeking after the "mighty dollar," rather than a glorious and heartily furtherance of the "eause" itself. "Will shorthand pay?" seems to be the query; not, "Is there not enough in these mystic strokes, loops and circles to bring fraternity?"

From our German exchanges we find that in the Fatherland there is an immense social side to the photographic brotherhood. The monthly, semi-monthly and often weekly meetings are full of good cheer. Clannishness is tabooed; no select coteries are formed. "The more, the merrier," is the motto. An ambition to spread the art all over the land seems to rule the hody of stenographers. Hence Gabelsberger, Stolze and Arendt's writers are full of *esprit de corps* to carry the good news into the regions beyond.

How is this with us? The thought of many seems to be thus: If I increase the number of students of shorthand, the market will be overstocked, and prices will tumble, and I shall suffer in pocket. The great thought seems largely overlooked that the art should be cultivated for itself and not for monetary considerations. Shorthand should be esteemed for esthetic purposes more than for financial. It should, if properly studied, create an enthusiasm in the pupil when he sees or uses the art. We greatly regret that the good old system of "Ever circulators" went out of fashion. They were the best aids to development of social fellowship and enthusiasm that we have seen. Of them we shall write more hereafter.

### Mark's Views

In a recent article "Mark Twain" thus aptly discourses on the hardihood of infantile idea promulgators:

"Literature, like the ministry, medicine, the law, and other occupations, is cramped and hindered for want of men to do the work. I got want of work to do. When people on the reverse they speak that which is not true. If you desire to test this you need only hunt up a first-class editor, reporter, business manager, foreman of a shop, mechanic, or artist in any branch of industry, and try to hire him. You will find that he is already hired. He is - over, induriously, capable and reliable, and is always in demand. He cannot get a day's holiday except by courtesy of his employer, or of his city, or of the great general public. But if you needifiers, shirkers, half-instructed, unambitious and comfort seeking editors, reporters, lawyers, doctors and mechanics, apply any where.

The young literary aspirant is a very, very curious creature. He knows that if he wishes to become a finer man the most useful would be to require him to prove the possession of a certain character, and would require him to promise to stay in the shop three years—possibly five years—and would make him sweep out and bring in the coals, and wash the dishes, and wash the linens to black stoves in the intervals. If he wanted to become a mechanic of any other kind, he would have to undergo this same tedious, ill-paid apprenticeship. If he did not have to become a lawyer or a doctor, he would have to do life's time worse, for he would get nothing at all during his long apprenticeship, and in addition, would have to give a large sum for tuition and have the privilege of being punished for nothing himself. The literary aspirant knows that the more he has the harder will he have to work to share into the literary guild and to ask to share its high honors and emoluments with

out a single twelve months' apprenticeship to show in excuse for his presumption.

"He would smile pleasantly if he were asked even to make so simple a thing as a ten-cent dipper without previous instruction in the art; but, all green and ignorant, wordy, pompously assertive, ungrammatical, and with a vague, distorted knowledge of the ten and the cent, he would undertake to oblige, and he will verily take up so dangerous a weapon as a pen and attack the most formidable subject that finance, commerce, war or politics can furnish withal. It would be laughable if it were not so sad and so pitiable. The poor fellow would not intrude upon the finishing school nor an apprenticeship, but is willing to be a student of the world, and to use the instrument which is able to overthrow dynasties, change religions, and decree the seal or woe of nations."<sup>17</sup>

### Pensive Reminiscences

"Look into thine own heart, and write," is the advice of some literary philanthropist to aspiring genius. That is precisely what I propose to do.

I am aware that the excellent programme

following facts are presented for the first time to an expectant public:

In speaking of great writers, it was not my intention to limit the meaning of the word to authors alone, but to include penmen—other great penmen—and some of them as modest as myself.

[illegible]

explained quite cheerfully that there were a dozen men in the county who could write better than that. I transixed him with a piercing glance, and in due time held the Agricultural Society's check for \$1.50. The frame cost \$1.35, and the stationery used and ruined, 40 cents. When we moved the first time, my young wife felt constrained to ask if I were going to hang that thing up again!

Since finishing my masterpiece, my chirographic efforts have been more or less varied and interesting. My signature has been much admired, though a good many people who have exchanged it for mine have been of the cold and inartistic opinion of my handwriting. Jordan. My reputation as an accomplished filler out of diplomas for sweet girl graduates threatened at the time to make me quite wealthy, but the threat was not fulfilled. In former years when at the zenith of my fame I was asked to inscribe the names of the graduates on the diplomas, I would hand out a few decks of cards. Perhaps they are not usually called decks. When completed, the gentle creatures would almost always thank me, though sometimes they omitted even this. But they generally furnished the cards. After practising the most elaborate movement, two hands, the divine card, I would roll, roll, roll, destroying a quired local paper, and after having written a long name on fifty cards in eleven different styles, a polite "Thank you!" would bring nothing ill to death, as Milton (or is it Walt Whitman?) so truthfully and feelingly remarks. I remember that in one case I was asked to sign a diploma for a young lady, the calls of a young lady of whom I was quite fond, though I had allowed concealment (like a worm, etc. My impression is that the thanked me for the work, though I am not certain of that. There were about five hundred invitations issued for her wedding. I did not go. I explained to my friend that I was not feeling well. I was very sorry in heart, but it was not the reason. I never felt better. There was another reason.

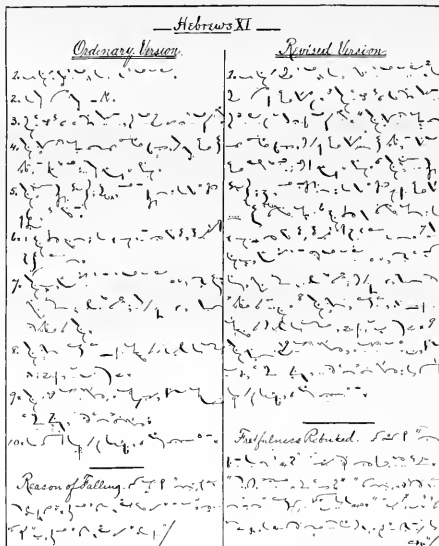
It is nice to be a great writer, and have admiring multitudes lean over your shoulder and read all your secret thoughts. But there have been circumstances in which I could have wished to be able truthfully to echo the emphatic lie of a voluble Englishman deploring the invention of the type-writer: "Thank God, I can't write!"

PHIL I. STINE,

### A Mother's Letter.

Here amid a heap of business communications is a feebly traced subscription which rivets our attention. We lose sight of the busy world around, and for the time become lost among those tremulously traced pictures of home and love. In those clearly delineated scenes, we stroll with her through wooded lanes, we listen to those dear words of maternal affection which fall upon our ear like the gentle murmur of a low fountain stealing forth in the shadows of a forest; or we hear the soft tones of a guardian angel's whisper, which come like soft sunshine stealing through the woods, browns and warming our souls into glowing life, those truthful portrayals of our rustic homes make us children again. We are led again by her feeble hand across meadow and over rustic roads. We sit again with brothers and sisters around the glowing log fires and listen to the quaint old fairy stories. We loved these letters, why? Because we know their heart that prompted them. They are pure gold. No alloy of false sympathy. No taint of selfishness or egotism, no suggestion of a heart's deepest anxiety, an expression of love as natural as the embracing sunbeams chastely caressing the flowers of the field. Those limbs are tremulous, but they are to us the crystalized vibrations of the soul's harp. The footsteps of affection. The cable lines which carry memory across the oceans of experience to the shores of infancy. The diary of boyish happiness. The wonderful agency by which for the time at least cleanses our hearts from all selfish impulses, and makes us better men in the truest sense, by giving us higher aspirations, nobler resolutions, and a higher admiration for the grandeur of truth.

Teachers should spend less time in cultivating the memory, and more in developing the reasoning powers.—*Central School Journal*,







—We have a brief, but finely written letter from Prof. H. W. Flickinger this month.

—J. P. Regan favors us with some of his beautiful penmanship. His work is first-class.

—We had a letter from that wonderful little artist, Joe Foster of Jersey City, last month.

—E. A. Palenias, Bismarck, D. T., is a Compendium disciple, and a good, free writer.

—C. Beck, Waukegan, Ill., favors the GAZETTE with a club and some of his odd style of writing.

—E. L. Burnett of Providence, R. I., favors us with two letters written in his native Grecian dialect.

—H. W. Quintance, Alledo, Ill., occasionally sends the GAZETTE samples of his free muscular style.

—Prof. Geo. E. Little, teacher of drawing at West, Jos. Foster of Jersey City, last month.

—W. D. Showalter, penman in Bayless' Business College, Dubuque, Iowa, combines skill with good ideas.

—We have just received a well-written letter from M. B. Moore, Morgan, Ky. Moore's flourishing skill is remarkable.

—E. L. Brown, Rockport, Me., is one of the Compendium boys, as the life and freedom of his writing will testify.

—Did it ever occur to you that Madrasa combines more accuracy, beauty and life in his work than any penman living?

—W. J. Kinsley of Shenandoah, Iowa, is one among the wide-awake penmen of that State. His writing is clear and full of life.

—W. W. Bennett is attracting much attention with his graceful pen at the Chicago Exposition of expositions, where he is in charge of Bryant's department.

—E. M. Barber, Chandler, Mich., one of Bro. Isaac's pupils, writes us a neat letter, and sends the GAZETTE a beautifully executed motto, which will no doubt appear.

—Prof. A. P. Root is doing some superior common sense teaching in Bryant's Chicago Business College. He is chock full of the right kind of enthusiasm for good teaching.

—Notwithstanding Spring's disappearance from Dallas, A. E. Peck still exists in that thriving city, and pushes his pen with more skill than ever. He is one of the C. G. of Ill.

—Jon. P. Byrne of Woonsocket, R. I., comes to the front in his writing. His letters are full, clear, and tolerably accurate. He speaks words of highest praise for the Compendium.

—H. P. Behrens of Quincy, Ill., sends the GAZETTE specimens of his skill in the shape of a letter and neatly flourished whisp-pool will languidly lounging in her hair-lined nest.

—In order to fully appreciate a well trained muscular movement, you should stand by the desk of the clever-handed D. B. Williams, who sends us his graceful pen for Bryant's College, Chicago.

—We are glad to note the improvement in B. P. Pickens' work. His birds seem to be arising from their slumbering appearance. We notice they strike a better chirping attitude. They have quit carrying their under-lips in a sling.

—T. J. Miller, Shosetown, Pa., writes us a letter in a splendid running hand. He says he is a well-driver. We should say he drives a double team—since he drives a pen with such skill.

—W. E. Dennis is showing the boys and girls of Pearce's Philadelphia College how to use the pen in a business-like way. The GAZETTE is keeping its eye off on Willie. His flourishing on exhibition at the convention was about the best we have ever witnessed.

—We dropped in on Goodyear & Palmer of Cedar Rapids, Ia., a few days since, and found these two plucky gentlemen hard at work in their well-equipped business school. Prof. Goodyear, in addition to his extensive school duties, is constantly publishing new textbooks which are having a wide sale all over the West. His new system of actual

business is superior to anything of the kind in existence. Bro. Palmer is sitting up about the nearest half for normal penmanship we have come across.

### 'Change.

*Plum Talk*, Brooklyn, shakes the GAZETTE up a little each month with its jolly caustic quakes.

*Book Chat*, New York, gives in brief about everything that is being done in the field of literature.

The Ohio Business University favored us with a copy of the *Ohio Business Review* for September.

D. L. Muselman sends us a bright and lively eight-page sheet, bearing the title of *Item City Journal*.

In anticipation of low mercury during the coming winter the *Western Penman* has donned a new overcoat. The September number sparkles with bright thought. The GAZETTE can see, through much of its flowery woven rhetoric, S. H. Goodyear assisting at the loom.



*W. E. Dennis*

The above cuts represent the countenance and facsimile autograph of E. W. Richardson of Horse Cave, Ky. He wields his pen with as much grace and skill as any young writer in Kentucky. Not only does he write a free and forcible style, but possesses the rare faculty of imparting it to others. Like so many of our best business writers he acquired his style through the aid of Gaskell's Compendium. He says he owes all his success as a penman to the Compendium's teachings.

### New Patents.

Every business man, says a shrewd observer in a recent paper, should endeavor, in the form and method of his advertising, as well as in the transaction of his business, to keep open upon what he sees around him, to acquire new ideas and new methods, and not be content servilely to copy even the most intelligent and prosperous of his competitors.

In this way only can he be a whole and complete merchant, whose business fundamentally is to strike out new paths and new ventures. The well-trodden ways of business are always full of a satisfied multitude, or if not a satisfied, an incompetent multitude, plodding like those around them, with just enough profit to keep body and soul together, often slipping down in insolvency and ruin over, then receiving again, till death, steps in, and with one blow ends both the life and business together.

Success comes to men whose faces are turned toward the future, and not the past.

—E. S.



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The authors are connected with one of the most successful business schools in the United States, and are specialists in arithmetic. They are therefore qualified to decide what is most practical and practicable in a work of this kind.



—A. H. S. Harrod, Dak. You slide your writing entirely too much. Practice the "m" exercise lightly until you can make down strokes as fine as up strokes.

—D. T. G. H. Fairview, O. Put more decision in your movement; don't start your loops quite so much. You can become a good writer by devoting more time to movement drills.

—R. L. C. Plainfield, N. H. Prof. W. D. Bridge of Plainfield, N. J., is a superior instructor in shorthand. His lessons contain his lessons each month. Hundreds are learning from these lessons without a personal teacher.

—B. R. Phila. Yes, we will criticize your work and do all we can to help you along in your practice. Go to work in dead earnest. Work on copy-ship No. 1 until you can make the exercises with a free muscular movement.

—Joe M. Joliet, Ill. We notice a fine flous and labored air about your writing, which was doubtless brought on by excess of the bracket wearing habit. No doubt the light falling as it does in squares on your desk is very imperfect. We prefer the soft light from ground glass to that strained through cumbersome iron grating.

—A. N. P., Cedar Rapids, Iowa. No, we are not in favor of introducing the chin rest in writing-classes. A small ottoman placed on the desk immediately under the pupil's elbow will serve the purpose in case the rest is unavoidable. You may still say, "Give us a rest."—Smoking Chinese Havans as may strengthen your breath, but it will tend to weaken your nerves.—We do not know whether Peirce is cross-eyed or not.

—L. M., New York. Your writing is fair for a boy of your age. Couldn't you use ink to as good advantage as glue in your card work? We wish you success, but would say you will find it a little disagreeable to write cards on the street in December.

—G. W. M., Delaware, O. The tingling sensation in your arm is brought on by writing three hundred words per minute. You should guard against such rashness; it is liable to bring on Saint Vitus' Dance.

—J. L. D., Sterling, Ill. Put more force in your movement. Practice the ovals until you can make them with a regular, easy motion.

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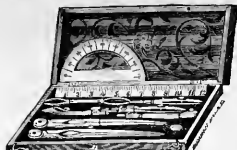
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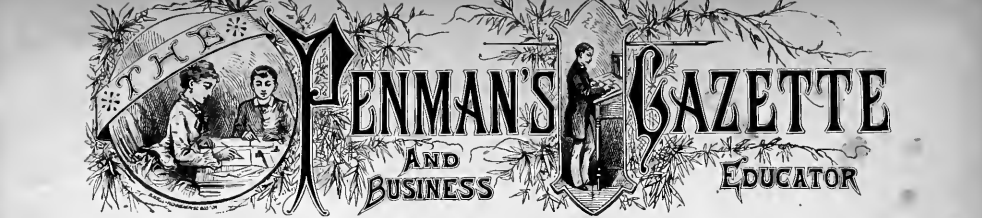
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VOL. VIII.—No. 10.

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# THE PENMAN'S GAZETTE

## AND BUSINESS EDUCATOR

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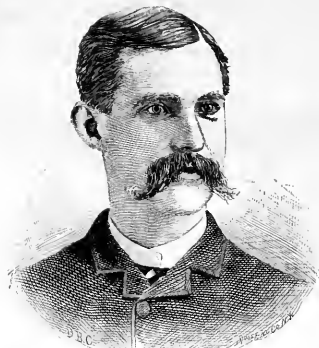
### R. S. COLLINS.

Like the majority of penmen, R. S. Collins was also born. It seems to be a habit the penmen have gotten into. Mr. Collins first kicked holes in the air and a faunel until on the 3d day of March, 1866, in Mecklenburg county, near Charlotte, North Carolina, and in close proximity to a large persimmon grove. He lived on a farm until he was 15 years old, but the most of this time being spent in school, his farm duties consisted mainly in masticating the products. His hands, however, were always very industrious. Sometimes he would turn them loose in a cotton field, and they would work for him as long as the single day. In the spring of 1875 he took a course of writing under the then famous E. W. Scott. This course proved the very stroke which awakened the latent genius which was couched in Mr. Collins' system, for under the enthusiastic spell which Mr. Scott had woven about him, he found him consuming his father's pen long after the glowing had flickered. He made wonderful improvement in this short course. Prof. Scott encouraged him greatly, and told him that by constant effort he could move abreast the plumed knights when he grew up a flourishing man with American zeal and skin whickers. In July, 1875, when only 15 years of age, we find him teaching classes with splendid success. So marked were his abilities as a teacher, he was soon employed as professor of penmanship in a large academy, where he taught for some time with good results. He entered Davidson College in 1877 for the literary course, but the constant strain on his eyes here was more than he could undergo, so he dropped his literary pursuits after his course was finished. After two years of care and rest he found him again able to take up his pen as in-tructor in his chosen art in King's Mountain High School (N. C.), where he remained as an ardent worker in the cause until June, 1883. He was much encouraged by the inspiring strokes from such penmen as Kibbe, Shaylor, Musselman, Worthington and others, which gave him new zeal to practice; but it was not until he saw the strong and faultless letters from W. H. Patrick that he was induced, Jan. 10, 1884, to enter Sadler's Business College, Baltimore, from which he graduated May 17, 1881. Brother Sadler found his writing so good that he could only think of 100 as the proper number to designate his grade at the end of each month. Sadler also gave evidence of a magnanimous soul by continually encouraging him long after he had vanished from the club. In Spring, 1884, he returned to King's Mountain to open a business college in connection with the Military School. He held this position until July, 1883, when he was called to the penmanship department of the Business College at Knoxville, Tenn., a position which had been made vacant by the present editor of the *PENMAN'S GAZETTE*, A. J. Scarborough. After remaining there for about one year, he removed to Nash, N. C., where he was appointed principal of a writing institute for the summer months, with an attendance of about 135 students.

Last year, during the month of March, we were strolling through the aisles of the World's Exposition Building at New Orleans,

listening to the whirling sound of a world of machinery mingling with the melody of a thousand pianos, when who should we find curled over a desk under the balustrade of a great stairway, but that plucky little R. S. Collins, turning out cards at the rate of 35,000 per month. The soul-stirring music from a hundred glittering horns at his left seemed to have lost its effect upon his finely-wrought nerves, for every stroke from his pen was as smooth and graceful as the Spencerian ripples observed on Lake Erie.

Mr. Collins is doing a good work as penman in the Knoxville Business College. He is a warm-hearted gentleman, believes the teacher must be enthusiastic in order to awaken that element in the pupil. The proprietor of the college, Prof. J. T. Johnson, with Mr. Collins' aid, is making it one of the leading training schools in the country.



R. S. COLLINS.

[FOR THE PENMAN'S GAZETTE.]

### Delusions of Aspiring Bards.

When the Paranaise-earning youth of this driving era fails to make a strong impression upon the public, he usually attributes his failure to the practical, materialistic spirit of the age—an age that is given over to Bessemer steel, rapid transit, electricity and other unromantic hobbies. Or he may affirm that his thoughts were sown in an exhausted soil; that the language of emotion has been worn nearly threadbare, and has well nigh lost its pristine beauty and vigor.

I shall endeavor to show that these suppositions are wrong. In the first place, the busy world of to-day has not utterly lost its appreciation or relish for the intangible products of the dreamers of fancy. The Golden Age of poetry is gone, but the world is ever willing to listen to a true singer. A true singer! Ah, there's the rub! We are "oversurficed" with floods of indifferent verse, borne down under an incubus of mere words. In this dead level of mediocrity we search in vain for the pregnant thought of a Gray, the tender touch of a Burns, the exquisite melody of a Tennyson, or the almost Grecian purity and perfection of a Keats. There is often grace or rhythm, but rarely a

"Scintillation of Prometheus fire."

No amount of ingenuity in the arts or the

rhetoric will compensate for a barren imagination. Metre,icious clap-net is of no avail here. Hackneyed phrases, simulated passion and incoherent rhapsodies generally fail to impress the soul that is alive to the tender pathos and glowing imagery of "Eoche Arden," the soul that loses itself in "the powerful rhyme" of Avon's bard, or the heavenly melodies of "Comus." I do not wish to disparage the work of "minor poets." But true poetry, let it be said, is a rare ingredient in the poetry of these ephemeral effusions. The divine afflatus enters into their work about as largely as mathematics enters into the construction of a crazy quilt. If the embryonic bard possesses the true voice, he shall be heard. Forcely the Willson and Richard Realf "brought fresh fire from the empyrean," and the world was not slow to crown their youth. ful brows with unfading laurels. The assertion that poetic dictation has deteriorated

is a fallacious. Result? "Linked" "walle" "long drawn out." Half-baked thoughts are as indigestible as half baked pudding. Prince Bismarck says it is not possible to hasten the ripening of a peach by holding a lighted candle beneath it. Nor is it possible to hasten the orderly growth of the mind by the sharp pricking of the will. Pegasus readily responds to the silent reeds of inspiration, but resents the coarse spurs of necessity and ambition.

Much of the so-called word painting of the day is simply word juggling. There is a constant straining after effect; truth is often of less importance than a smoothly-flowing phrase. In the words of some writers "subtly" often passes for inspiration, and ambiguity for originality. Ambiguity is the crutch upon which many a decrepit thought has hobbled into fame. Why should any one imitate the faults of Browning? His occasional obscurity is not intentional; he doesn't wish to mystify us. Let us enjoy what is intelligible, and leave the rest to "those that like that sort of thing." Some readers lavish their honeyed encomiums upon the very passages which mortals of only average caliber find as unintelligible as the average political platform or the stump-speech of an Ojibwean alderman. They think their professed enjoyment of these enigmas will be taken as a mark of rare acumen and delicate insight. Writers who do not possess a title of Browning's imitate his power of expression occasionally surpass the author of the "Ring and the Book" in turpitude of thought and metaphysical ballooning. They delight in weaving thoughts which are "as far from sounding and discovery" as the

"Keely motor." Just at present Mr. Swinburn has a habit of feeble imitations. His unrivaled mastery over rhythm, alliterative language; his cloying, sensuous music; his rich fancy, gorgeous imagery and inexhaustible wealth of classical allusions—these brilliant qualities exert a strong fascination over the mind of the huddling warbler. The youthful imitator of the seductive Algernon begins to stiffen his glibulous lines with such fine phrases as these: "Fire and hail," "nerves and kisses," "scorching sighs," "branding tears," and "clinging and hissing tresses of flame." He makes abrupt transitions from velvet rhythm to "barbarous dissonance," and affligs us with the lurid phantasmagoria of a fevered brain. He imitates the poet to grasp the idea of separation, he will pack his expansive meaning into a sentence like this: "As wide asunder as the lurid lips of hell." Before the literary aspirant swallows Dr. Johnson's dictum, and gives his days and nights to the study of Addison; before he sets out to imitate his style upon that of any writer, living or dead, let him imitate his "thinking pulp" with the late J. G. Holland's expressive aphorism: "Fish is good, but fishy is always bad." It doesn't require an eighty-ton gun to propel a charge of bird-shot. Better adapt the bore of the weapon to the size of the missile, and enlarge the caliber for heavier loads of thought. Men of exceptional endowments, like Browning or Carlyle, will always rise above the multitude, as the big trees of California tower above the general summit of the neighboring forest. But it is just as foolish for an unimaginative man to affect the Browning or Carlyle manner, as it would be for a feeble writer to imitate the stride and voice of a Salvo, or for a tenor of the falsetto variety to essay the role of a Scaria or a Whitney. Eccentricity is not genius. The physical contortionist may for the moment excite the wonder of the audience, but the unaffected grace and easy

in value is surely fallacious. Many adjectives, it must be admitted, have been overlooked; symbols of solemnity have been made to represent the commonplace; but the true artist never fails to find an untrodden field in the flowery world of poetry. The painter uses fewer tones than the poet, but the pigmies on his palette are as potent to-day as they were when Raphael blazoned his sublime conceptions upon canvas, or Michael Angelo glorified the vast walls of the Sistine with his inspired brush.

Emerson tells us that some of Tennyson's works are poems. We can appreciate the full force of this high tribute when we recollect that the Victorian laureate was preceded by Wordsworth and Byron and Shelley and Keats. Yes, the wild-eyed rhyme builder is wrong when he declares that he was born several centuries too late; wrong when he asserts that the effete phraseology of his predecessors is not a fit vehicle for his soaring thoughts. If his metal has the true ring, it will pass at once into circulation; if found to be spurious, it will be confined to the limbo of forgotten myths.

Give a block or marble to one sculptor, and he will carve from it a tolerably good statue; give it to another, and he will release an imprisoned angel. The trouble with these diaphanous Byrons is usually this: They rush into print before their thoughts have suf-

strength of the full-limbed athlete will afford abiding pleasure and satisfaction. The canons of poetry are wonderfully elastic, but it is not likely that Longfellow's simple songs will ever be supplanted by the popular favor by Walt Whitman's scrambled metaphors. It is probably true that some of our living painters have improved upon the methods of the old masters, yet it is certainly true that Raphael's "Maddona" and Correggio's "Adoration" have not utterly paled before the more modern symphonies in landscape and mustard. In the world's admiration of oratory few pieces outshine Abraham Lincoln's simple address at Gettysburg. Another fault: Lack of keen observation. The superficial observation shown by some writers puts us in mind of the average tourist in Niagara. The impulse to write upon alighting at the docks, rushes over to Prospect Point, dives into the Cave of the Winds, stalks along Table Rock, hurriedly surveys the green Horseshoe through a spray-dimmed eyeglass, and hurriedly catches the afternoon train for New York, "don't know." Now, what did he see? Simply this: The terrible scale of the world, the mere emerald rising over a mile of precipices at the foot of one hundred million tons an hour. But the spirit of the stupendous spectacle; the infinite variety and enchanting loveliness of its changing moods; the "sky-ey influences" which are ever transforming the scene into a new and better world; the soft gleams on the ascending spray, now dull as drifting curd, now instantly transmuted into diamond dust and tremulous rainbows—these delicate accessories of the matches picture either elude his stolid gaze or fall utterly to impress him with a true sense of Niagara's crowning glory. C. W. ANDERSON.

FOR THE PENMAN'S GAZETTE.

#### Ye Olden Time.

BY S. S. PACKARD.

[The editor of the PENMAN'S GAZETTE asks me to "hurl off something for November"—something savouring highly of your (my) native spice." The editor is sarcastic, to say nothing of his being a little cruel. If he wasn't a personal friend, and hadn't pledged himself "to be friendly and to be kind," I should have declined. I might think his purpose was to get me in a hole so he could cover me up. And really, I shouldn't blame him much, for I have often thought that these young bright fellows who are just coming upon the stage and getting such a firm hold of affairs in their own way, make the conversation as regularly as the persistence with which such fossils as Bartholomew Packard, and "Bob" Spencer and "Father Nelson" and "Father Mayhew," to say nothing of Illman, and Ames, and Brown and Rath, bang on and try to run things. Why, not more than a week ago I received a palatine letter from Robert—his last, I think, for I respect my fellow parishioner too highly—to ask me in downright earnest if I did not think we were getting too much in the way of the boys, and if it would not be a proper concession to "young blood" to keep more in the background, and let it assert itself.

I have noticed a change of locality on my friend's side, between the "old" and the "new"—during the last two conventions, and none of us who were present at the "dozing exercises" of the recent New York affair will ever forget the tender tremulousness with which he alluded to the possibility of his not being able to attend the future convention as regularly as he had been his wont during the last two years.

It is astonishing how insidiously the sense of growing old steals upon the busy man who has never had time to seriously reflect upon it, but has kept on doing and planning as though he was the only man living, and there was no end to the world. He overcares, the younger "trash" venting their crude notions and alluding to him familiarly as "the old man," and he is startled. He looks in the mirror and sees the ghost of his father staring at him—the white hair, the wrinkled face, the deep set, the eyes, that he used to gaze at while he plied the oar because he was so old. Now it has come his own turn, and he is not at all ready for it. He has just begun his work, and there is so much to do. He is only getting his hand in and thinks it the supremest folly to give it up to the boys.

I was thinking these thoughts something in

the order in which they are here given, when the editor's request came to hand, and I turned to my drawer and took therefrom a few sheets of manuscript, which I changed into verse a few days since, and which I read twice over—not for any merit there is in the story, but for the flood of memories it pours over me, and the assurance it gives me that I am really growing old. I need these reminders, for I am not in my current thoughts, in my present, in my life, in my character, in my history, in my zest for all good things above ground, anything that separates me by an inch from the happy days of forty years ago when the events I have here recorded actually occurred. I have no thought that the editor will publish this scrap or any portion of it, but I should be disappointed if by crowding it into his columns, leaving out half sentences and twisting whole ones as is his wont, it will necessitate my writing another chapter, not merely to correct the printer's blunders, but to make the reader understand if possible, why I wrote what I have written. This announcement will, I think, dispose of the whole matter, and leave the reader and the editor to their unmolested ways.]

I don't remember a time in my life when I did not want to see more of the world than came within the limits of home and neighborhood. I was not a venturesome youth as I am now, but I had the desire to see the world, and I had the desire to cope with the wild Indian of the plains, to seek the lair of the grizzly, or even to become a road agent. My childhood days were notched on the calendar before the advent of the dime novel, *Boys and Girls' Weekly*, or even the mild flavored *Uncle Tom's Cabin*.

The most exciting juvenile literature which came to my hand was the Arabian Nights entertainment, Robinson Crusoe, and those discouragingly plain Sunday-school stories wherein the bad boys had all the fun, and the good boys went to heaven early. After reading one of these books, I always had a strong desire to go to sea, and I was not long, first, because I wanted to live longer than good boys did, and next, I was not fond enough of music to want to sit on a damp clod day after day and play on a guitar. But after all I had a wholesome fear of hell as it was pictured by those who seemed to know all about it, and I could not but feel that I should be kept within the limits of the divine law, and accept only such pleasure as did not seriously jeopardize my chances of heaven—something in the spirit of the little girl who prayed to be made good. "Not too good, O Lord, but just good enough so mamma won't be angry."

At the age of sixteen, I asked my father to give me his blessing and let me go forth into the world and seek my fortune. He did so, and I went. There were no railroads then, and even had there been, I had no money to pay fare; for up to that time I had not, except upon one occasion, ever received a cent as a dollar. That exceptional dollar I had faithfully striven for during the whole of my last school term, and as it was the promised reward of excellence in my class, I esteemed it highly. It was literally a "dollar of the day," and I was a silver, and very heavy. I have never in my life been so rich as when in this round sum was placed in my hand by my beloved teacher who, putting his other hand paternally upon my head, made a pleasant little speech, cautioning me against false pride on account of this sudden wealth, and bespeaking me a kindly feeling on my part for those of my fellow scholars who were not so good fortune. This apt and wise speech made a great impression upon my mind and has had more to do with my after life than it would be proper to state here. That dollar was the beginning of whatever fortune has been mine. It gave me the confidence of my adopted State, Ohio, and enabled me to enter upon my career with a consciousness of solid worth that no man with empty pockets can feel.

I seem to have been cut out for a schoolmaster, for I drifted into the business as naturally as water runs down hill. After a two years' experience in my adopted State, Ohio, I gathered together my savings, and crossed the river into Kentucky. Here a new order of life dawned upon me, for it was in the palmy days of slavery, when the patriarchal institution was exulting in its new lease of

power through the forced annexation of Texas, and the encroachments of Northern abolitionists, and free-soilers were temporarily held in abeyance.

I well remember the first shock to my sensitive soul of the degradation of slavery. It was during my first journey on slave soil—a sixty mile stage ride from Mayville to Mount Sterling. At early dusk we encountered on the highway a colored man walking alone. He was somewhat elderly, and grotesquely attired in a mismatched suit consisting of a very breezy pair of trousers that were much too short, leaving a four inch gap filled in with native, undraped hide between the bottom of the legs and the top of the wide-mouthed breeches which were tied with a stout string; a pair of trousers which were evidently the work of a much larger person; a gay striped vest with a flaming red necktie, and a steple-crowned hat that had seen much service, but was re-liveraged with a wide red ribbon tied in a bow behind, the ends hanging down his back. He was an undutiful dandy, with a face as black as the ends of a soap suds.

As we approached this unique being, he deferentially stepped aside, and with hat in hand and bowed head, waited for us to pass. The driver checked his horses, and yelled out in a voice of command:

"Come here, you black rascal! What are you doing here this time of day? Those boys are waiting for you."

"I'm Massa John Isaac's boy, sir, and I'm gwine to m' wife's house."

"You are a d—d liar, and you know it. Take this!" and he laid the long whip lash somewhat more gently than his tone would warrant, about the poor fellow's legs.

"O God, massa, I cried the chafel, with the faintest sob, "I'm gwine to m' wife's house. I am, indeed."

"Who owns your wife, and where does she live?"

"She belongs to Massa Stevens, far away."

"What away?"

"I have a good deal, 'righ' down by Skank's mill."

"That's another lie, and you know it. You're running away, d—n you, and I'm going to kill you on the spot. Where's your pass?"

The poor fellow fumbled with great trepidation along the lining of his Sunday hat, and as he groped for it, his despair, he finally clutched a small piece of brown paper which he handed it up to the driver. This superior being took the paper, turned it about, scanned it sharply, swearing the while, and finally handed it back with an oath. Then he gave the fellow a cut with his long lash, told him to get on his feet, and to hurry on his way.

I thought at the time that this was an arbitrary assumption of privileges and power on the part of the driver indulged in by way of divertissement and to relieve the monotony of the journey; but I afterward learned that it was a privilege which the laws of the State gave to the white man, and that the colored bondman was never to be allowed to interfere with the customs of society.

I remained two years in Kentucky, and at the end of that time was astonished to find myself so fully accepting the social condition. I lived mostly in the "blue grass region," and I was surrounded by the same masters, and the most contented slaves. I was so much inured to an anti-slavery sentiment was a sort of tacit acquiescence in Henry Clay's colonization scheme—the real purport of which was to induce the free blacks to migrate to Liberia in order to rid the State of dangerous promiscuity, and to establish a doctrine, however, very unpopular with the whites, that the colored man was to be content with the lot he preferred the chances of perpetual servitude to the terrors of expatriation. I remember an instance of a manumitted slave, made free on condition of his going to Liberia. He was got on board the vessel against his own earnest protest, and on a return voyage was found snugly stowed away in the hold. He was, of course, brought back, and on his arrival surrendered himself to the executors of his master's estate, being to be put again into slavery.

The colonization scheme, though humane in its intent, was but a poor substitute for emancipation, and was in fact but little removed from the penal system of Great Britain in its effect on the emancipated. The freed slave felt himself as much condemned to perpetual ban-

ishment, as though he were under punishment, for crime.

One of the pleasures of my Kentucky sojourn was a visit to the Ashland home. The great owner was then seventy years old, a man of fine presence, of courtly suavity and genial hospitality. He was the first great man that I had ever met at such short range, and I shall never forget the feeling of relief and gratitude I experienced from the great heart which was beating at my ease. He was sitting for a portrait to a native artist, who despite this great chance for fame has never been heard of outside of his State, and I was honestly averse for my criticism, which I as honestly gave what it was worth.

Henry Clay was worshiped by Kentuckians and loved by his immediate neighbors, among whom he moved with that easy familiarity and modest bearing which marks the true man.

Another illustrious Kentuckian whose home I visited was the great emancipator, Cassius M. Clay, who with his twin brother, Brutus, owned the finest stock farm in Kentucky, if not in the world. It was situated in Bourbon county, near the county seat, Paris, in the very heart of the blue grass country, and was remarkable not only for its natural beauty, broad expanse and great fertility, but for the Yankee-like order and arrangement there was about it. These two Clay cousins of Henry Clay—did more to encourage and promote the importation and cultivation of blooded stock than all other men in the State, and to them is largely due the present pre-eminence of Kentucky as a fine stock-raising State. The horse fairs held in Paris, even in those early days, when a crowd of five or six thousand farmers of which being the almost universal presence of Henry Clay on the judge's stand.

Thirty-eight years have elapsed since my two years' sojourn in Kentucky, and I doubt it was a life has ever passed that my mind has not reverted to some phase of that, to me strange experience. It has enabled me better to understand the spirit of what is called the "Slaveholders' Rebellion," and it gave me much sympathy with Elihu Burritt's impracticable scheme of "Compensated Emancipation."

The teaching I did in that State was done in a log schoolhouse built in the woods, the only road in its vicinity being a private road through farms, closed every few rods with a fence. The traveling, as is probably the case everywhere, was mainly on horseback, very few carriage roads existing outside of the cities and large towns. It used to seem to me that Kentucky children must be born on horseback, so much was this mode of locomotion, and so easy was it for parents and fathers to adapt themselves to it. The driving of the carriage in this respect used to fill me with terror and admiration, and my own awkwardness only added to this mingled sensation. It was not to all who saw me ride that I was not "born on horseback."

I shall never forget my first unfortunate experience, when I was riding on the side of the mounting block expecting her in some way to climb over the horns of the saddle. As she confessed herself "no climber," I had to reverse the animal and endure the smooth jolts of the young gallant, who under such circumstances, I am sure, were not inclined to take such stock in the "schoolmaster." I had the good fortune, however, to live down local prejudices, and to take a modest part in training one or two youths who on account of that training, or through their own merits, have risen to some distinguished positions.

The most daring enterprise in which I was engaged was a peculiarly Kentucky enterprise, that of assisting in a runaway match. This sort of thing was much in vogue in those days, and was usually in its outcome, a harmless and satisfactory proceeding. The preliminary steps were usually in the nature of what were called into play, were worthy of the cause, and the final result on whichever side it might fall was usually acquiesced in. Sometimes, however, there was more or less blood in the case, and the scars did not easily heal. Especially was this so when family feuds were so common, as was the case of a Montague with a Capulet. In the case in question there was some difficulty of this sort, and the young man who was an intimate

"...mine, had been contemptuously, and  
...reasonably rebuffed by  
the girl. " "So anything he could  
do to save his... dignity was to marry  
the girl, and this resolution decided to do, and  
as promptly announced his decision to the  
father. The usual tactics followed. The girl  
was kept at home and closely watched. All  
avenues leading to the outer world were cut  
off; the castle bridge raised, the portcullis  
shut down, and the castle declared to be in  
a state of siege. It is truthfully said that "love  
laughs at locksmiths!" and never since the  
days of Romeo—never since Adam, in fact—  
has there been a gate strong enough, or wall-  
thick or high enough, or a bawled father  
shrewd enough to cool the ardor or thwart the  
purposes of two young hearts that love. This  
sentiment is thrown in for what it is worth. I  
felt it strongly forty years ago, and I have had  
no occasion to revive it since.

I made the young man's cause my own; I  
used the privileges that were accorded to me  
as a friend of the family to see that there was  
no serious break in the correspondence,  
arranged for the escape, and saw the happy  
couple on their way to Aberdeen, Ohio, a little  
village opposite Maysville—the Gretna Green  
of Kentucky—where lived the man of law,  
who made a nice business of joining in the  
"holy bonds," fugitives from across the river.  
The stern "parent" was never reconciled to  
his defeat, although by it he acquired an excel-  
lent son-in-law, and although he had in his  
own young days set the example which his  
daughter followed.

The happy couple migrated to Indiana, and  
have now about them a merry brood of grand-  
children who would be surprised to read this  
account of the goings on of the old folks.

[For the Penman's Gazette.]

November.

BY E. B. LATTA.

The autumn's reign is near its close.  
Frost-painted leaves that shone like gold,  
Believed their fingers' touch their hold,  
And on the breast of earth repose.

Repose, even when some fitful gill  
Mists the sun, the music swells in whirl,  
Or far shall their forms doth hurt!  
In clouds, like clouds of chaff or dust.

September, with carousing breath,  
As soft as velvet to the sense,  
Pours from our fond cheeks kisses hence,  
Like to a child that slumbereth.

How charming were the scenes she brought!  
What halcyon days and nights were here!  
How faithfully each scene recurs,  
In hours of night we thought!

In gorgeous robe October came,  
And brought the music swells in wind!  
Magnificence filled all the land,  
And far was spread the ruler's frame.

But now, superb October, too,  
Has shared the fate of monarchs proud;  
Such happy scenes no longer glow,  
Gone are those glories from our view.

A stern successor mounts the throne,  
Where leant had but the sway;  
We sigh for pleasures passed away,  
But his dominion we must own.

November wears the scepter now,  
The stern custodian of our joys;  
Morose he is, with cheerful voice,  
With iron hand, and knitted brow.

Free sweet affirmations as before,  
May we expect our hearts to know;  
Such happy scenes no longer glow,  
Gone are those glories from our view.

The whispering breeze that smoothed the ear,  
When warm the air, the evening glow,  
"I will not say yours, 'twill not be mine,  
For my bellows mouth is too true."

The wind-whirls of the trees,  
Will shrink from contact with the blast,  
As if they fear to anger past,  
Like a spirit that can find no ease.

Gone is each migratory bird,  
And with the summer beauty's stay;  
And ne'er November's blasts are heard,  
Which gently wafted the breeze.

Not even the stalking crane will bide  
The tyrant's rule, but with the rest,  
Of a million creatures that will fly,  
With green swallows spreading wide.

And will guests from the North afar,  
High overhead, by day and night,  
Pursue their lonely, noiseless flight,  
Where our dear, exiled song-birds are.

Would that an exile like to this,  
Might unto man permitted be!  
Ah, then how glad indeed were we,  
The winter's biting cold to mist!

But where there is of wealth a dearth,  
The birds' hunger is their own;  
The poor may not, however prone,  
So change abodes upon the earth.

The cornucopia full appears,  
The luscious fates all garnered lie;  
The bees are full, and the bees are high  
To bartering, with the golden ears.

The equinoctial wind and rain  
Have in the distance drier days;  
Their tumult was, from day to day,  
As if some demon groined with pain.

The brutal breath earth soon shall feel,  
And metamorphosed soon to be,  
Be long, into an army—  
An army of glistering steel.

A coat of mail instead of leaves,  
The woods shall wear, like knights of yore;  
And rivers too, from shore to shore,  
White halcyons protect the caves.

The boys and girls, a merry throng,  
Have gathered up, with naive glee,  
The city nuts, from bush and tree,  
To eat and winter evenings long.

The fire shall glow at close of day,  
And youth's festivities shall hold;  
But what of age? Alas, the old  
Shall sit and dream the hours away!

And the memories of the brands,  
What memories shall of them come,  
Of olden days in childhood's home,  
As they sit still with faded hands!

Gone are the flowers that smiling stood,  
Lining with fragrance all the air,  
As if we scattered everlastingly,  
The color-faded stand-wood.



WRITTEN BY J. W. SHOTT, ESQ., OF LOGANSPORT, IND.

SOME GOOD STROKES BY J. W. SHOTT, LOGANSPORT, IND.

### Our Victim Writings.

DEAR EDITOR:—Before I begin to lay the  
permanent tenants of my creaky couch, I'll  
fling back the growling flood-gates of my  
ever-freshening fancy and suffer its setting con-  
tents to shimmer along these lines. The  
October GAZETTE has just yielded up its  
cloying sweets to my insatiable appetite.  
Where in the deuce did you get such ideas?  
Such fecundity of thought dazzles one of my  
slender resources. You don't hammer a  
thought into an almost impenetrable nothing-  
ness, as the gold hammer does with a pellet  
of gold. You dissolve a happy idea in a point-  
less procession of words. Thought jostles  
thought; they march in close ranks; there  
are no gaps from exordium to peroration. I  
could not say which pleased me most. It is  
difficult to particularize where everything is of  
uniform excellence. I have a "distorted" idea  
was capital, but the article on "Distorted  
Birds" relieved me of several precious buttons  
and effectually exorcised the hollow-eyed  
demon of despondency. When my quivering  
opie nerve sucked up the words "I quenched  
the shrub from its mother earth and was car-  
rying it to the land of the living" I was  
purposes"—when these words dashed against  
my risible armor, I was compelled to step out  
into the murky bosom of the night, and give  
vent to my stentorian hilarity. "Originality"  
exhilarated my serious style in splendid ad-  
vantage. The GAZETTE is crisp, meaty, and  
tinged with a continued play of light banter  
and unctuous wit. My subscribers have no  
suspicion that a horrible tale is impending  
over them, and winter coming, too. Now,  
please don't laugh if you can't do it without a  
labored effort. No perfunctory goffaw will be  
tolerated. They make a heavy thud when  
you leave out the volatile element—a large,  
metallic thud.

Excuse this atrociously-penned epistle. Un-  
der favorable conditions my handwriting be-  
comes as graceful as the floating tresses of a  
Grecian goddess, or the sea-foam dapples of a  
water nymph, or perhaps more properly, as  
willowy as the heaven-directed mane of a  
Mexican mule; but said conditions are rare—  
as rare as clams in clam chowder, or plug hats  
in Deadwood.

Franklantly yours,  
CHAS. W. ANDERSON.  
Buffalo.

The question may arise in the reader's mind  
as to what elicited such torrents of fanciful  
adulation. Go square his board bills as we  
have squared them, and the question will  
vanish from your mind like a cadaverous  
hound from an animated lo t.

## BOOK NOTICES.

Thomas Allen Reed, one of the oldest and  
most expert of England's shorthand writers,  
though actively engaged in the daily practice  
of his art in the courts and elsewhere of Lon-  
don, finds time and desire to aid his brother  
stenographers, and constantly is in preparation  
for something new for their benefit. The  
latest proof of his labors is the compiling and  
publication of a work bearing the title: *Technical  
reporting, comprising phonographic ab-  
breviations for words and phrases commonly  
met with in reporting legal, scientific and other  
technical subjects.* Price, in cloth, 2 shillings;

paper, 1 shilling issexpence. Obtainable of  
Isaac Pitman & Sons, Bath, Eng. The work  
is neatly printed on sixty pages, and presents  
the subject under six divisions: 1, Phono-  
graphic abbreviations for mechanical words  
and phrases; 2, Abbreviations for medical, and  
3, Legal words and phrases; 4, Abbreviations  
for figures, etc.; 5, For Latin quotations, and  
6, French words and phrases. An English  
equivalent is given for the Latin quotations  
and French words and phrases. For writers of  
Isaac Pitman phonography, this work must  
be a valuable rule necum.

We have received from Isaac Pitman &  
Sons, Bath, England, the new and beautiful  
edition of the New Testament just issued from  
their teeming press. It is bound in neat cloth  
from engraved plates, and has 368 pages of text,  
besides two colored maps, one of the Holy  
Land at the time of the Lord's advent, and the  
other of St. Paul's journeys. The type por-  
tion is neat and attractive. The volume  
measures 6½ inches by 4 inches, and is about  
1½ inch thick; it is an ornament to our table,  
and we prize it, although it bears not our beloved  
"Graham" phonographic syllography.

The slight of this edition of the New Testa-  
ment recalls the many hours we spent in our  
study as a photographer in reading Mr.  
Pitman's edition of 1849, and the still later  
one. When the civil war broke out we gave  
our copy to some of our friends for the war,  
and it was some months later found in his hand,  
as he lay dead on the field of battle, opened as  
he had scanned its well-worn pages for the last  
time. No money could induce his wife to part  
with it that we might resume its ownership,  
and we have not till lately read another copy.  
We now have both the 1849 and the 1894 edi-  
tions to compare.

The present edition is in an easy reporting  
style, and is a model of shorthand neatness.  
The price in shillings is five shillings, and in  
Ream four shillings. (Twenty-five cents to  
the shilling.) W. E. Bridge.

### Some Errors of Speech.

"BAD," OR "BADLY."

Opinion varies regarding the use of these  
words, so that no one can set up a standard  
founded on usage. "Bad" is the word used  
to express a condition of state, as "The old  
horse looks bad." It does not look "badly"  
any more than he looks "wellly" for he is blind  
and cannot look. The horse is old, poor and  
nearly worn out, and the thought intended to  
be conveyed is that he is in a bad condition—  
that is, his appearance is bad.

A correct use of the word "badly" is found  
in the following sentence: The boy was away  
from home and fared badly. That is, he was  
treated badly. Here "fared" and "was treated,"  
are in the active form, while "looks" is neuter.

"NICELY."

How do you do? as a salutation, means  
What is the condition of your health? "O  
nicely!" Nonsense. A person or any object  
cannot be "nicely," though he, she or it may be  
nice. A person giving this reply should  
remove all modesty and say in words what is

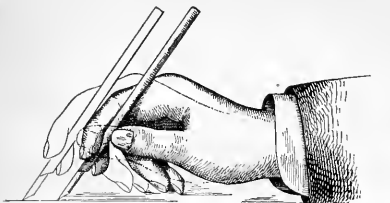
## Movement Exercise.

BY A. J. SCARBOROUGH.

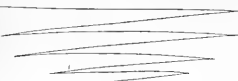
In this lesson you will notice a small cut which without close scrutiny you would pronounce the portrait of a mammoth crawl-fish making his escape from a Jersey sleeve. But look carefully, it's a hand wrenched into this painful and unnatural shape by finger movement and neglect of correct position. You will notice, instead of pushing the pen, the hand is apparently dragging it heavily along, leaving rough, harsh strokes in its wake like the zig-zag



trail of a stub pen in the hand of a fifth-rate lawyer. You will also notice that the hand in trying to outstrip the pen across the page has fallen over to the right, and is an obstacle to its own progress. You had about as well attempt to fly as to write a free, graceful style with the hand in this sickly position. Free movement comes from correct position. You cannot learn form until you have learned movement, nor can you learn movement without following some kind of form, either the letters or their corresponding exercise drills. Movement is the cause, form is the effect. Be sure that you begin right. Don't evade correct position and movement simply, because you are set in your habits of penholding, etc., and find it a little tedious at first to start on the right track. See that your arm rests lightly on the muscles just below the elbow. Keep the heel of the hand just above the desk. Notice how the fingers rest on the desk in the large cut.



You can study and cultivate movement to good advantage without pen by sliding the hand from right to left, to and fro without using the fingers or lifting the arm. The following practice with light strokes will help you in preventing the hands turning over in lateral movements like the one in the cut:



Sweeps long enough to produce the arc of a circle from right to left, sliding on the nails of third and fourth fingers, are a splendid practice. In exercises of this nature the arm is balanced on the muscle of the forearm, which acts as a pivot. Observe that the position of the hand does not change in moving from right to left. Concentrate your energies on a single purpose. First, be sure that you have the correct position and movement. Educate the forearm, muscles and hand. Remember that "practice makes perfect" only when properly directed:



The m exercise practiced with a regular and free muscular movement will do more toward regulating your minimum letters than almost anything else. Try to go half across the page in this exercise without letting your hand become cramped or turned over to the right:



Such exercises help you in making clear distinction between m's, n's, i's and u's. See that you get this second exercise sharp at the top, beginning with right curve:



Whatever we discard in penmanship, we can't get along without oval practice. There is so much dependent on the oval form that it becomes necessary to devote much practice to exercises of the oval character. You may fill three or four pages each day with the direct and reverse oval practice to good advantage. Remember that when you practice the oval care, fully you are improving every capital letter in some portion:



In learning the above, you are learning to make the most difficult part of W, M, N, U, V, Q, X, Y, and Z:



You can't dwell too much on exercises like the above. They will give force and freedom to your work:



Write words in which m, n, u and i are combined. More illegible writing comes from making these letters all sharp at the top than any other cause. This error is common in the hundreds of letters received at the GAZETTE office every day. It is this, which causes our clerk to scratch his head and ponder over Uncle Sam's diversified story entitled "Posta Guide":



Practice loop exercises without bending the fingers except a trifle on the up stroke near the top:



In making the first part of H and K, be careful to curve first stroke enough to throw the letter on the proper slant. Shade near the base line and finish with a full oval:



Exercise calling for various moves without lifting the pen, or much checking will tend to remove all stiffness from your letters, and give you complete control of the muscular movement:



Here we have the same introductory curve as in H and final oval, and shading same as in the first part of H and K:



Try an S exercise like the above. Shade after crossing the loop. You can't make this with a cramped movement. The machinery must run freely and regularly:



The G is closely related to the S in its most difficult parts. You make a full right curve



and then start around as in the capital O, but on the up stroke half the height of the oval you



stop, and form the capital stem, and thus you form the complete G:



Remember, these lessons are intended for a month's practice. Don't scribble over them all in an hour's practice. Learn one thing well before you commence another.



Begin the D as you would the capital stem, shading near base-line. Finish with a loop across the top of beginning stroke:



The J exercise will test the extent of your movement more than all the rest. Begin as in first part of W, though the top is not quite so full. Shade heaviest after crossing the ruled line.

Let us hear from all who are following these lessons. We are in dead earnest on the subject, and want to know what the GAZETTE's family is doing. We would like to receive a line from every member.

[FOR THE PENMAN'S GAZETTE]

Writing for the Press.

BY W. D. SHAWALTER.

The penmanship professions of the present age are universally acknowledged to be model class journals in every respect. They would be vigorous advocates, and creditable representatives of any calling or profession. Being liberal in their views, dignified in their moral tone, handsomely illustrated, finely printed, full of beautiful instruction, and combining with the more substantial reading matter, a generous supply of light, sparkling wit, it is but natural that they should exert a wide influence, not only in the creation and diffusion of interest in good writing, but in showing to the outside world that the teaching of penmanship has risen to the dignity of a profession, having its thousands of workers, its millions of pupils and its educational journals to advance its interests to encourage and help those who are at the shrine of chirographic beauty.

We, who are actively engaged in the work of reforming the scribbler, realize the fact that our most valuable co-worker and most helpful source of aid and strength is the penmanship press. Not only does it come to us with the choicest intellectual fruits that can be gathered from the gardens of chirographic intelligence, but it invites each of us to assist in garnering for its storehouses the golden sheaves of ripening ideas and advanced thought. It is a beautiful medium through which writing knights may help each other by the exchange of opinions and the discussion of progressive methods. The voice of the earnest teacher, speaking from the platform of the penman's press is heard by every live worker in the ranks of pen art.

It behooves the true, ambitious teacher to take to it that he contributes his share to the monthly feasts of mental sustenance that is regularly served before the readers of our best periodicals. Although our contributions may be insignificant, compared with those of our honored literary lights, it does not follow that we are compelled to stand in the background, and selfishly guarding any valuable theory that we may be cultivating in our own private vineyard of school work.

It seems to me, when looking over the bill of fare in our periodical mind feasts that the veterans in our ranks are scarcely contributing as much as would be expected of them. In the extended experience of old workers there is certainly much that would prove beneficial if dispensed in the form of literary contributions through the columns of our journals. As the veteran who desires to see his chosen profession keep pace with the lightning progress of other arts and sciences, and who is really interested and concerned in regard to the future weal of his lifework, will naturally take pleasure in pointing out to the younger toilers the breakers he has safely passed, and the obstacles he has overcome. The present generation of writing teachers will make as-

tonishing progress in the art of imparting skill to others during the next decade, and the old workers can lend a helping hand in this determined crusade by acting as dictators and as partial judges. While the ambitious youthful instructor has definite ideas of his own, yet, if he is reasonable, is ever willing and anxious to profit by the more mature counsel of experienced educators. It is of great importance that the press be well filled with sound reasoning on the subject of teaching, for through its columns the young workers receive their most lasting ideas of how the work of reform should be carried on.

I think the Echo the wishes of all earnest young penmen when I urge all old teachers who may honor me by reading this article, to take a more active part in the literary work of our calling. Life is of brief duration, and at its close we will not regret having done all in our power for the good of the cause in which we spend the greater part of our lives upon earth.

CHICAGO, OCT. 26, '86.

PROF. A. J. SCARBOROUGH.

My Dear Sir:—In reply to your request asking me to write a few words for publication I hardly know what to say that would be of material interest to your readers; but if the expression of a few thoughts which have arisen from personal experience and observation will be the means of arousing even one poor mortal, and kindling within a spirit of enthusiasm and a desire to further action, I shall feel fully repaid for the trouble taken to arrange these few haphazard thoughts.

In the first place the great question before the penmanship public to-day, and one that is being agitated to a great extent, is what movement or movement shall we use to cover the greatest range of usefulness. Without doubt no one particular movement has sufficient strength and force in itself to justify its adoption and discarding all others. Noted business writers, as well as professional penmen, tell us that in order to bring forth the best results a combination of finger, hand, wrist and forearm movement should be used, with the forearm or muscular movement predominating. The term forearm or muscular movement is usually taken to this method of writing from the fact that it is the chief movement in the combination.

I have framed a definition of my own of muscular movement, hoping it may remove from the minds of beginners some of the erroneous ideas commonly entertained on this point.

Muscular movement is a free and natural action of all the muscles and joints of the arm from shoulder to finger nails, with a stationary rest of the arm upon the desk just forward of the elbow, and the hand resting lightly upon the last two fingers. The hand should rock slightly, however, upon the last two fingers in order that the hand may slide over the paper with perfect ease while the pen is in motion; the same movement being used on capitals as

small writing, only that capitals require more force and display of motion.

This movement, when rightly used, cannot fail to bring forth pleasing results, and in my own personal experience I cannot speak too strongly in its favor; and it is painful indeed to hear some one of the old school deiding this method, and trying to keep alive old theories not suited to the present spirit of the times.

It is gratifying, however, to know the rapid progress the school of muscular movement is making; we are also glad the GAZETTE has brought to its head one who has courage enough to shout reform whenever occasion demands, and brave enough to rise above the influence of eloquence and speak the truth. Plainly, through the *Western Penman*, is dealing death blows to old theories with wonderful effect.

As a co-worker in this cause I extend to you a friendly hand, and unite with you in wishing a hurried approach of the time when we will tear away from the environments of old and useless theories formed by the hand of time, and we will work in our progress to a higher plane of thought and vision, and there unite in one common brotherhood in recognizing reform as reform, truth as truth.

Writing yours,

D. B. WILLIAMS.

[FOR THE PENMAN'S GAZETTE.]

Admonition to an Inflated Roster.

Young man, your vernal knowledge of life may at times lead you to advise older heads in the pre-eminence of youth, to your eyes, ill-defined duties, at such times you should lay the tongue, that if wagged would no doubt cause the age to wallow in wealth. The paternal range of cyclopaedia may seem lean for your flickerish tongue, but remember they doubtless have huddled a few meager ideas together from experience and your fitching-up which you would not wish to see in your superior career. Your pen may be approaching the shank of its early stay, and its memory may be a trite transmogrified, in consequence of which it may slightly revise certain history which has fallen under your period, but even then you should not accuse his adfulness of being romantic, or given to fabrication. This is very prevalent on your part, and besides your venerable patriarch may have an obscure bod-lit in his vicinity, with which to cultivate your emaciated knoll of reverence.

You may think your pen and ma gathered their knowledge too far back in the murky days to be of any service to you, and that it may be better to rely on the safety of last which you are using, but remember they are a trifle older than you, and have tasted the gall and wormwood of experience in larger doses than you have. You may be able to teach them to square a circle or diagram a sentence, but they will rather outwit you in manipulating a pen, and possibly in turning in a frangible lien. Their objection to your stout swearing may be evidence to you that they are uncultured and incapable of appreciating your aesthetic accomplishment, but remember they were doubtless reared in the remote precincts, and never had the opportunity of acquiring a taste for your penmanship.

Your pen may be up by holding to an old form of costume, by latching his shirt in front, by adhering to the linearly constructed bifurcated garment, and harnessing himself in an over-conservative manner generally, but, pure, verdant and blooming mortal, you may yet pull out the stiff upper lip, nor need a spotless shirt-front supply the place of a clear conscience. Your close-jointed cutaway may cover up a multitude of sins and an untanned neck, but it won't shroud a mean little worm-eaten soul. You may part your hair centrally as the equator of your pate and still have an unbalanced appearance. You may cause your capyranium to shine like a contribution plate by applying fragrant lubrication, but it will not prove a substitute for flinching pulp. You may be able to draw more attention than your proprietor, or to draw more smoke than salary, but you will observe that your bank account is insignificant compared with your customer and clothes. You may have ample gall and goatee to run a business concern, and still be the owner of a vulnerable credit. You may

be further advanced in algebra and alcohol than they are in business and bustle.

In short, young man, before you go any further in the world go and secrete yourself in some sequestered gulch and try to ascertain which one of the boys you are.

"SALLY."

[FOR THE PENMAN'S GAZETTE.]

The "Unknown Quantity."

BY W. BURRELL MORRIS.

"Everything that is, is equal to its contents," says an eminent mathematician, which, no doubt, if we restrict the axiom and its accompanying conditions, is true; that all things are measurable to the field of matter tangible to the physical senses.

But if that proposition be applied, as, indeed, too many do apply it to things which are, although conceivable, yet not apparent at the present time, great mistakes, irreparable injury may be done. It is in this way that the capacity of the intellects and powers of thousands whom we daily meet.

For where is the mathematician, who can formulate any set of rules by which correct conclusions may be reached of the exact contents of human character?

We see, here and there, the huddling of our aught we know a future of a mind, rich in its powers, and commanding in its force, but if there is the least atom of that not in accordance with our own conceptions and ideas, we are too prone to reject wholly and without reserve its entire opinions.

For men are in general so selfish, and yet so vain, that they will not admit that what ever falls to their interpretation is to them quite undesirable.

The reason is that for the real and existent, though undiscovered, they take the apparent, and conclude that as such appears to be the whole it therefore must be equal to what it appears without considering the unknown quantity which lies behind, for aught they know or can tell.

The minister's wife sat on the front porch mending the clothes of one of her numerous progeny. A neighbor passing that way stopped to chat a few minutes. A large work basket half full of buttons sat on the floor of the porch. After various remarks of a gossip nature, the visitor said:

"You seem to be well supplied with buttons Mrs. Goodman."

"Yes, very well indeed."

"My gracious! if there ain't two of the same buttons! I'd wonder how you got 'em anywhere."

"Indeed!" said the minister's wife calmly, "I'm surprised to hear it, as all of these buttons were found in the contribution box. I thought I might as well put them to some use, so I—what, must you go? Well, be sure and call again soon!" —*Merchant Traveler.*

The Loom of Life.

At day and all night I can hear the jir Of the loom of life, no wrong and no fear. It thrills with its deep and muffled sound. As the tireless wheels go always round.

Haughty, exultingly, goes the loom, In the midnight of day and the midnight of gloom. The wheels are turning early and late, And the wood is worned in the warp of fate.

Click! click! there's a thread of love sown in; Click! click! 'tis woven in the loom. What a checker'd thread will this life be When we've it unravelled in eternity!

When shall that wonderful web be done? In a thousand years, perhaps, or one— Or one hundred, who knows? Not you nor I, But the wheels turn on and the shuttles fly.

Ah, sad-eyed weaver: the years are slow, But each one is a day, and you may cease. And some day the last thread shall be woven in, God grant it be love, instead of sin.

Then were we spinners of woe for a fit web—what? Do we furnish the woad for each web's day? Or are we the loom, and the loom is fate? A beautiful thread—no! a thread of sin.

—*Unidentified.*

—The current of Mr. Pierce's thought in October GAZETTE was hindered by the omission of an "in" in the word "stream."



[Entered at the Post Office, at Chicago, as Second Class Mail Matter.]

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Hereafter our friends will please send all business meant for us—both the Order Department and the Gazette—to the address given below. Exchanges will please send that our address on their books is corrected at once. Such of them as have been sending duplicates to our department editors, Prof. s, Bridge and Wells, will please continue to do so.

THE G. A. GASKELL CO.,  
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Gaskell's Magazine.

Beginning with New Year's issue the *GARTNER* will be published in magazine form, bearing the title of *Gaskell's Magazine*. The title page will be handsomely gotten up by the famous Frank Beard. All its present features will be retained, and new matter of a pure and wholesome character added for the home and the boudoir. The publishers have the facilities for making this departure abreast with the times, and no pains or expense will be spared in placing it along with other literary magazines. The following additional features prospective will be: Biography, travel, exquisites, the theatre, home, short stories, humor and poetry. Those wishing to subscribe should do so now, as the premium list will be changed with the New Year's number.

We hope to give our readers a rare treat in the New Year's number.

## The Gazette's Room

Subscriptions are coming in at the rate of two hundred a week. The GAZETTE appreciates this financial form of encouragement. It puts vigor in the editorial quill. It makes our stub pen frantic with enthusiasm, and sets the editorial shears yawning for fresh exchanges to chew. The October number has brought forth a host of penmen who sing its praises in tenor strains. The GAZETTE is destined to march unflinchingly and grandly to the front.

—Penners will remember Henry Hart can get up a badge or scarf pin in the neatest design. Write him, P. O. Box 6, Atlanta, Ga.

## The Necessity of Eulogy

It is also important that we should praise what is worthy as that we should mercilessly criticise what is worthless. There are scores of genuine artists in the penmanship profession who are not only good but also great. It is to them that judicious praise is a vital necessity. They need to be encouraged and caressed as others need to be toasted over the coals of ridicule or withered under the icy finger of criticism. We should be like the sun, shining brightly and warm and a cordial, infusing into their retiring natures the flush of pleasant feelings, and stimulating them for further good work. We believe there are hundreds of young aspirants to the quill who are worthy of being admitted to the ranks of the penmanship profession, but they need the light of the torch of encouragement to go forward with a few burning words of commendation. Why should we linger on the shores of jealousy until our fellow workers sleep beneath their marble slab before bestowing upon them the light of the torch of encouragement? We are living who are not keenly susceptible to approbation in some form; and yet there is no instrument of power over the affections of our co-workers which we employ so algidly as that which is the most pleasing and efficient of

Some men may, is not praise dangerous when mid-directed. Surely, and so blame, So are guns and pistols; so are steam engines; and so are all implements; but would you banish the sunshine because its concentration is perilous, a lens of glass might concentrate it through a lens of glass to human life, and continually breathe the incense of applause; for no man ever gains complete self-knowledge until he has had an enemy to instruct him. Doubtless every man needs his rival to constantly prune and hammer down his bump of self-esteem. We have seen men who weighed their position in the world by the opinions of their peers, and who were so much concerned being destroyed it upon the object, and are and always will be cybers and growlers who sit in sequestered places to freeze enthusiasm, to smash all the bubbles of idealism with their scornful darts; to inform eloquently, that it is bombast, love that it is cultured bomb, and true reverence that it is hypocrisy. But we are not of that school. We are not of those souls in our profession who are quick to criticize merit, even where least expected, and to commend it in generous terms. Often they vainly see in others is no more than their selfishness of our own hearts. A certain amount of self esteem seems necessary to prevent our hearts from sinking into our boots. Often the man who is most successful in life leads a boy to success is kindled by the simplest word of encouragement. Of course some boys' natures are as impenetrable as the hide of a rhinoceros, but the class that cannot be reached by kindness in some form is comparatively small. We were once lucky enough to have a class of boys who were determined for an instructor, whose very presence was so irritating our epidemics like bull-nettle. He always had a word for us, but it was more like the snarl of a vicious cur than the soothing effect of a kindly voice. When in some state of absent-mindedness he bestowed a feeble word upon our work we felt like inquiring about his health, and were sure to be offered his food or something unpalatable.

We do not believe in the method of inflating men with praise at so much per inflate, nor do we believe in bartering encomium for glory, but rather bestowing honest praise on those who deserve it. We are not in the habit of being only angling for compliments, and expect them at compound interest. Often the praise of signal merit in penmanship is the very thing that sets the ambition going, the key to the door of success. The penman who sweeps the soul's harp-strings and sets the heart to music. Brother penmen, awake to this fact; remember the autocrats you may become; rise into knightliness by the touch of your quill like the knights of old. Let us assuage the sting of criticism with the balm of just praise. Let us remove the blindness of jealousy and take the lamps of liberality in our hands. Let us not be like the mocking goblin that sits at our table, and in the past cultivate an appreciative spirit. Where praise is due let's not roll it grudgingly under our tongues as we would a scorpion; cough it out, or spit it out, or let it fall like a horrible noise, but rather let us accept it with our hearts.

our willowy ladies until the object of merit turns down his cap of modesty to prevent being blinded by our eulogistic whirlwind.

We are all human and can't help feeling the glorious sensation produced by the titillating feather of praise, though we have seen a few who could mask this inward glow with outward expressions of disgust or disapproval. They would choke back a swelling pride until it revealed itself through their artificial gloominess and then they would utter a few weighty expressions. We have been wooed and intoxicated by the siren strains of eulogy and ourselves until the fancy was so carried away that they denied we looked from our dizzy heights down upon dignitaries and crowned heads as the surging rabble. But in fact such states we would always find a friend who would inform us gently but firmly that there were more "worlds to conquer." A friend who would kindly prick our inflated pride and tell us the use of the word "friend" was not to be taken too literally. There are those on every hand who think air. There are those upon the earth enthusiastic that they are a trifle "fresh." That they have too exalted an opinion of the ego.

Well, this is all right if they are equally searching for merit. Let us rather make it our object to first look for merit and then suggest remedies for flaws. If we see merit in a young penman's work let us encourage him not by waiting to see how low some one else will sing his praises and then by joining in the chorus, but in our own conscientious souls let us awake the dormant chords of genius which are sleeping in his bosom.

## Crabbs

If ever a word in our mother tongue was constantly misapplied, it's the word "crank." If a man has a specialty or is enthusiastic of any one subject, he only has to keep his terminology clear in order to catch the pleasing epithet from every hand. He only has to work assiduously in the pursuit of a single object, or to think something new, when he will have the little word thrust into his auditory funnels in all keys and tones, from the half-suppressed labio-palato-nasal utterance to the rasping, freezing, blood-curdling yell of the hoarse news vender, and the street Arab who has cultivated his voice to a state of harshness, amply trenchant to saw a hole in a water-

Of course if a man in any calling is so eager and gluttonous as to bite off more than he can conveniently chew, then and not until then should we hurl the word, in all its voluminous asperity and continuity, into his transported intellect. But why dilate upon the misuse of the word; it has fallen into the sparsely settled vocabulary of the cauterized mob and will be thrust indiscriminately at everything, save war figures, mummies and duds.

We have arrived at that state of fixedness of purpose where if our enthusiasm means fanaticism to the scrutinizing reformer, we are willing if need be, to have our frame or outward cuticle as the case may be, clank in labels hearing the celestial word "crank" in all its forms. We are willing, moreover, if it will give us such humane detestation of our kind as to bring down the lash of scorn, that we will shoulder our roll until his tracheal air-tubes become as dry as the GAZETTE's macaroni. Even now as we sit enveloped in reflection and a cold sweat, we may be conceiving the very dose which will wrench from a perfect chorus of soliloquies in the utterance of the word "crank" the very effort to endeavor at all times to keep our ballast of self-careen too much to hobbies, and if we are a crank it will only be to such a degree as will keep the mill grinding. Now, mild-eyed indicators of mental bent, do not brand us with this epithet, simply because we was rash on our themes; it has a tendency to lower our plumage, it makes our flesh crawl with horror, it makes our ears tingle with music, it blows out of our lives and fits our minds only on Chinese dirges and Mormon walls. Don't call us a crank, because we are opposed to excavating Nero's opinions or emulating Cato's theories. Do not spat us with the stinging term because we find the yoke of mental rectitude a brute galling at times. Do not at a rash moment cast our hopes or chill the current of our lives with the word "crank" or "crank" the mask of a Hindu nor of the Tunesian.

preston of Japanese helmet. If you could  
 realize just how much we suffer, and the pain-  
 ful ordeal of working where thirteen office boys  
 are crowded into a room, whistling and filling the room  
 with the jumble of their voices, you would know  
 your whole nature and a portion of your salary  
 would go out in sympathy for us, instead of  
 calling us cranky, because we weep through  
 our columns, tears which are dried under the  
 printers' blast. Call us a crank when our words  
 give evidence of a torpid liver or our whims  
 are the result of a morbid imagination. But  
 is "muscular" don't use the term because we  
 in some glorious period stalk through our sub-  
 ject with boots on. Don't rasp our recoiling  
 nature because we sometimes breathe forth  
 editorials which savor of Peruvian bark. Don't  
 scorch our feeble penions with the seething ap-  
 pellation of "crank" because we sometimes  
 attempt to, scramble to a higher perch. Don't  
 scourge us with the "crank" because we rotate  
 on our own axis. Be lenient with us if for  
 our lucid intervals come few and seldom; we will  
 fast for them if they are tardy. Be mild with  
 us when we seem bowed down with mental  
 agitation and a sore throat. Rather encourage  
 us by the boldness of a bold, unflinching, un-  
 gentled tear on a postal card. Remember how  
 much good your sympathy and any extra un-  
 derclothing you may have can do us when we  
 are cold and sad. Calling us a crank may cool  
 our ambition, but it hasn't the healing effect  
 nor is it the twelve-carat baron of the aqueous  
 world. So, if you are a crank, be a crank. How  
 do you clutch the situation? Have you no  
 tears to barter? Can you see from these tear-  
 moistened remarks that calling a man a crank  
 before he has ripened into that enviable being,  
 is very, very, wicked. You can fill early  
 graves and padded cells by this process, but  
 you can't infuse undiluted balm and high-  
 mindedness into the hearts of the cranky and  
 them cranks. When you see a man loaded  
 too high for full sail and toppling off his keel,  
 then you may apply the appellation, and if he  
 was not so cranky he would see that his axis  
 was crankily bent, but even then "choop 'em  
 up" and "hoop 'em up" is better on a human signi-  
 for the reader, and abide into quiet and a sig-  
 hat.

### The Gazette's Writing Lessons

We are pleased to note the number who are practicing our lessons, and taking on the vigor and enthusiasm which they are intended to convey. Each mail brings a number of sheets filled with the muscular drill exercises given in September and October issues.

We are glad to receive these evidences of the work we are doing. They stimulate us to continued effort to please. We want to hear from every GAZETTE pupil. Write us a line or fire in some of your old practice paper, that we may know you are on the right track.

### Painful Prudery.

Some eminent writer once said, upon being cautioned concerning the heat of his style: "It is impossible to have my style without having my defects." Every excellence has its counter drawback—that even the greatest are not free from

As a ruler, the greater the master the greater are his faults in details. The painterly exact seldom get beyond mediocrity. They aspire to nothing but precise imitation. The small artist guards every detail, and his highest aim is to faithfully reproduce what is in front of his eyes. The great artist has the courage to violate precision of detail. He follows the creation of his mind, while the small artist follows the reproduction of what he sees. In the former a great work is created, there are some persons who are so infinitely close to the truth that they merit of it; if the smallest minor detail is discovered. They want to scrape through a fine painting to see if the canvas is all cotton. They criticise the smallest twig. In the foreground of the last, they are not so exact. They have a way of measuring a grain until it is as big as an elephant. They never see the elephant; he is too large for their focus. They see everything by area—understand their words are all in the air. They analyse every word and measure every sentence with a foot rule that comes under their observation. They seem to lose sight of the general idea in

## Tight Sleeves and Bracelets vs. Free Movement.

After all the verbosity which has been spilled on this subject, and the wessands which have waxed husky and callous in its cause, there still exists a class of young people, and some not so tender, who still bolster the idea that so long as much is enough had projecting from the fingers of plated bracelets, r-le-rac harness, burlap sleeves, and chinchilla swathing to clutch the pen in a death grip, they can learn to write. And if with all this artificial upholding they fail to cause their pen to saunter across the page in a leisurely manner, they deserve blame. It is their fault, they are their teacher write with freedom and ease, and at the same time keep his features on the front side of his head, but they fail to notice the absence of shackles about his arm. They do not observe that his arm rests on muscle instead of jewelry and padding. They fail to see that instead of having personal chattels across the page his arm is free and unfettered. We have seen the gentler sex striving to use free muscular movement with skin-tight sleeves and bracelets which were only distinguished from handcuffs by the absence of connecting links. We have seen their little hand tugging out of these hand-and-hand links, and they are in brass collar. We have heard them saw the deck with their jingling shackles, as they tried to jerk a capital stem into shape. We have listened to the grinding melody of twenty or thirty of these comfortable garments rising above the smiles and sighs, while they were trying to make their pen write. We have seen the course it is not our mission to disparage the use of the ornament, but it may be carried to excess, and is in some towns. It is a perfect craze in Sing Sing, Joliet and Waupun, and about one town in every State. It may never grow on a people, but will in time become in demand.

We once tried to guide the hand of a young man who held to the pulse warmer as strictly as he did to his creed. We could have overcome an ordinary covering of leather, but he persisted in wearing a wrist garment which looked like a Turkish rug, and which was so tight that his arm rested on the desk. He had to struggle in order to get his pen to the fourth fingers on the paper. This was a ludicrous boon in our experience. After seeing how much he was attached to them, and how much was attached to him, we could not have in the heart, nor muscle we might say, to tear them from his grasp. We could have asked him for an arm, too, and he would have given it, but we could not ask him to rend the carmine horse blanket which was furled about his wrist. He is away out in Texas now practicing the whole-arm movement by hurling his lithesome fencer over the horns of the receding song of the plains. The whole-arm movement works well in that line of exercise.

Of course the above statements may seem giant-like in their proportions, but there is a surging current of gravity which prompts this distention of cold facts.

Teachers often ask their pupils to discard all habits of cramped fingers, whole-arm movement with too close contrivances, and, but they neglect wholly the request for unfettered arms. Before you can come to ground principles you must come down to solid muscles, instead of smothering the pupil with your loquacious lecture on anatomy, by giving him a relaxation of the internal curve from shoulder to thumb nail; by exercising the arm, and a relaxation of the entire cutaneous nerve in pursuit of a right curve, and how the radial and muscular cutaneous nerve obeys the punctilious command of the brain in erecting capital stems, represent them in their mother tongue to set their arm free by removing the shackles, relaxing the too close contrivances, and unblanketing the sultry wrist. Asking them to remove their coats releases too vivaciously in our minds the days of barren-twig bastinado and muscle-pulp solos.

To use a pupil trying to write with a thick covered his arm, and his arm always gives us an uneasy sensation about the right arm, and a mental distress. We have seen the ambitious school-girl rasping the desk with her metallic ligament in attempting to secure the graceful flourish; we have seen her arm writhing in its crocheted harness, while her little mouth trembled her features from ear to ear, and to us was very touching, but we kept later on.

It would have looked unbecomingly to have moistened the schoolroom furniture with our tears. We sometimes feel, with the flavor of melancholy in the thought, that the very secret of a graceful and free movement often lies in the deplorable fact that a lean exchequer necessitates the adoption of a scanty costume.

## Muscle Culture.

If much of the membranous cuticle devoted to shades and curves was wrought into muscle by urging back-saws across the grain of ligious growth, we would notice a more boxon of the muscle art by the fact of the expected penmanship of the day. Penmen who are compelled to substitute the rubber doll for fore-arm muscle are to be pitied as much as the victims of the whole arm movement. Those who use castors or swings in lieu of voluntary muscle should emulate the bulging figure of a pugilist artist by attaching themselves to copiously filled cork scuttles and pen-perambulating three or four flights of stairs. Those who are victims of lypochondria, or are logging a narrow, cavernous chest, should take brisk walks up craggy steep, swing an axe over a pile of hickory or rock-maps, practice slowly falling, and strengthen their muscles in various ways by daily friction. A daily routine of moderate exercise in which the arms are called into play, as in rowing, swinging dumb-bells and vaulting will tend to give a weak muscular movement strength and decision. But an exercise like base-ball generally does more harm than good to writing. We have seen many a man who has expended wealth of thumb from its effect which was painful to behold. We have seen him tenderly nurse such pet from the diamond as he dictated parental epistles to his fellow student. We have seen him go one eye on the page while the other larked, feverish and swollen. We have seen him, too, who has expended the exercise waxes rather too exhaustive for the welfare of the oft-mentioned hair-line and graceful form. A slight callous in the palm from moderate exertion may not retard the pen's progress, but when the index finger is knocked silly by a ball which is upstretched with iron and steel, and the hand is held in a tight-hand which is smashed into fish-bone, and the hand is a ten pound bat, we have noticed that the pen falls to traverse the page with its wonted grace and agility. We were once employed in a school where the base-ball craze broke out in its worst phase. The first victim was a fretful fellow with a large autumnal nose and a red head. The next unfortunate was a boy who came in with a long face and the middle finger of his right hand fenced in with pieces of shingles and cork plaster. He took his seat and tried to steer his invalid finger across the page as usual, but his movement was grotesque in the extreme. His abnormally swaddled arm, with its long fingers, moved in a manner like a lame toad. His letters were equally clumsy. His capital O's were changed into triangles. His capital stems resembled rods, and his J's looked like broken fishing rods.

The next subject from the field was an excited youth with an Irish brogue and a straggling gait. The face guard had been struck and jammed into his face until his features resembled a checker board. His face was bound up in cross strips of cloth-plaster until it looked like a suspender exhibit. This course discommodated his movement, as his features were so close to the motion of his hand. And so on, one by one they dropped into the disabled list until the penmanship room had the air of a lunatic and a surgeon's apartments. We had to take on extra courage in order to look these brave exchequers in the face and guide their mangled hands across the page.

If instead of lying on sofas and courting painful ideas until the whole nature finds sympathy in nothing save minor keys and wailing calences common to the monotonous chants of cannibals and hairless monks, the penman would throw down his pen for an hour each day and uncurb his hollow chest, throw back

his shoulders, walk briskly through the open air, bend his cramped form to the splashing oar, or move around vigorously in any other way save the base ball grounds, we would soon have a more robust craft.

## The Decoy Scooped.

A CARD-WRITER'S SCHEME DETHEONERO.

Every card-writer who has rolled the tongue *piquant* of experience under his *suave* in large and frequent laps has filled his museum of thought with divers schemes and novel decoys for the untutored. He can cover his face with an air of more business pressure to the square look than about any other man living when there is a prospective customer in lurking range. He is always busy, often scribbling by the hundred for such celebrities as G. Washington, Mrs. Langtry, L. Greeley, Ben. Butler and Lydia E. Pinkham (as sample). He can get his features in haggard and careworn condition, and make his eyes water, and can throw a weird expression about his eyes and cause them to roll languidly in their sockets as though he were contemplating the erection of a new planet. There is a superhuman luster in his demeanor, which indicates that he has purchased the earth and is considering the style of battlement he will hedge it in with.

The most expensive and risky form of decoy is that of placing his week's earnings in an enticing corner on his desk, that the leisurely passers may be impressed by the enormity of his business. A scribe, whose name just at this moment does not fit across our memory, but who was once with his public eye with quietude in the village of Chicago, tried this latter lure to his sore discomfiture. He arranged his entire possession of shekels in bright array on his desk and commenced congratulating his genius for suggesting so novel a device. He walked into a store to summon other admirers, but while away a sneaky look in the situation and fourteen dollars in small change. When the scribe returned only to behold the vacancy of his bewitching exchequer and an upturned inkstand, a cold, icy feeling hovering over his frame like a jar of milk drenching down his back. The party who appropriated the lure did not leave his card nor thank the quill-driver in any form, but seemed to be in pursuit of a dog with tin can attachment. That penman is dining out this month and slumbering under the twinkling stars at night. Under such circumstances he is always a great lover of nature and astronomy, we think.

## Crumbs of Comfort.

CULLED FROM THE PAGES.

The October GAZETTE is a charmer.

Chas. R. Wells,

GAZETTE for October is a splendid number.

W. N. Ferris.

I am very much pleased with the GAZETTE, and wish you much success.

J. A. Wesco.

I know of no publication in the way of penmanship that surpasses the GAZETTE.

J. M. Harkins.

I like your style of saying things. You are just the man the GAZETTE wanted.

H. W. Bennett.

In my estimation the GAZETTE is one of the finest papers on penmanship I have examined.

B. W. Crawford.

After comparing the GAZETTE with other journals of its nature, I find it the best on record.

G. W. Millman.

As a lover of literary beauty, I can but wonder at, and admire the genius displayed in the GAZETTE.

W. D. Shoultier.

I can candidly say that you are making the GAZETTE much better. You are the right man in the right place.

R. S. Collins.

Comparatively every number of the GAZETTE seems more beautiful in thought and execution. I predict for you and the GAZETTE a bright future.

J. W. Shott.

Judging from the appearance of the last GAZETTE, you are going to have one of the best class journals in the country, and the management is fortunate in having you at the helm. You are good authority, and can back

up your opinions by executing a model business hand, one having the two great essentials, legibility and rapidity.

L. Madarsas.

THE GAZETTE to hand. Each number pleases me more than the preceding one. It is chock full of the best of plain and ornate penmanship.

Geo. H. Schulte.

I notice a marked improvement in the different educational departments of the GAZETTE, besides a good sprinkling of mirth to take the chill out, which I relish very much.

Jos. Feeller, Jr.

THE PENMAN'S GAZETTE gives evidence on every page of its change of editor. Prof. Schenck's vivacity, flights of figure, keen wit and high, sparkling description, give earnest of what we may continue to expect from his ardent skillful "muscular movement."

—The Business Student.

## "The Ideal Magazine"

for young people is what the papers call *St. Nicholas*. Do you know about it?—how good it is, how clean and pure and helpful? If there are any boys or girls in your house will you not try a number, or try it for a year, and see if it isn't just the element you need in the coming days of *Long Live Times* here, and we have nothing like it on this side."

—Some leading features of

**S. T. NICHOLAS**  
For 1886-87.

Stories by Louisa M. Alcott and Frank R. Stockton—several by other authors.

A Short Story by Mrs. Burnett, whose charming "The Little Lord Fauntleroy" has been a great feature in the past year of *St. Nicholas*.

War Stories for Boys and Girls. Gen. Badaud, chief-of-staff, biographer and confidential friend of Gen. Grant, and one of the ablest and most popular of living military writers, will contribute a number of papers describing in clear and vivid style the leading battles of the civil war. They will be panoramic descriptions of single contests or short campaigns, presenting a sort of literary picture gallery of the grand and heroic contests in which the parents of many a boy and girl of to-day took part.

The Serial stories include "Juan and Juanita," an admirably written story of Mexican life, by Frances Courtenay Baylor, author of "On Both Sides"; also "Jenny's Boarding-House," by James Otis, a story of life in a great city.

Short Articles, instructive and entertaining, will abound. Among these are: "How a Great Panorama is Made," by Theodore R. Davis, with profuse illustrations; "Winning a Commission" (Naval Academy), and "Recollections of the Naval Academy"; "Boring for Oil," and "Among the Gas Wells," with a number of striking pictures; "Child-Sketches from George Eliot," by Julia Magruder; "Victory Hugo's Tales," by George W. Fennell, recently published by Brander Matthews; "Historic Girls," by E. S. Brooks. Also interesting contributions from Nora Prentiss, Harriet Prescott Spofford, Joaquin Miller, H. H. Boyesen, Washington Gladden, Alice Wellington Rollins, J. T. Crowbridge, Lieutenant Frederick Scott, H. B. Brooks, Grace Denio Litchfield, Rev. J. Hawthorne Lathrop, W. B. Platt, Mary Mapes Dodge, and many others, etc., etc.

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## Shorthand.

This department is edited by PROF. WILLIAM D. BRIDGE, A. M., Principal of the School of Phonography in CHAUTAUQUE UNIVERSITY.  
[Address Lock Box 555, Plainfield, N. J.]

Wide awake phonographers are invited to contribute to this department: 1. Brief suggestions. 2. Newspaper clippings on shorthand. 3. Legal documents in your State concerning phonography. 4. Personalities relative to shorthand writers or work. 5. Type writer or machine report intelligences. 6. Local shorthand associations. 7. Shorthand periodicals or books for notice in our columns.

### Dots and Dashes.

"—There's a boom all around. Even the cumbersome and effete systems get boosted into prominence by scheming politicians, and both books and buyers are sold."

"—Mrs. L. A. Calder, of Evanston, Ill., was one of the most enthusiastic, best informed and progressive phonographers at the Chautauque Shorthand union meetings this summer."

"—We are delighted to see the steady progress made by Mr. Graham in engraving his reporting contractions, etc. in the *Student's Journal*. Some day he will be awaiting their publication in book form."

"—We have no doubt that *The Nestor* will give greater space hereafter to the reporting style. Nine lines, Bro. Morris, is good; but our voracious appetite for your briefest style will hunger for more such bread."

"—We shall welcome the new edition of Mr. Graham's SECOND READER. Specimen pages from his own engraving are published in the *Journal*. Our friend shows wonderful dexterity of finger, as well as acuteness of judgment in this work."

"—W. D. Miller, Esq., 525 Broad Street, Newark, N. J., is the regularly appointed successor of the late Mr. Walbridge, New Jersey agent for the Remington Type Writer. The justly celebrated Walbridge pure line typewriter paper can be obtained of him."

"—In our early practice of shorthand, we were greatly aided in acquiring a good size of strokes by using triple-line paper. We highly commend such a habit to beginners. Send thirty-five cents to Prof. F. G. Morris, Southampton, Mass., and get one pad of good quality."

"—Brown & Holland and S. S. Packard were very enthusiastic over their shorthand magazines, but they *figure up* the ghost and died." But Prof. Morris, acting on the principle "Nothing venture, nothing have," determined to be phonographic or nothing—and with him it will be "phonographic."

"—Elias Longley was one of our correspondents away back in the fifties. We always honored him for his work's sake. A veteran in years, he is one of our most honored veteran phonographers. Los Angeles, California, is his present home, where he seeks a more healthful climate than smoky Cincinnati. May he live many years, full of all good to him."

"—Many of our correspondents have had special reason to surmise our departure for Europe with Dr. Vincent of Chautauque fame, our correspondence having been almost entirely neglected in September and part of October. We beg pardon, but a wretchedness of year of severe toil almost stranded us in September, and we are only now beginning "to pick up the loose threads" of our work."

"—Doctors disagree, and the patient gets well. A recent author of a shorthand "system" comes out squarely against pen-written phonography and in favor of all-pencil writing. Now, brother, draw it mild. Don't be hard on us who never use a pencil if we can possibly help it. We believe increase of speed comes to him who does not have to "bear on" a pencil to get a mark. The pen (Writ pen) seems almost to write without any artificial pressure."

"—Aaron Greenwood, Esq., of South Gardener, Mass., is a very young man the threescore and ten of life, but from 1851 he has been up with the times in all interests, phonetic and stenographic. He has been from the first a diligent collector of papers, pamphlets, periodicals and books relative to shorthand, and desiring that his collection should not be broken up he has his collection of all these or four volumes personally desired excepted to Prof. Bridge, the Editor of this department."

## Phonography.

CONDENSED INSTRUCTION BY PROF. W. D. BRIDGE, PLAINFIELD, N. J.

### TENTH LESSON.

1. Glad to meet you, professor. How the lessons do come around. I suppose you have something new and interesting for me. Yes. But before I give you new material, suppose you tell me what are the subjects of the lessons for the past few months. Very good. In July you taught me general rules for choosing different directions of the strokes "w" and "sh," and how to write "w" and "s" by hooks on straight strokes. In August the principles of "w" and "s" hooks on curves was given. In September the "w" and "r" hooks and "special vocalization" were shown me. In October, my last lesson, it was taught that an "n" hook and a "tion" hook can be written on all letters at the end.

2. Have you not about used up the principle of "hooking" letters? Nearly, but not quite. Now for advanced instruction. On all straight strokes at the end and on the left hand side, looking from the end of the stroke

tion, collective; corruption, corruptive; execution, executive; veneration, venerative; distribution, distributive; speculation, speculative; stupefaction, stupefactive; reclamation, reclusive; obstruction, obstructive; destruction, destructive. There are many more.

3. There is, it seems to me, a charming beauty about this "correlation of forces." The principle is very easily remembered, I should think. True, and Mr. Graham has sought to make the system thus most harmonious with itself. And now let me say that the "plurals," or the "s" which often makes the plural number, is added to the "tive" hook as it was to the "tion" hook, by making a small circle clear and inside the hook. (See plate I, section 3.) Actives, optatives, negatives, adjectives, connectives, adverbs, electives, ingitives, comparatives, prerogatives, restoratives, refractives, deceptives, executives.

6. Will you do me the favor to give me a reading exercise which may tax my understanding of the previous lesson? Yes. (Read plate II, section 1.) Here you will find the following principles: Consonants, vowels, diphthongs, circles, loops, simple word signs, the "w," "sh," "s," "w," "s," "r," "s," "w," "s," and "w," and

## Thomas Townsend.

Away back in the fifties, when the editor of this department was an enthusiastic student of shorthand and shorthand history, the name of THOMAS TOWNSEND was often seen in the papers, and known to him by more ways than one. But as the years passed it was thought had been that this enthusiastic teacher of stenography had "gone the way of all the earth."

Knowing from *Rockwell's Circular of Information Concerning Shorthand*, published by the Bureau of Education at Washington, that Thomas Townsend had been a phonographic author as long ago as 1851, sixty years before Isaac Pitman brought out his first brochure, "Stenographic Soundhand," our fear that he had departed from this world was most natural. But a chance correspondence revealed the fact: most cheering that the veteran still lived not far from our own home, and is vigorous, pursuing daily his regular avocation as shorthand writer, and after the lapse of many years was about to bring out a new edition of his *Stenography*. At once we entered into a most pleasing correspondence with this Nestor among shorthanders, and received letters which show that his hand has lost none of its cunning, whether as a longhand or shorthand artist.

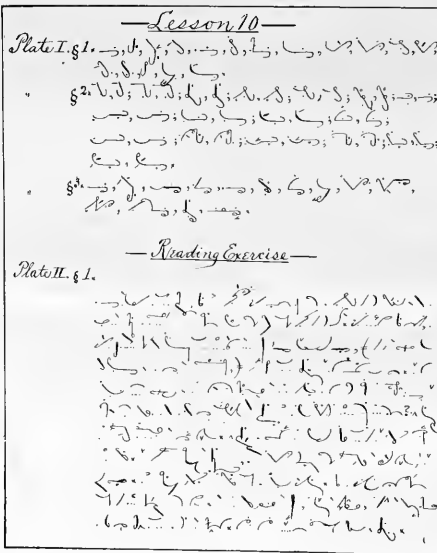
We will allow Mr. Townsend to become his own biographer. He writes us as follows: "My Dear Sir:—In accordance with your request I furnish you with a few facts with regard to the origin of my system of shorthand, and my experience in the art."



THOS. TOWNSEND.

I was born at Crich, Derbyshire, England, on the seventh day of May, 1816, and therefore was seventy-six years old on the seventh of May last (1896). I received my education principally at the academy conducted by the Rev. Joshua Shaw, at Hlestone, near Nottingham. At the age of about sixteen I went to reside at Preston, Lancashire. While there my attention was called to Harding's, then newly published, system of shorthand, a modification of Taylor's treatise, which I studied and mastered. In other words, I had sacrificed friends to join them in learning the system of Mr. James Henry Lewis, a popular one at that time, as a substitute for Harding's. The change, however, proved a great mistake; for, although the system of Mr. Lewis possessed some excellent features, the manuscript was very difficult to decipher, as well as more liable to errors. In other words, I had sacrificed comparative legibility for apparent brevity.

In the summer of 1830 a married sister of mine and her husband received intelligence from Boston, Mass., that they were to be greatly benefited by the death of a relative; but neither of them were willing to cross the ocean for the advantages of a new system of writing was something of a mystery to me, which very few persons seemed to comprehend, and my habit of occasionally taking down the sermons of the Rev. Daniel Sharpe, D. D., the pastor of the Charles street Baptist church and other distinguished clergymen in



to the beginning, there is a large hook to represent the syllable "tion." This hook is *never* used on curved strokes. Read Plate I, section 1.) Active, dative, putative, comparative, connective, affirmative, future, comparative, inceptive, sportive, operative, alternative, negative, fugitive, vocative.

3. This hook is exactly the opposite to the "tion" hook, is it not? Yes. The "tion" hook on straight strokes is always on the right hand side, looking from the end to the beginning, but the "tive" hook is on the left hand side, at the end. "Graham" phonography makes a great gain in the use of this hook for "tive" over other systems which use both the hook on the right and that on the left for the same syllable, "tion," and over those systems which fail to make what is best, "corresponding" hooks on opposite sides. See the beautiful symmetry of these hooks as shown (Plate I, section 2.) Option, optative; caption, captive; deception, deceptive; reception, receptive; inaction, inceptive; perception, perceptive; affection, active; negation, negative; affection, affective; vocalization, vocative; election, elective; inaction, inactive; illustration, illustrative; communication, communicative; initiation, imitative; application, applicative; satisfaction, satisfactive.

4. Are these all the words in which these hooks are "complementary"? No. Write yourself the following: Correction, corrective; collec-

"n," sounds by different modes of writing (sometimes by stroke and sometimes by hooks, prefixes for "con," "com," and "accom," affixes for "ing," "ive," "ous," etc.). Do you best and you will do well, I doubt not. We have other very beautiful and valuable principles to be unfolded in the remaining lessons of this course. Get ready for them, and take this advice: Go back to lesson one in the February number, read and study it, doing the same with each following lesson, and you will have laid grand foundations.

Any desiring to write out this reading exercise for correction, can send twenty cents to Prof. Bridge and receive the corrected sheet.

"The Phonetic Journal has been publishing as a serial a very well written series of articles entitled "Phonography in the Office." The suggestions are more especially suitable for English business establishments, but many would be applicable to our own land.

—Among the propositions made in England for the recognition of Isaac Pitman's services as inventor and publisher of phonography are these: The erection of a statue, the presentation to him of a large sum of money to be used by him in advancing the cause; a memorial to her majesty, the queen, asking her to give him the honor of knighthood. Other suggestions are in order, and contributions are solicited from both sides the ocean.

that city, attracted considerable attention and curiosity.

In accordance with the suggestions and advice of some friends, I resolved to give a course of lessons in shorthand, which proved so satisfactory to myself and my pupils that I decided to devote my attention thereafter to the profession of teaching the art, and I opened rooms for that purpose in the Tilton building, No. 20 Court street. One day, while standing at the entrance of the building, I was greatly amused by a couple of countrymen who were trying to interpret my professional sign card, which represented an express messenger on horseback carrying in one hand a copy of paper containing Webster's reply to Calhoun in the United States Senate, upon a subject which then agitated the country. One of the countrymen remarked to the other, "What does it mean, Jim?" The other replied, "I suppose it means that we can write as

York. In the spring of 1833 my "Stenographic Copy Book," "Stenographic Olio" and "Stenographic Conversation Cards," were published by Lilly, Walt, Colman & Holden, of Boston. In these, characters were introduced to represent the vowels that could be joined to the consonant characters, but I was not fully satisfied with the form or style selected for that purpose, although they were the only ones available under the old arrangement for representing the consonants, and I became thoroughly convinced that a still greater reform in expressing the vowel and

part, abandoned my profession as a teacher, and thus allowed the demand for my textbook to run out, being unwilling to labor almost entirely for the benefit of my publishers. I then turned my attention to general reporting in New York, which I continued almost uninterruptedly until 1865, since which time I have been actively engaged in looking after the sayings and doings of our neighbors in Westchester county, for New York journals. I have kept on and up to the present time, embracing a period of forty-five years, most of which I have been employed on the New York

tribe, spent in the bosom of his family and friends. May his days be many, and be full of all good.

#### The Mentor.

Something classic must surely be the title Prof. Morris' new magazine, and not the everyday expressions in which "shorthand," "phonographic," "reporters" would be prominent. The Professor is unique—his thoughts and his thought enchainment alike uncommon.

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#### Pen Points.

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Thomas Townsend's  
Stenographic Alphabet  
1881

Consonants.	Double Consonants.
b	ch
d	sh
f	sh
g	th
h	wh
j	Voise Co and Shiphengd
k	ā
l	ā
m	ā
n	ā
o	ā
p	ā
q	ā
r	ā
s	ā
t	ā
v	ā
w	ā
x	ā
y	ā
z	ā

fast as a horse can gallop." I let them go home with their own ideas on that point.

In order to reduce my labor of imparting instruction I had a supply of copy books printed containing the rudimentary lessons in shorthand according to the Lewisian system, with modifications of my own. In the spring of 1831 I published a small treatise on shorthand as an aid to the study of it, and then gave instruction in Harvard University, also in Salem and New Bedford, Mass., Providence and Newport, R. I., Portland and Bowdoin College, Me. Amongst my pupils in Salem, was George Peabody, the distinguished millionaire banker and philanthropist. Before the close of the year another edition of my textbook on shorthand was printed, but was destroyed by fire in the Binley of Marsh, Capen & Lyon, Washington street, Boston, Mass., leaving me after paying all expenses incurred for engraving, printing, etc., with only three dollars cash in pocket.

In the spring of 1832 another edition of the "Guide to Shorthand" was issued from the press of Henshlish Howe & Co., of New Haven, Conn., and Joselyn, Darling & Co., of New

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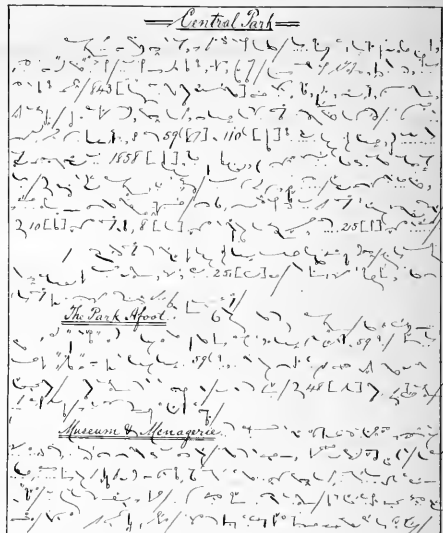
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Chicago, Ill., has received a call to a more re-  
narrative position, and Prof. Cross parts  
with him with regret.

—The Anarchists caused the stenographers of Chicago to win a "goody number of shek-  
ek" by reporting the famous trial. \$1,200 was paid by the defense for shorthand work, and the prosecution paid about \$3,000, not including the regular salary of the official stenographer, Mr. Purcell, thus making probably not less than \$5,000 for fifty days. Comfortable pickings!

Some very interesting features of Prof. Brigg's department are necessarily crowded out of this issue.



Prof. F. G. Morris.

Prof. F. G. Morris is a genius—we have thought and said this for more than a score of years—in fact, ever since he graduated at the same academy with myself nearly thirty years ago, with high honors. He was in the active ministry of the Methodist Episcopal church for many years, and frequently our own library has resounded to his aphoristic theological utterances. His churches were several of the largest and most important in Boston, Lynn and elsewhere in Massachusetts. As a preacher he was probably unequalled—a certain vein of scientific, logical and captivating expression always characterizing his discourse. Though not in the active ministry to-day, he is almost constantly engaged in pulpit supply in his own town and vicinity, being extremely popular outside as well as inside his own ecclesiastical walls. He is a citizen of credit in his own community, a member of the Board of Education, in which work his rare judgment manifests itself.

Mr. Morris has had considerable experience as a member of the State Legislature of Massachusetts, and no member of that body during his connection with it surpassed him in perfect knowledge of all parliamentary practice, and this was freely spoken of as unexpected in a minister.

Mr. Morris is a constant student, an acute thinker, an accurate judge of literary and linguistic matters, and well read in several literatures. If we remember rightly he wrote in shorthand every word of the Burtons' Essay that he might cultivate the graces of language and language expression in beautiful phonographic forms.

Mr. Morris is well married, and has a home where many earnest shorthand students have found motherly care and fatherly instruction as they have been fitted for their work. Mr. Morris was a member of our own parish in Eastern Massachusetts, when Mr. Morris won her as his bride. His children are in their early manhood and womanhood, and a great comfort to our old-time friend.

Mr. Morris has been an associate with us until recently as an active professor in the phonographic department of Chatsaugua University, but increasing educational work at home, and the new (and we trust successful) venture in the editing and publishing of his entirely shorthand magazine, the *Mentor*, demand the time that we would gladly have him give to our assistance.

For phonographic insight, perspicuity of expression and devotedness to his beloved art of standard phonography, few of our acquaintances compare with our old friend, Morris.

W. D. Bridge.

Artemus Ward.

Is he gone to a land of no laughter—  
This man that made mirth for us all?  
Proves death but a silence hereafter  
From the sounds that delight or appal?  
Once closed, have the lips no more duty?  
No more pleasure the exquisite cars?  
Has the heart done overfording with beauty,  
At the eye have the tears?

Nay, if aught be sure, what can be sorer  
Than that which is with our ear?  
And of all the heart springs none are purer  
Than the springs of the fountain of mirth.  
He that sounds then has pierced the heart's "bellow"  
The places where tears are and sleep,  
For the foam flakes that dance in life's shadow  
Are wrong from life's deep.

He came with a heart full of gladness,  
From the glad-hearted world of the West—  
Was our laughter, but not with mere madness,  
Spoke and joked with us, not in mere jest;  
For the man in our heart lingered after,  
When the merriment died from our cars,  
And those that were freed from laughter  
Are silent in tears!

**SUPERIOR PENING.—Gallbraith:** We take pleasure in stating that for business correspondence and general office work, your pen, "Gaskell Compendium No. 1," is preferred above all others by those engaged in these departments of our establishment.

It gives us great satisfaction always to testify to the merits of a really good article which we have thoroughly tested.

Yours very truly,

BANKS, BANKS & BIDDLE,  
Jewellers, Philadelphia.

Sept 24<sup>th</sup> 1886  
Editor Penman's Gazette  
Chicago

Dear Sir  
Permit me to hand you  
herewith some specimens of my card writing  
I have always been an ardent admirer of  
fine penmanship and take pleasure in noting  
the wonderful progress made in the art of late  
years—It reflects the greatest credit on the im-  
proved systems introduced and it affords me  
unqualified pleasure to state that the *Compendium*,  
*Penman's Hand-book* and *Gazette* have been chiefly  
instrumental in producing the marked improve-  
ment in my case. Wishing the *Gazette* con-  
tinued success, I am

Yours truly  
P. E. Stevens

CLEAR STROKES BY P. E. STEVENS, JOLIET, ILL.

An Old Offer Renewed.

All who send a club of six subscribers at \$1 each for GAZETTE and "Guide," or GAZETTE and "How to Write for the Press," or GAZETTE and "Select Readings," during the months of July and August, will receive free a copy of our \$5 "Penman's Hand Book," advertised on page 7. How many clubs of six shall we have before Jan. 1?

The Yellow Year.

The yellow year is hastening to its close;  
The little birds have almost sung their last,  
Their song notes twitter in the dreary blast—  
That shrill-piped harbinger of early snows,  
The guttural hoarseness of the scowling rime,  
Oft with the woman's hair crystal quaintly glossed,  
Hazes a pale mourner for the summer past,  
And wakes a little summer where it grows;  
In the child's sunbeam at the fount, brief day  
The dusky waters shudder as they shine;  
The resolute hoarseness obstruct the struggling way  
Of very birds, which as deep banks disflow,  
And the quaint woe, in rugged, scant array,  
Wring their old limbs with no other cry twine.

—Coleridge.

Can't Be Heard.

The sweetest sounds  
Are those most near akin to silences,  
Such as sea whispers rippling at the prow  
When the load engine ceases, muffled bells,  
Or echoes of a far-off wave of song  
In mellow minsters; and the sweetest thoughts  
Are those for whispers of bonanzy,  
And love and death, which none can ever hear  
Amid the mighty voices of the world.

—Ez.

'Change.

- The *Western Penman* for October is a good number.
- The *Business Student*, Galveston, Tex., is a bright little sheet.
- The *Literary Life* for October is a gem of pure and noble thought.
- The *Penman's Art Journal* for October is full of bright thought.
- The *School Supplement* continues to take the lead among educational periodicals.
- The *Pennsylvania Teacher*, Pittsburg, for October, is one of our intelligent exchanges.
- The *Business Educator*, Owen Sound, Ont., is a strong advocate of the practical in education.
- The *Shorthand Writer*, Chicago, is a neat journal published in the interests of taktigraphy and its writers.

—The *Pen and Ink Journal*, Chicago, under the artistic touch of B. M. Worthington, is growing into a beautiful organ.

—The *Practical Educator*, Trenton, N. J., is one of our most valuable exchanges. Brother Rider displays fine taste and judgment in its make-up.

—The *American Bookkeeper and Salesman*, published in Milwaukee and Chicago, is a well-edited journal in the interest of accountants and salesmen.

Written for the GAZETTE.

Memories of May.

BY GEO. BANCROFT CRIBFIELD.

Once more with a delicate shiver  
The poplars are stirred (o' the hill,  
It's blue is the beautiful river,  
How soft is the voice of the rill;  
And my heart strings with memories quiver,  
That are haunting and pleasing me still!  
I look on the swift-wheeling vawillon,  
The motion my pulses will thrill  
Till the pinnions of fancy I borrow,  
With never a bit of a dim of ill;  
As of yore, do I think of the merriment,  
Of the woodland, the playground, the mill.  
O, Gables of Beauty! Still hover  
O'er every fair haunt that I knew;  
There echo, sweet notes of the pleasure,  
And singing birds, meth in the blue!  
For sometime that green turf will cover  
My form, when life's journey is through.

# SCHOOL MEMORANDUMS

—M. B. Moore reports a good mail business, as he deserves.

—We have a brief letter from H. W. Shaylor this month.

—J. G. Harmon, Lexington, Ky., does some very nice engraving.

—We have a well-written letter from O. A. Hoffman, Milwaukee, Wis.

—J. M. Harkins of Calhoun, Ga., writes as neat a business hand as the best.

—Philo Talt, Brooklyn, N. Y., gives us some thing to smile over each month.

—A. W. Dakin still holds his position in the front ranks of the C. G. H.

—A. E. Par-one of Wilton Junction, Iowa, still infuses life and vigor in his work.

—Frank McFarland of Athens, La., tends the GAZETTE some well-written letters.

—Brother Isaacs favors the GAZETTE's scrapbook with a beautiful swan this month.

—R. S. Collins writes the GAZETTE a letter this month which is full of life and grace.

—G. Bteler of Wooster, O., is meeting with encouragement in his physical training methods.

—T. M. Davis, of Alfred University, N. Y., is doing a grand work in the field of business education.

—Crandall & Webb are furnishing some valuable hints in the way of pen drawing to the profession.

—W. N. Ferris of Big Rapids, Mich., is doing a grand work as a popular business educator of Big Rapids.

—George H. Schuetz is throwing his ink gracefully under the guidance of McKee and Henderson at Oberlin, Ohio.

—G. W. Milkan of Pottstown, Pa., has charge of the College of Penmanship in the Y. M. C. A. building of that city.

—J. A. Wesco favors us with some beautiful specimens of his work. Wesco's work always falls on our retina with a graceful sweep.

—C. A. Faust of Chicago writes the most beautiful hand we have seen. He is also a superior workman in other branches of the art.

—J. A. Strohgar, teacher of penmanship and bookkeeping in Augustana College, Rock Island, Ill., cuts about as artistic flourishes as the best.

—J. W. Shott of Loganport, Ind., strikes valiantly to the front of the GAZETTE's ranks this month. You may shadow never contact, Brother Shott.

—B. F. Veal of Michigan City, Ind., notwithstanding his name, writes as a very neat letter, wherein he speaks words of highest praise for the Compendium.

—Wood & Van Patten impress the GAZETTE as being two wide-awake college men. Their Commercial College in Davenport is a thriving institution.

—H. J. Williamson, Richmond, Va., has a flourishing school. Every stroke of his pen gives evidence of push. His writing shows clearly the business driving force.

—J. P. Wilson, who writes cards at the Palmer House, Chicago, has opened several evening writing institutes in different parts of the city, and is meeting with good success.

—B. P. Pickens is still advancing in the art of calligraphy. His birds are so life-like they sometimes perch on the rim of our editorial wicker ware and twitter their faints.

—We have received photos of some of James Foeller's masterpieces in the way of resolutions. He is a wonderful artist in that line and a thorough gentleman besides.

—D. B. Williams, the wide-awake muscular movement penman, is doing a good mail business. His writing and ideas are up with the times. He executes every series he preaches.

—A young man in Salem, Mass., will to become a phonographer. He cuts out the short-hand lessons in the GAZETTE and pastes them in a book which he carries in his pocket, studying them earnestly. Plug wins.

Notice the remarkable bargains offered on page 15: Self-Help Series, four volumes for \$6.00, complete set of Charles Dickens' works for \$18.75; 12 volumes Scott's Novels for \$18.00. See the remarkable 50 cent list.

—We have just received a letter from our valued friend, B. P. Kelley of New York, in which is exhibited a conning of skill and a noble spirit. We earnestly wish there were just such men as Kelley in this world.

—Mrs. Bovee, Richland Centre, Wis., is demonstrating to the people of that section that penmanship is not an art in which the lords of creation may dabble and preclude the gentler sex. Her work deserves a liberal patronage.

—A young man existing at Blue Gulch, Mont., has recently shipped us a flourish book, which we are turning to hoot. Penmen wishing their rivals' work hooted at may have it accomplished in good shape at 35 cents per hoot.

—W. D. Showalter, who has been for some time connected with the Bayless Business College, Dubuque, Iowa, has made arrangements to teach in Percer's College of Business, Philadelphia. We predict for Showalter a brilliant career in the field of penmanship.

—J. W. Coffield is driving the quill with muscular force at Kohl & Middleton's museum, Chicago. He is stationed in line with nature's most surprising tricks. Visitors look him over, and seen disappointed when they find him constructed on the plan of the ordinary fawn, with no stray features.

—In this issue we give some exquisite thoughts in verse from the pen of E. R. Latta. Mr. Latta sings in a sweet and simple strain. He seems content with nature as it is. He does not threaten to pluck any of the unruly planets, nor does he become frantic in his verse over some yellow-haired maiden, as is often the case with new birds. This thing of poets getting better themselves because some young woman, sixteen hands high, has crossed their path, was a trifle irksome at times.

## WITH OUR CORRESPONDENTS

—J. D. M., Eureka Springs, Ark., Williams & Rogers, Rochester, N. Y., can furnish you the work on bookkeeping you wish.

—E. P. G. Yarmouth, Me. Dwell more on the oval and m exercise for the first month or so. Do not allow the wrist to touch the desk.

—A. K. B., Chenoa, Ill. You are using the right movement. Go ahead; you will finally make your exit from the proper end of the horse.

—W. E. R., Truro, Ia. You should bridle your capitals; they are wild. You show evidence of the right kind of material in your system to succeed.

—J. T. H., Salem, O. Your writing is very beautiful without reform. The only suggestion we would make would be to secure more freedom of movement.

—C. C. B., Western, O. Put more force in the GAZETTE. Practice the exercises given in the GAZETTE. You can become a good writer by careful practice.

—G. H. L., Exeter, N. H. Yes, your writing is fair. Practice the GAZETTE's lessons more and you will gain more freedom and regularity in your movement.

—C. A. E., Madison, Ind. Your writing looks a little ragged, although the letters are formed fairly well. Leave off the extra finishing strokes. Strive to get a free and regular movement.

—B. R., Philadelphia, Pa. When you have practiced a few months from the Compendium, send in specimens of your work. Just now you should deal on copy slip No. 1, more than any thing else.

—J. M. L., Emmetsburg, New York. Your writing is very neat, but hasn't quite force enough about it. Don't slant your letters quite so much. Round your m's and u's a little more at the top.

—A. H. S., Harold, Dak. Don't shade your down strokes to much. Practice the m exercise until you can make down strokes as light as up strokes. Yes, when you are 21 years

old, we don't doubt but that your writing will equal that of the large guns. When Madrasah was your age, it is said that his writing looked as ink as though he had traced it with a pointed thing.

—L. W., Ashland, Va. Try to make your pen strokes more uniform in height. Your spating between lines is very irregular. Correct these two prominent errors, and your work will look much better.

—W. T. C., El Dorado, Ill. The GAZETTE's lessons are doing you good. We notice a grace and strength about your work which is pleasing. You are on the right track to become a penman. Keep it up.

—F. M. F., Athens, La. We should say you write with a fair muscular movement, but haven't regulated it fully, by practicing exercises of a simple nature. Your work shows evidence of determination to succeed.

—F. L. D., Kansas City, Mo. You are on the right track. Glad to see the GAZETTE's lessons are doing so much for you. Your writing while very neat, shows a lack of free movement. Drill on the exercise copies more.

—J. G. R., Bright, Ont. The lessons in penmanship will be continued in the GAZETTE. We can furnish back numbers of the GAZETTE to December, 1885. You can have your subscription date back to December, and thereby get the full course of lessons.

—C. W. A., Buffalo, N. Y. Your bump of veneration may be made more tubercular by a few cudgels from a congenial brick. Apply on the crown of your intellect three or four times a day until your brain begins to jostle against your dome, and things terrestrial assume a dizzy hue.

—R. S. C., Knoxville, Tenn. In writing to your lady friend you should never address her as "Dear Biddy," or "Tocky Wopsy." There is a ring about such epithets that will give the girl a taste to drop herself with a gurgling splash into some large wet body of water. It also has a tendency to set the paternal hound in a state of violent vibration when you call. No, the seal of art is not an emblem of consistency.

—E. L. B., Providence. Your document bearing a baboon's footprint as signature, and a fragment from your nether drapery as seal, will be brought over from the P. O. in a sealed pouch. After administering chloroform and carbolic acid we have it under fair control. The office boys are convalescing slowly. Do you not in your numerous correspondence, find it tedious to be compelled to remove your shoe in order to sign a document?

—J. J. D., Scranton, Pa. Your letters are not positive. You do not use a free movement. Put more force in your work. You can become a good penman by careful practice. Your bird's head has wandered quite a distance from its body, and you know that naturally necessitates an ungainly waste of neck. There isn't sufficient swoop about the bird's make-up to ever overtake the winged alligator which is fleeing from a gaping fate.

—B. P. P., Mooreville, Tenn. Your bird looks very well, but it is a door mat or a sheep skin in its attitude. You have fastened it. You have inserted his eye too far down his neck. Why didn't you place it under his wing since he can't afford an eyelash on his slender neck? The bug you have built in the front ranks certainly places little value on his life, as he seems cool and collected right under the shadow of a yawning William, or bill as you choose to call it.

—W. W. B., Pekin, China. Your supersenders are too short. The curve may be taken out of your vertebrae by applying a rectangular crow-bar under your vest. The constant straining of simmons through your whiskers no doubt has given them that decreed and faded appearance. To know that the citizens of Pekin appreciate your skill enough to pay you 11 cents per year. You have certainly made wonderful progress in shirt marking. With the method you have adopted, you will no doubt accumulate a vast wardrobe and disoblige the Mongolian race.

The October GAZETTE pleases me "munchy." The fact begins to dawn upon my obtuse intellect that you are the "right man in the right place." Find inclosed \$4, for which

please place me "on the list." Any one who has "tasted the spice of your jovial nature," and is not willing to go \$1 on it, is a fit subject for the embalmer. Accept my warmest congratulations, and best wishes for your future success.

FELDING SCHOFIELD.

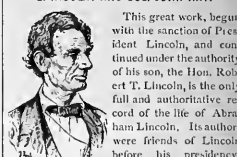
## THE CENTURY

For 1886-87.

THE CENTURY is an illustrated monthly magazine, having a regular circulation of about two hundred thousand copies, often reaching and sometimes exceeding two hundred and twenty-five thousand. Chief among its many attractions for the coming year is a serial which has been in active preparation for sixteen years. It is a history of our own country in its most critical time, as set forth in

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**THE WAR SERIES,** which has been followed with unflinching interest by a great audience, will occupy less space during the coming year. Gettysburg will be described by Gen. Hunt (Chief of the Union Artillery); Gen. Longstreet, Gen. E. M. Law, and others; Chickamauga, by Gen. D. H. Hill; Sherman's March to the Sea, by Generals Howard and Slocum. Generals G. A. Gilmore, Wm. F. Smith, John Gibbon, Horace Porter, and John S. Mosby will describe special battles and incidents. Stories of naval engagements, prison life, etc., etc., will appear.

**NOVELS AND STORIES.** "The Hunderth Man," a novel by Frank R. Stockton, author of "The Lady, or the Tiger?" etc., begins in November. Two novelettes by George W. Cable, stories by Mary Halleot Foote, "Uncle Remus," Julian Hawthorne, Edward Eggleston, and other popular American authors, will be printed during the year.

**SPECIAL FEATURES** (with illustrations) include a series of articles on affairs in Russia and Siberia, by George Kennan, author of "Tent Life in Siberia," who has just returned from a most eventful visit to Siberian prisons; papers on the Food Question, with reference to its bearing on the Labor Problem; English Cathedrals; Dr. Eggleston's Religious Life in the American Colonies; Men and Women of Queen Anne's Reign; by Mrs. Oliphant; Clairvoyance, Spiritualism, Astrology, etc., by the Rev. J. M. Buckley, D. D., editor of the *Christian Advertiser*; astronomical papers; articles throwing light on Bible history, etc.

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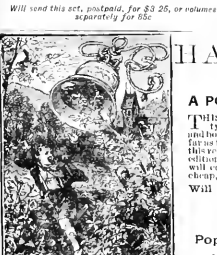
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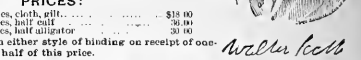
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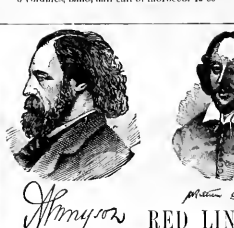
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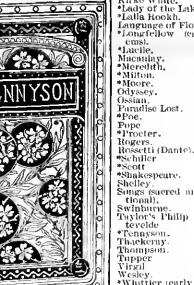
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Eight Years' Wanderings in Ceylon. Baker.

Edging the Bold. Bullock.

Ethan Brand. Hawthorne.

Fire Brigade. Houghton.

Fern Leaves. Fanny Fern.

Five Brigs. Houghton.

Frankenstein and Dennis Duval. Mrs. Shel.

Franklin's Autobiography. Franklin and St.

Gem of Oratory.

German of Picaresque. Black.

Grimm's Popular Tales. Grimm.

Gulliver's Travels and Baron Munchausen.

Half-Hours with Great Authors.

Half-Hours with Great Authors.

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# PENNMAN'S GAZETTE

AND BUSINESS EDUCATOR

THE G. A. GASKELL CO., PUBLISHERS.

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VOL. VIII.—No. 12.

## D. B. Williams.

By a slight ocular demonstration the reader of this page may catch upon his or her retinal tissues, the graphic outlines of one of the most vivacious little beings of the world of coils and curves is capable of bringing to the fraternal footlights. To omit the fact that he was born would be to depart from the regular custom of biographers. It is generally understood that birth is the *cordium* of every man's career, the *apex*, the *beginning* of every sojourner on this terrestrial ball. Mr. Williams was born in Ottawa, Waukesha county, Wis., about four-and-twenty years ago. His early years were not filled with beds of roses, therefore he knows the flavor of the gall and wormwood of experience. Being the possessor of an invincible spirit and an adhesiveness to purpose he has climbed and carved his way up the *spiral* stairway to enviable success. He made his first marks by holding a metallic utensil to *terra firma* and coaxing a steed to draw the same, but he is now bitterly opposed to the *drawing* process. He tilted his father's soil until eighteen, when the possibilities of life began to spread out before him on a larger scale; and he bid farewell to rural life and sought the hazy world of commerce in crowded cities. He came to Chicago and found employment in a mercantile house, where he remained for some time, then he went to Milwaukee and entered the very excellent business college of Prof. Robert Synerer. He found this course of great value, for no sooner than he had completed that we find him in the counting room of a large Milwaukee firm successfully managing their accounts. In 1883 he resigned this position, which he had so competently filled, to enter the field of penmanship.

Within three years Mr. Williams has pushed himself fairly and grandly to the front of his calling. He is now teaching in Bryant's Business College, Chicago, at a liberal salary. He is a very successful instructor of not only penmanship but of accounts and business arithmetic as well. He has the happy faculty of inspiring his pupils to their utmost effort by permeating the schoolroom with a cheerful and enthusiastic atmosphere. In addition to his school duties he is building up an extensive mail business all over the country. His national course of lessons by mail are proving a grand success, as every mail brings testimony to the fact from those who are practicing them. This writing is done with a graceful muscular movement, and therefore is strikingly fresh and beautiful. Few penmen possess so much scope of movement, and at the same time such perfect control as he.

We know Mr. Williams to be a young man of superior character; a man of his word; a gentleman from principle and not from policy. He is not warped by praise or blinded by egotism, but seems to have a sense in life marked out which he is following to the letter.

For the PENNMAN'S GAZETTE.

## Recollections of a Penholder.

It has been wisely observed by Mr. Cheops, or some other paleolithic philosopher, that the child is father to the man. We are not, however always in the condition of mind and heart to fully appreciate the fact, nor do the circumstances seem always to harmonize with the theory. For example, a small but very wicked boy may pin to the rear elevation of our sacred person some such play-ball legends as "Nobody's Child." As we reach impulsively into space with our left hand to grasp the

situation and the boy, we may strive in vain to reconcile all the apparent inconsistencies of the case, though in our strong right hand we hold a vivid imagination and a piece of siding. The placard may be true in its main features, and yet we know, when we grow calm, that we are the immediate offspring of just such a piece of noise and inflammation as we arose with a convenient barrel-stave. On the other hand, as we gaze into a cradle and perceive a month, with other human members distributed feebly about it, there is some difficulty in believing that this infant is the father of some grown person—especially if it is a girl. And yet we know on the authority of an adage as old as the newest minstrel "gag," that it must be so

page. In one of them I had occasion to use the word expect. I wrote it "eckpect," rather than compromise my reputation by making a stagger at a letter "X." It was the same unknown quantity of the deepest dye that it is in Robinson's Algebra.

Later in life, other influences got in their work. One of the most conspicuous of these came with my first and only love. We were very fond, but the course of true love, etc. In the same class was a large, corn-fed, platter-faced girl, named Jennie, who organized and maintained a desperate flirtation, to the great grief of my gentle Lucy. So one day I received, via the red-haired, intellectual girl, and the bullet-headed boy, a slate bearing this

seen very small causes." It was "luff" to be convicted, but it was still more harrowing to be required to write my own sentence. But I did it, and as a part of the original penalty I did it before I had any recess. While the other boys and girls were out playing "gool"—that's the way it was pronounced—and "shinny," and in the exuberance of delight socking snow down the backs of their necks, I was congregated behind my desk writing that beausily phrased "all over quires and quires of legal cap. For a while I wrote the whole sentence, running along one line, thus:

Great results often follow from what seem very small causes.

Then I would write in the vertical order, thus:

Great results  
Great results  
Great results

When the column was full, I would begin again at the top:

often follow  
often follow

By varying the order in this and other ways I managed to outlive the sentence, but I can attribute the thinness of my hair on top to no other cause. As in the case of the Psalmist, no affliction for the present seemed joyous, but grievous, etc., so this agony was fruitful in the most far-reaching consequences. When I rose from that supreme effort my system was naturally more or less callous, but I could swing a pen with awful and destructive power. For months afterward, I could have written "Great results," etc., all over the tissue paper of my thoughts, with my left hand tied behind me, Marquis of Salisbury rules.

PHIL I. SEINE.

For the PENNMAN'S GAZETTE.

## The Eve of Winter.

Though even has flown and invisible fingers,  
Are silently studying the heaven with light,  
The glow of her parting kiss blanching fingers  
Upon the dark cheek of the bowing night,  
And where the thin curtains of cloud are dividing  
As rose-tinted lids of a luminous eye,  
Full orb and effulgent fair Luna is gliding  
Across the blue vault of the cloud-appled sky.

The planets are forth. Bright Andromeda graces  
The height where the Pleiades tremble and gleam.  
Superbly in glory through limitless space,  
The far-off Milky-way like a nebulous stream.  
The terrible Dragon is dimly revealing  
His mighty dimensions, and far in the east,  
The gliding Hesperus, it is vividly stealing  
Along in pursuit of the shadowy Beast.

The river Niagara shivers and shimmers,  
And stretches away like a platinum flume;  
Like Venus through vapor ruddy light glimmers  
Afar and alone on the opposite shore;  
While high above the trees where the stream in its  
turning

Conceals the bright emerald, the flame and the glare  
The odorous smoke of brown Autumn leaves burning,  
Ascends like a ghost in the silvery air.

Obescent Autumn! brown sister of Summer!  
Thy footprints have faded from mountain and plain;  
And gone is each songster, and honey gorged hummer,  
The tumult of music, the ripple of rain.  
The borean voices roll harsher and stronger  
Through desolate "temple"—a dolomitic psalm!  
The glory has faded and flown, and no longer  
The breath of the woodland comes hushed with halm!

C. W. ANDERSON.

"Certain thoughts are prayers. There are moments when the soul is kneeling, no matter what the attitude of the body may be."



In the case of nearly all great men their particular genius has been foreshadowed in youth. (I borrow this fine, thoroughbred word, "foreshadowed," from a reporter for the daily press, with the understanding that it is to be returned in good order, reasonable wear and tear excepted.) How strikingly is the general truth illustrated in the life of Melchisedek and the present writer. It is true, I was not in childhood the accomplished penman I have since become. But the germs of the Spencerian system were early implanted in my own, and only awaited the arrival of the monochrome period of life, to burst into full bloom, as it were. Even during that epoch typified by tamarack gum and stone-brushes, I toyed with the weapon which is mightier than the Springfield musket. While an elder brother was building bridges across wide chasms of Southern malaria, I was taking my first lessons in penmanship and literature. How well do I recall those letters etched into the unoffending paper with the point of a Gillot's school pen, while my breath came hard and my tongue wandered out into the room and kept the pen company along the virgin

peculiar legend: "Do you like I eny?" There was something grotesque and archaic in the form of the interrogatory, but I was not disposed to be critical, and I thought if I knew my own heart, that I could answer that in the affirmative. I did so, unanimously. I saw Lucy read it and grow pensive. Then she wrote out the heart-breaking words, "Good-bye," and passed the slate as before, bottom side up. It was quite clear then that either she or I had made the mistake of our respective lives. The next day I solved the mystery, and in that hour I gained a new and profound regard for penmanship. Properly translated, the question of the constant but anxious Lucy was, "Do you like I eny?" Bitterly did I repent my error, but it was then too late. In the terse and expressive vernacular, she had made another mash, and had no further use for me.

But what really hurtled me upon my brilliant career as a writer was an episode in school during the hair-split period of life. For a bad break I had been hauled before the judge and given this sentence—to write five hundred times: "Great results often follow from what

FOR PENMAN'S GAZETTE.

## FRAGMENTS.

BY W. N. FEARIS.

In a preceding paper we have endeavored to show that the penmanship student should have a practical knowledge of other things than his art. The days are past, if they ever existed, when a three months' course in a business college would equip a young man for commanding a large salary in the counting room or "pen art hall." We also attempted in speaking of penmanship, to show that the art offers admirable means for real mind training, an object seldom regarded by either teacher or pupil.

### HINTS IN TEACHING PENMANSHIP.

It will be impossible for the author of "Fragments" to offer much that is new or valuable to the readers of the GAZETTE, because Prof. Wells and many others have gone over the ground in such a thorough and extensive manner. Young teachers, especially those in the public schools, may be benefited by having their attention brought to the desk or table. But when we reflect that the majority of nimble wamp and deformed the skeleton in a thousand and one ways; when we recognize the fact that very few people ever know how to stand, sit or walk, we should not hesitate to drill pupils in the matter of correct position until they are able to sit with grace and ease.

In fact, the teacher must keep this in mind from first to last, remembering that a correct position of the body, as a whole, and of its parts, is always of very great value.

Another point too frequently ignored is the mental condition or mental attitude of the learner. The entire class should be induced, as far as possible, to assume a happy and cheerful mental state. Smiles, not frowns, should be upon every face. If school is delightful—if it is a place where children come, not only for mental power and knowledge, but for hearty enjoyment, this cheerful attitude will be easily secured. Irritable, fretful, discouraged, tired students accomplish very little in any line. This is especially true in learning any of the arts.

Another point akin to the one just mentioned, and quite as important, is that the pupils really love to write. If they enjoy the exercise—if they take pleasure in anticipating that by and by the hand will become deft, and portray the beautiful outlines existing in the mind—if there is pleasure in the act itself, there can be no doubt concerning the result. In short, lead pupils to come to penmanship-drill as they would come to a rich repast.

Young teachers, and quite often those of much experience, in beginning a course of penmanship-drilling, fail to give their pupils the art sufficient time and attention. Movement exercises are presented during the first week, and then from day to day regular work in writing letters, words and sentences. The truth of the matter is that movement is of primary importance. Movement exercises should continue until the student has acquired long enough to enable him to get control of the muscles employed in doing rapid writing. Nothing is gained by hastening to letter-practice; on the contrary, the tendency is to encourage the pupil to perpetuate his bad habits. Having given the class a thorough explanation of the matter, introduce practice upon letters, still employing daily the regular movement drills. Many of our expert penmen attribute a large part of their success in learning the art, to habitual practice upon a few important movement exercises, such as are given in Gaskell's Conpendium.

Another means, seldom employed by teachers, is to have pupils file daily a slip of their class practice for the instructor's criticism. This criticism should be made in red ink, touching, perhaps, only a single fault. Occasionally write a word of hearty commendation upon the slip. This will cost the teacher but little work, even with a class of forty or fifty, and will place him in a position to better suit his instructions to the actual need of his class. If the pupil dates and preserves his

slip he will, in hours of discouragement, have an opportunity to see just what he has accomplished. In almost every instance the learner will be pleasantly surprised to find that he has made great progress,—discouragement will give way to new hope and confidence.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

FOR THE PENMAN'S GAZETTE.

## Thoughts.

BY W. D. SHOWALTER.

All around us, spread in beautiful profusion, are the creations of mind. In the workshop and factory, as well as in the public libraries, we see the effects of thought. In the onward rush of that locomotive across the river yonder, as well as in the temple of art in far-off sunny Florence, is exhibited the labors of human genius and the fruits of mental research. The mechanic and the author are co-workers in the field of intellectual investigation.

When we stop to reflect on the wonderful strides we are, as a people, making in the grand triumphal march of Christian civilization; when we consider our vast and varied achievements in art, literature and commerce, we cannot repress a feeling of reverence for the divine force that has brought about the improvements and inventions of our present age.

Thought has tunneled the granite mountain.

that progress has reached its limit, and that improvement upon our present seemingly perfect civilized inventions or theories is impossible, will at least discover his mistake ere time hurries him to the silent tomb.

To insure a harmonious march on the highway of progress, it is necessary that earnest thinkers have charge of every department of human industry. The division of civilization's army which falls behind will soon be covered with the dust of oblivion. In all branches of educational effort, constant advancement is necessary. The world is moving; we must fall in line and keep step to the music of the orchestra of thought.

*Phiadelphia, Nov. 29, 1888.*

FOR THE PENMAN'S GAZETTE.

## Success and Failure.

SELFISHNESS AS AN INCREMENT OF BOTH.

BY E. K. ISAACS.

There is perhaps not a person living who is not actuated to a greater or less extent in whatever he does by selfish motives. But the word "selfishness" has a displeasing sound. In its common acceptance, the word represents an odious quality in man. We all hate a selfish person. Yet this consideration of self is a powerful motor in the wonderful machinery of civilization. It is a very difficult matter for an ordinary mortal to do anything

wealth, look after his own interests. This, in fact, is the duty of every one: A man must be "selfish" enough to think well of himself, to have confidence in his own ability, and to put that confidence into practice by being vigilant in the pursuit of his occupation. But all of this should be done with a view to helping others as well as self. Our own success certainly is fraught with greater happiness if it is not built on others' ruin and unhappiness. If we feel that in our own struggle for success we are also causing a betterment of the condition of others, our success will certainly bring us more enjoyment and satisfaction than it would should it have the opposite effect, or no effect whatever, on our fellow beings. Viewed in this light, there is, perhaps, no business or profession whose successful prosecution is productive of as much satisfaction as successful teaching. And under this head might be included preaching, for what is true preaching but teaching? A teacher's success is measured by the improvement of those under his charge.

Compare the life of a successful teacher with the life of a "successful" saloon keeper. The teacher has but fifteen or twenty years with calm satisfaction as he remembers the army of bright and promising youths whom he has led onward and upward to a higher and nobler life. It may be that some have gone astray, but the teacher has the satisfaction of knowing that he has at least tried to elevate his fellow men. The saloon keeper! Let



FREED FROM THE FRANTIC QUILL OF R. S. COLLINS, KNOXVILLE, TENN.

It has chained the lightnings of heaven and made them subservient to human convenience. It has discovered new worlds, and decked the brow of the sea with floating places; it has soared to distant planets, reaching the very walls of heaven in its unlimited wanderings, and in its mystic flights has gone beyond the gates of death and revealed to us the glories of unknown states of existence; it has solved the mysteries of philosophy and delved with untiring vigor into mathematical reasoning; it has developed and promulgated the teachings of science, advanced theological dogmas and guided the hand of the inspired artist and sculptor; it has dotted our country with cities, and girded him and plain alike with bulwarks of steel. It has created the enchanted world of literature and clothed the earth with newspapers; it has established benevolent institutions, founded universities and spread the waves of commerce; it has erected temples and reared monuments that pierce the very clouds; it has even constituted the forces that has raised man from barbarity to Christianity and refinement, from credulity to culture.

The manna of awe-inspiring splendor that beautify our cities are simply thought turned to stone, or embodied in glittering colonnades of marble. Our magnificent public buildings are all the children of the brain clothed in granite.

Thought is not limited in its scope, nor are its possibilities measured. He who believes

without being stimulated to action by selfishness. "Will it pay me?" "What good results will come to me from doing this?" "Why should I do anything, unless I am benefited, directly or indirectly?" These are questions or thoughts that naturally arise whenever any line of action is contemplated. But it does not require any giant intellect or any extraordinary moral capacity to understand that consideration of self alone, without any regard or feeling for the consequences or effects of our actions on our fellow men, is a very mean thing indeed. It is this that attaches such odium to the word "selfishness" and to a selfish person. A liquor dealer sells liquor to a man. The man drinks it to excess, gets drunk, goes home and abuses his wife and children, and causes sorrow and desolation in his household. The liquor dealer perhaps knew that the man would get drunk and abuse his family, but selfishness predominates, and he continues to pour his damnable stuff into the throats of his miserable customers. And so the man who gets drunk, what is it but selfishness that causes him to gulp down the vile poison? He does it to satisfy his own appetite, and without any regard for the effect of his act on his family or other fellow beings.

But there is a certain kind of selfishness that is proper, and that is necessary to the highest success. It is that kind of selfishness which does not allow a person to elevate self by degrading or injuring others. A man has a perfect right to build himself up, accumulate

him look back twenty years over his "successful" life. What has he done over which he may experience a single spark of genuine happiness? Instead of building his success on the betterment of humanity, he builds it on its degradation. Instead of looking back into the past and seeing a multitude of bright and ambitious faces looking up to him for guidance and advice, he sees a multitude of miserable human beings who have been made worse by his "successful" business. His "success" consists simply in making money, and in this he is prompted wholly by selfishness; hence selfishness, in its most odious form, is the successful element in a saloon keeper.

But a teacher's success cannot possibly be measured from a money standpoint only, but by the intellectual and moral improvement of those under his charge as well. It is impossible for a truly successful teacher to be selfish, unless the desire to enjoy the satisfaction of knowing that he has done his duty to the very best of his ability, may be termed selfishness. This, however, is not saying that a teacher has not plenty of temptations to be selfish. What teacher when before a class of pupils, perhaps many of them careless about receiving and appropriating to themselves the truths expounded, does not often feel: Oh, well, what do I care whether these dull pupils get what I am trying to explain, or not? Why should I work and worry myself to death trying to make others better, as long as they do



not seem to care themselves? I say, what teacher is not often tempted in this way? But this is nothing but selfishness asserting itself, and unless it is quonied, the result of our teaching is not satisfactory.

But while successful teaching is fraught with perhaps more genuine satisfaction than success in any other calling, so unsuccessful teaching is perhaps fraught with more unhappiness than is failure in any other calling. What teacher, though ever so successful in the main, does not occasionally feel, at the close of a recitation, that his efforts during the hour have been almost a total failure? And who can imagine a more distressingly mortifying feeling than that which the teacher experiences after such (to him) seemingly unsuccessful attempt?

It might be remarked here that the path of a writing teacher is not always strewn with roses. He has perhaps more temptations to be selfish (which includes vanity) than any other teacher; and it certainly requires no less tact and skill—teaching ability—to teach penmanship successfully than is required in any other field of teaching.

For the PENMAN'S GAZETTE.

### Manuscript Literature of Egypt.

In a former article I stated that the Egyptian papyrus is the oldest manuscripts in the

later blue and rose colored parchments were covered with characters of gold and silver. The hieroglyphics were engraved to vignettes. The papyrus was usually ten inches wide, and of different lengths, some being 150 feet long without any separation into paragraphs.

Many of the manuscripts which are preserved in the museums are in the hieratic characters, and were found in the tombs; these are the so-called "Books of the Dead." The oldest copy of this ritual was found in the tomb of a queen of the eleventh dynasty some three thousand years before the Christian era. The latest is of the second century since Christ. This is the most complete of any yet discovered, being in the demotic or common language and containing 116 chapters. It gives a mystical account of the soul after death, and tells how, by repeating the names and attributes of the many gods, it could reach the hall of Osiris, the ruler of eternity. Here they were to be judged by Osiris and forty-two assessors, typical of the forty-two mortal sins.

These rituals were written and illustrated with more or less magnificence and completeness in proportion to the rank of the deceased or the price his friends were willing to pay, and were placed in the coffin with the dead.

Another class of religious books are those describing the transformation of the gods; or

the conjurer identifies himself with some deity whose power he assumes by incantation. Every one sought aid from the magicians. Even Pharaoh himself was not above it when Moses presented himself before the king with his miraculous rod. Little rolls of papyrus are often found which bear magical inscriptions and seem to have been worn as amulets.

Yet in the many medical works there is no reference made to charms or superstitions. The most remarkable medical papyrus is that of Berlin, which states that it was found at the feet of a statue of Ankhisis in the town of Sekhem in the days of Thoth. After his death King Set had it restored to its place by the statue. King Set belonged to the second dynasty, and if the manuscript was old in his time, it must have been the work of the second king of Egypt. Think of a work on anatomy as old as that. What an encouragement it should be to physicians of the present day! This gives an incomplete account of the human body, and carefully proportioned prescriptions for various ailments, in which milk, honey, spit and vinegars have a prominent place. Also applications of raw flesh, lard and ammonia.

Scientific works show that the Egyptians were acquainted with the true motion of the earth and the planets. An ancient papyrus is entitled "Principle of arriving at the knowledge of

of letter paper or flatcap, and fill the book with the following specimens, varied of course as your judgment and ability may direct.

1. For the first page prepare whatever specimen of writing you will expect your pupils to copy to be used as a basis to reckon improvement on.

2. A page of the figures and short letters in the order you teach them.

3. A page composed of words and sentences made up in the main from short letters.

4. Extended letters and words made up principally of extended letters.

5. Sentences graded from easy to difficult.

6. The capitals in the order you teach them 7, 8, 9, 10. Pages of movements, exercises arranged in the order you use them.

11. A nicely written letter.

12. A page of proper names.

13. Notes, receipts, recipes, etc., written in your best business style.

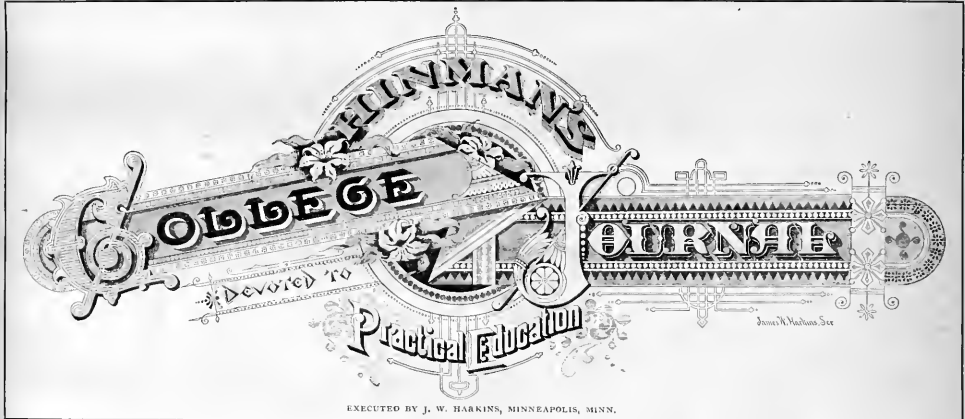
14. A page representing superscriptions for envelopes.

15, 16. Samples of written cards.

17, 18, 19. A variety of capitals, business and ornamental.

20. Signatures.

You now have twenty pages of matter to which may be added whatever you wish, and can be executed in the line of ornamental writing, flourishing and drawing, closing with



world. Therefore this ancient literature was a special interest to me.

At the time of Abraham the Egyptians had attained a degree of civilization since equaled by few nations. Four of its great pyramids had been built. The Sphinx testified to the power of the king's temples and other public buildings, obelisks and columns showed the wealth of the nation and the degree of architectural skill they had acquired.

The earliest records are in the hieroglyphics, or picture writing which they were the first to use. Later a more simple form was adopted for the papyrus, yet the hieroglyphics were retained to illustrate or enforce some ideas, and for State documents and inscriptions. This hieratic writing was made from hieroglyphics, and was used for religious books. A still simpler form, the demotic, had been devised for the common people as the hieroglyphic was for kings and priests.

The Egyptian wrote with a reed, holding at the same time a palette in which were two wells—one of black ink, the other of red. The hieroglyphics were outlined with black, the red denoting paragraphs, directions and repetitions.

Sometimes manuscripts were written in various colors, each one of which had some special significance. Thus, blue was for celestial objects, water and certain metals. Green, for the various productions of the vegetable world, and also for bronze. Red represented the human being, in distinction from animals, which were black. The hair also was black, while pottery and the sun were red. Light and wood were represented by yellow. Other colors were afterward introduced; and still

the lamentations of Isis, the wife of Osiris, when he was conquered by Set (Evil), and carried to the lower world. These are to be found in the tombs of the priests.

The devotional books are nearly all collections of hymns addressed to the sun, or to some god having certain attributes of the sun. These are pure and lofty in sentiment; novels predominated under the Ramesses (the Pharaohs of the Bible). Only two of these have yet been discovered. "The Tale of Two Brothers" was written by Enna, an author of the time of Moses, and was intended for the amusement of the royal princes. The other, "The Romance of Setna," was a much later production, and shows the danger of carelessly handling the sacred books.

Some of the ethical treatises are moral essays, proverbs, dialogue and letters from a teacher to a pupil. One manuscript of moral philosophy speaks in parables, and explains its truth by means of metaphors from common life.

Epistolary correspondence was very common, and many letters are preserved. One collection of fifty-eight in the British museum, are by the scribes Pentaur, Pinea and Enna, the author of "Two Brothers," about the time of the Exodus.

History flourished under the Ptolemies, although the remains of such literature are fragmentary, and many periods are complete blanks.

There are numerous manuscripts illustrating magical beliefs. The ceremonies seem to have been uniform. First, a mythological "evening" between Osiris and Set, or the good and evil powers of nature is described. Then

quantities, and of solving or secrets which are in the nature of things." This is a treatise on geometry, giving regular proportions and their demonstration concerning measurements of surface and solid bodies, especially the pyramids.

The greatest epic is that of Pentant which is sometimes called the Egyptian Iliad, and is several centuries older than the Greek Iliad. It deserves great admiration for the rapid narration of events, gathering the exploits of Ramesses II. in his war with the Khetas as the central thought.

The biographical manuscripts consist of sketches of personal adventure in war and travel. That of Mahor is often called the Odyssey by way of distinction. It gives an account of his journey through Syria and Palestine.

The satirical writings and beast fables, caricature the follies of all classes, not even sparing the king himself. They are often illustrated with comical pictures, mimicking the court of the Pharaohs.

### Penmanship on the Road.

#### POINTERS ON ORGANIZING.

The method offered in this article is what is known in politics as a pill hunt.

Select your territory, pick out your schoolhouse as near as may be at a central point in some well settled neighborhood and go to work.

#### SPECIMENS.

Procure a scrap book with pages somewhat larger than a letter sheet. Use a good quality

of a couple of pages containing the terms of the course of lessons you purpose giving and a blank space for names; in short a subscription list.

If you have taught you have another scrapbook containing circles, showing improvement made by your former students or a part of them.

Armed with these two books and whatever specimens you design to distribute gratuitously, you are ready to go gunning for scholars, and go, let no guilty scribbler escape. Give every one within a reasonable distance of your school a courteous invitation to become a member.

Personally show them the specimens of your work and the work done by your former pupils, explain to them your method of teaching, in fact, make as thorough a canvass as you would to sell a book or run for Congress.

Proceed in this manner and you will have the satisfaction of knowing that those who did not become members of your class had a good and sufficient excuse.

Parents can be solicited for the attendance of their children too young to have a voice in the matter.

You say you do not take the idea. All right; if the GAZETTE has the patience to hear us out, look for an entire change of program next month.

A. E. PANSONS.

Willon Junction, Ia., Oct. 19, 1886.

—We have requests for names of persons who wish to correspond for mutual benefit in Graham penmanship. Send your name and address to the editor of this department, Plainfield, N. J.



## The Gymnasium.

—BY—

Have you survived the last lesson? Do you notice a threadbare look about the under portion of your right sleeves from excessive grinding? Have your forearm muscles congealed or relaxed? If you find that your nerves are all in their normal state, we are ready to make

the December charge. However, before beginning, allow me to reopen the question box. How is your position at the desk? Do you lean forward on the desk until your chin takes the place of a blotter? Do you sit with your feet resting squarely on the floor, or do you twine them

about the chair rounds or thrust them far back in the rear until your position is that of the contortionist doing the backward summersault? Does the weight of your arm rest on the forearm muscle, and does your hand slide on the tips of the third and fourth fingers? Does

your hand keel over to right or left in writing long words or lateral exercises? Can you make ovals with a regular motion? Can you shade oval exercise alternately without changing speed in shaded strokes? Can you move off slowly with muscular exercises and make strokes

smooth, or are they wobbly under slow motion? Perhaps you grip the pen too much. Go over the back number lessons carefully. Commence with ground principles and master them. Don't skim over a month's work in an hour's practice. Suppose an exercise does become a "chestnut," you can't gain anything by skipping unpleasant duties. There are no patent

processes by which a good handwriting can be mastered before breakfast. This thing of mastering a science or art as an appetizer for breakfast has been plunged far into the rusty past. Before you can succeed at writing you must first analyze your desire for the art; is it a huge muscular desire that leads you to your desk every spare moment, and forces you to consume

benzene in the cause, until the hour is so small that no sound can be heard, save your father's snoring and your own surging thoughts? Or is it a desire that can be erased from your mind by the dizzy fabrics of life? Will the intoxication of the fantastic waltz wrench this shallow-set art-yearning from your mind? Is it such that you can cast it aside as a

disabled mitten, and chase the claying sweets of the hour, or is it a love that stands fixed in your mind like a deep-set gate post? How many times your length would you go to wield the pen like the far-famed pen-wiper, L. Madarass? When you enter a speculation or bargain of any kind, you first consider the cost and deal accordingly. In this bargain your labor is

the cost, and the accomplishment the gain or product. You have learned the value of the accomplishment, but have you not been entirely blind to the cost? The most important question, are you willing to begin right, when reason has, by the aid of other helps, pointed

out the right path? When we are willing to pull off the mask of side-whiskered hosh, we must admit that there are very few things to remember in order to learn to write. Of course these ground principles may be diluted by watery and attenuated theories. The principles

of walking may be drawn out into a volume or fold in a sentence. One teacher may tell the pupil to use a regular movement in practicing the oval, and explain the shade and finish, while another unclasp his loquacious organ and allows a roll of verbosity to escape, something after the following plan: "Allow the brawny growth of the forearm to come in juxtaposition

with the desk. Now contract the fibers of the arm sufficiently to bring the fingers against the holder with equal pressure on all sides, which you see is pen-holding. Now cause your pen to circumnavigate an imaginary ovoidal body. Fancy, I might say, an invisible hawser attached to your pen, and also to a mythical stake. Now, dear pupils, you will observe that your

pen 'cawnt' travel otherwise than in a circuit without breaking this illusive cord, which we have so finely spun with the wonderful machinery of the brain." Such explanations are about as intangible as moonshine on a dark night, or marriage insurance corporations when their liabilities are due. Such freaks of the language are so thin and weak that they not only

fall to find echo in the mind but echo herself, the mythical nymph of the woods, can't re-echo the weak volume of exhausted sound. It even represents less than three ciphers after the characters have been removed. Simply a blast of nothing, which makes an infinitesimal vacuum in the air. When you have once learned the few principles you should glue

them to your mind and use them. Thousands of poor writers thoroughly comprehend the theory of writing, but don't practice that which they know to be correct. Why? some may ask. Simply because they have a set style, which must be reformed before any success can follow. In the last part of this lesson you will notice two signatures. The first is an etching,

which is intended to represent the signature of a Canadian tourist. It is equally as vague as his whereabouts are to the U. S. detectives. The second is also a signature. The name is familiar to all dirge composers and epitaph poets. Everything Mr. Nye says is very sad, and yet some people are so thoughtless as to laugh at the freaks of his pen. He is simply an

animated rectangular shroud, which stalks around at large to "harrow up men's souls and freeze their blood." A frame surmounted by an embossed pate. A being with a frank and truthful heart, but possessed of a fertile brain, which causes his pen to diverge from the path of G. W. rectitude.

In our January magazine we will hear what Bill has to say about penmanship and autograph albums.

## Washington's Temper.

Washington was human, though history has idealized him that he seems but "little lower than the angels." He had a quick temper, which he generally controlled; but occasionally it broke loose, and then there was a collision.

One of these collisions was witnessed by Gilbert Stuart, while he was painting Washington's portrait. One morning, as the artist was ascending the steps of the President's house, he looked through the open street door and the inner door into the parlor.

Washington had a man by the collar, and was thrashing him violently across the room. Mr. Stuart not wishing to enter the house then, passed on. After going a short distance, he returned, and found Washington sitting in a chair, quietly awaiting him.

"Mr. Stuart," said the President, after the morning salutation, "when you went away yesterday you turned the face of the picture to the wall, and gave directions that it should remain in that position, to prevent it receiving any injury. When I came into the room this morning, the picture's face was turned outward, as you now see it: the doors were open, and here was a fellow raising a dust with a broom, and I knew not but the picture is ruined."

Little harm was done to the picture, but the incident gave a happy thought to the artist. He had tried in vain by his wonderful powers of conversation so to excite the self-controlled

tional visual power can see twelve stars. A large telescope will reveal at least two hundred stars.

The Messrs. Henry are hard working astronomers. The effective apparatus for photographing the heavens, now in successful working order in the Paris Observatory is largely the result of the united exertions of the two brothers. The honor of discovering the new nebula in the Pleiades therefore belongs wholly to them.

Among the visible stars that make up the cluster, there is one of the fifth magnitude known as M43. The new nebula seems to escape from this star, first directing its course toward the west, then turning suddenly to the north, and gradually fading into invisibility. The nebula is very intense, is of a plainly marked spiral form, and its extent is about three minutes of space.

The value of photographs of celestial phenomena has long been fully recognized. But if this art succeeds in supplementing human vision, and enables objects to be detected that are far beyond the power of the sense of sight then may its use in this direction be considered as one of the greatest discoveries of the present century.

The possibilities of this new science can hardly be imagined. While they suggest what is practical, they also turn the mind to what is sublime and poetic, and promise remarkable material, both for pictorial and literary art.—*Youth's Companion*.

friends, must show himself friendly."

"The world," says another great German, "comes to serve the true tongue and loving heart."—*Eschinger*.

## The Evil Eye.

An English writer, Mr. Hodden Westropp, recently traced the singular superstition of the Evil Eye back to the Aryan race. This will account for the almost universal belief in it in the poorer classes, even of nations now widely separated. The ignorant not only in all European countries, but the Arabs, the Hindus, the Maoris in Australia, the Romans, all African tribes, and our own Indians hold this absurd superstition.

In many cases, too, the belief that the eye has power to cast a malignant spell is supplemented by faith in some unpleasant object to ward it off. Usually this is a view to the sign of a bloody hand. In Turkey, Arabia, Hindostan and Malabar, children are decorated with some brilliant jewel to attract the eye of the spectator, and so to divert its possible evil influence. In Egypt, even when they belong to wealthy people, they are sent upon the street in ragged and filthy garments for the same purpose.

"At Naples the superstition works well for the jewelers, so many costly charms do they sell to ward off the ominous power of the *mal oculo*. A coral ornament from the ancient Greeks, as now in modern Italy, was a favorite averter of the evil influence."

## Drawing Lessons.

In the January magazine Frank Beard will step to the footlights again with something intensely interesting to the wielders of crayon and charcoal. The drawing lessons will be a prominent feature of the Gaskell Magazine during the coming year.



JOS. FOELLER, JR.,  
Jerry City, N. T.

The above shadow was cast by that skillful little pen artist so well known in New York and adjoining cities.

## Movement Exercises.

In learning to write with ease and rapidly, the student cannot devote too much time to the practice of carefully-arranged movement exercises. While practicing movement, the pupil should be taught the importance of careful observation, aiming to place each line of the exercise in its proper position to produce harmony. Exercises should be designed with a view to leading the pupil to the correct form of some capital or small letter, and by this means he will be led gradually and almost unconsciously into an easy and fluent style of writing.

It is true that the plain letters are the most difficult to form, and the pupil becomes discouraged some when given a word to be written plainly, than in any other branch of the art. The teacher should exercise great care in giving copies that will stimulate the pupils to work for higher results. This can be done by taking the letter you desire the pupil to practice, and adding a simple curve or flourish, so that the same effect will be pleasing, and at the same time, call especial attention to the formation of the letter used, and you will see the pupil put forth extra efforts.

We submit to the readers of the GAZETTE a few exercises for muscular movement practice, which may be used to advantage by the boys who are practicing at home, and using the GAZETTE as their guide. Each exercise should be practiced with the object of making the work like the copy. Study the position of each stroke; see where the lines cross each other, forming right angles, thus leaving each line clear and distinct. Use a quick movement, and the lines will present a life-like appearance. The pupil should be impressed with the importance of careful practice—never make an exercise carelessly, though it may seem easier to make it without an object in view.

Every lesson in penmanship should be commenced by giving an exercise to produce freedom of movement. Make the exercise of such letters as may be used in the following work of words or sentences, and you will have an interest in the work that cannot be obtained otherwise. Any letter may be used in designing exercises that will be interesting, beautiful and practical in producing the best results.

The teacher of penmanship who is liberal with his movement exercises, careful how his pupils practice them, and keeps repeating them with renewed energy, is the one who is justly pronounced successful. So much good advice regarding position and materials has been given through the columns of the GAZETTE that we do not deem it necessary to offer any suggestions in that direction, but submit these results of our movement exercises with the hope that many will practice the copies in this issue, and we are sure much good will be accomplished.

Yours truly,

C. N. CRANDLE.

Nashville, Tenn., Oct. 5, 1893.



President that his eye would flash and his composed features be lighted up.

Knowing that Washington became irritable when waiting five minutes beyond the appointed hour, he got everything ready for a sitting, and then he rose, just before the designated time for the President's entrance.

Going into the adjoining room, he waited until he heard a loud exclamation of impatience, and the quick steps that told of an angry mood. Then entering, he saluted Washington, and seized his palette. The salutation was coldly returned; the President seated himself in the chair, his face flushed with indignation. The painter hastened to catch the expression.

After a few touches he ceased painting, and, with a smile of satisfaction, apologized for his want of punctuality by frankly confessing the rule he had practiced.—*Youth's Companion*.

## Celestial Photography.

Photography has been the means of making a great discovery. By its aid a new nebula was found in the Pleiades, on the 16th of last November, by the Messrs. Henry of the Paris Observatory. The wonderful thing in the case is, that though the nebula is plainly imprinted on the photographic picture of the constellation it has been, thus far, too faint to be visible to the human eye in powerful telescopes.

The Pleiades form one of the most interesting clusters of stars that sparkle the firmament. The casual observer easily detects six stars belonging to the group. Observers with excep-

## Why They Loved Him.

One of the most notable English officers who fell in Egypt was a young Lieutenant de Lisle, for whom the whole navy mourned, although he was not a man of great individual power, influence or wealth. The secret of this remarkable popularity has a special significance for boys.

"He was the most truthful and the most friendly man in the service," says another officer.

"He was so direct and downright that his word had the force of an oath," said another. When he was a midshipman on a steamer, a storm occurred during his watch, in which a mast was swept away. The captain came on board in a fury.

"Why did you not send up a man to reef the sail?" he demanded of the boy.

"I should have lost my own life if I had gone to reef it," was the reply, "and I will not send one of the crew where I dare not go myself. A mast is not worth so much as a man's life."

The captain replied by a volley of oaths. The next day, however, he came to the little midshipman in the presence of the crew and said, "You were right, and I was wrong. A man's life is worth more than a mast."

Throughout his life he had as tender care for the meaneast of his men, as though he had been his brother.

He had indomitable courage in risking his own life, but he was a coward for others.

"The man," says Goethe, "who would have

This malignant power, according to the Italians, may belong to a person of good, even holy character. Pope Pius IX., although revered by his people, was popularly believed to have the *mal oculo*, and it is stated that the more ignorant of the Romans, while receiving his benediction for their souls' health, would hold up a cross, lest his glance might send them all upon their knees and wither their bodies.

There is a basis of truth in the most groveling superstition, and the germ of this one was probably the perception among the earliest dwellers on the globe of the strong personal magnetism possessed by many men of evil nature. It was natural for ignorant men to attribute this to some physical power of the eye.

While no educated American believes in the power of any man to shiver his limbs, or infuse a deadly poison into his blood by the mere glance of his eye, it is nevertheless true that a man of strong will and magnetic manner can and does exercise a strong influence over every person who comes near him. In every community, church, or school this power is possessed by one or more persons. They are the leaders; the others follow. Sometimes their influence is as malign to the soul as the *mal oculo* was believed to be to the body.

—*Youth's Companion*.

If a man would register all his opinions upon love, politics, religion, learning, etc., beginning at his youth and so go on to old age, what a bundle of inconsistencies and contradictions would appear at last!—*Jonathan Swift*.

# PENMAN'S GAZETTE

## AND BUSINESS EDUCATOR.

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And Still They Come.

The mails for the past month have brought scores of letters and exercises showing what a grand work the GAZETTE is doing as a teacher. The girls and boys of our large circle are evidently catching the gleam of enthusiasm which is constantly glowing on the GAZETTE's face, and their work shows step forward and the vigorous spirit of progress. These evidences are necessary to keep the ball rolling and continually spur our pen to earnest action. Let us hear from every disciple of the GAZETTE'S LESSONS. Our files are large. Don't hesitate to drop us a line. We are in dead earnest, and want to know just how much good we are doing.

### Words, Not Works.

"Works," we will admit, are often constructed of "words," but in some instances "works" are rendered worthless from the fact that they should remain "words." In the November GAZETTE, the printer who transposed "Delusions of Aspiring Bard," into copy had evidently used up all his "ids" in reporting the speech of some hard core. At the rate where the author breaks that "Emerson tells us that some of Tennyson's poems are poems," the printer mixes his lead thus: "Emerson tells us that some of Tennyson's 'works' are poems." To an Esquimaux, this latter statement might be news, for to an American who can wrestle fairly well with the mother tongue, the printer's construction would be a thoroughly decayed "chestnut," if we may be allowed so to speak.

It would be about as brilliant to state that some of his poems were written while he was awake, as to state that some of his works were poems, since most sane persons have had the fact soaked into their intellect that Tennyson was considerably given to smiling the lyre.

### Gifts for January.

The GAZETTE has just received a fresh installment of solemn reflection from the famous humorist, Bill Nye, in the form of an illustration of a man giving vent to real laughter which opens all the delicate cells of his nature and adds stimulus to his vital forces. He does not strain and gasp until his eyes give forth lachrymal inundations, and his neck expands to the size of a corpulent Berkshire, but he stops in time to save his blood vessels from over-heating, and gives vent to real laughter which opens all the delicate cells of his nature and adds stimulus to his vital forces. He does not strain and gasp until his eyes give forth lachrymal inundations, and his neck expands to the size of a corpulent Berkshire, but he stops in time to save his blood vessels from over-heating, and gives vent to real laughter which opens all the delicate cells of his nature and adds stimulus to his vital forces.

Bill (we call him Bill because we have compensated him for that privilege) tells in his own peculiar, sad vein how the GAZETTE has come to his bosom like a priceless boon, when he most needed the companionship of a boon, how our system of penmanship has been a new system, and other things qualifying to augment the oral vacuum and tone up the penman's liver. This will be a rare treat.

We also have promised for the January magazine a choice article from the pen of E. R. Latta, entitled "College Adventures." Mr. Latta has been a regular contributor to literary magazines for thirty years. He will furnish an article each month for our magazine during the coming year.

Another bright writer, C. W. Anderson, promises some of his 36 caliber unused thoughts for January. He informs us that he is feeding on fish and rice, and hopes to have his thinker toned up to a key bordering on the divine afflatus. He says he can feel his brain cells already expanding under the flood of thought like dried apples in a rain barrel. The explosion will take place soon. We are having a MS. file bound in iron hoops to hold them.

The new magazine will contain other bright contributions aside from the regular quota of penmanship, shorthand and drawing material. Now is a good time to subscribe. Begin now and you will have something very handsome to bind at the end of the year 1887.

A man may train his voice to ripple along in softest caresses, or wreath his face in artificial smiles, which are fine likenesses of the real, but when he attempts to imitate a natural, whole-souled outburst with his sardonic guffaw the deception is shattered into as small pieces as dried apples under the flood of thought. A premeditated, metallic ring about a forced laugh which always betrays the mockery, and fills our minds with impressions equally as ghastly and cold. A natural laugh is a spontaneous combustion of the soul, and is incapable of being shaped and refined as the blast from the furnace of our consciousness. It is the unadorned, unadorned, and force them into measured tones and keys, but then they are only abstractions with a ring as dry and lifeless as the wall of an automatic cuckoo. The volatile element is left out, and they fall upon the ear as heavy as the flabby sounds from a butcher's ax. If a man is endowed with wealth of the brain, no silent intensity of feeling, and his words and chuckles into perfect imitations of the soul's spontaneous outbursts, which carry a subtle oil through all the complicated machinery of our natures. Policy often prompts a smile more cadaverous than the lines of misery, a harrowing up of the features more ghastly than the grin of death. A perfunctory smile which is forced for gold, pierces the ear like the measured squawk of an empty automaton and sticks in the mind like the languid bleat of an expiring veal. Who has not started with chilly forebodings upon hearing the cavernous "che-he-he" of some velvet-voiced fraud, whose smile has been as broad as the grin of a warning, might have bound their souls with a spell? Who has not penetrated the labored guffaw of the oily tongued cheat and discovered a background of political plots and motive machinery? A real gushing outpour tolerates no disguise: a clear ringing mellow note of the soul has no counterpart in deception. It is as truly peace as a soul's presence as the sparkle in the dewdrop suggests higher light. Of course a man may be able to smother joy until his mouth cracks at the sides, and his jugular veins stand out like frozen clothes-lines, and still have a soul sufficiently dead to slide in the icy cavity of a camel's hump. But such doggerel whoops are generally prompted by the same instinct that causes the Biblical

quadrated to chuckle upon receiving his usual slap of lay. A good man's soul is generally schooled in his laugh. His smiles are as holy as his tears. When a wave of pleasantness sweeps over him, he gives vent to real laughter which opens all the delicate cells of his nature and adds stimulus to his vital forces. He does not strain and gasp until his eyes give forth lachrymal inundations, and his neck expands to the size of a corpulent Berkshire, but he stops in time to save his blood vessels from over-heating, and gives vent to real laughter which opens all the delicate cells of his nature and adds stimulus to his vital forces. He does not strain and gasp until his eyes give forth lachrymal inundations, and his neck expands to the size of a corpulent Berkshire, but he stops in time to save his blood vessels from over-heating, and gives vent to real laughter which opens all the delicate cells of his nature and adds stimulus to his vital forces.

Some eminent writer has expressed the following beautiful sentiment concerning the music of childhood laughter: "The laugh of a child will make the holiest day more sacred still. Strike, with hand of fire, O weird musician, thy harp strung with Apollo's golden hair! Fill the vast cathedral aisles with symphonies sweet and dim, delectable of the organ keys! Blow bugle, blow until thy fingers notes do touch and kiss the moonlit waves, charming the wandering lovers on the vine-clad hills; but know your sweetest strains are discord all compared with childhood's happy laugh—the laugh that fills the eyes with light, and dimples every cheek with joy. Oh, rippling river of laughter, thou art the blessed boundary line between beast and man, the wayward way of time doth down some fruitful field of care."

### "Lead Me Thine Ears."

Brother penmen, did it ever occur to you that we could meet and tamper with the "cause" between Christmas and New Year? The "Towm" College, in New Mexico, between Christmas and New Year. Now, boys, here's a chance for us to spend a profitable season in convention, and fondle one another's whiskers. What we want is to get better acquainted. We can never pull evenly together, or borrow money of each other, until we do. There will be ample elbow room and good time for all who will go. Don't hang back because the weather is cold; we will make things moderately warm when we arrive.

### He Thirsts for Lore.

Mr. Editor:—Will you kindly answer the following questions in your note little sheet?  
1. Would you give your movement, "muscular" or "whole-arm?"  
2. Is there a finger movement advocated living in this country, and if so, how is his health?  
3. In writing a person's biography, what data do you require?  
4. Who is the finest penman in the Union?  
5. Would you give a small spring poem in your January magazine?  
6. What are the first symptoms of genius? Trusting these knotty points may be fully elucidated in your editorial ventilations, I remain Your Catechizer,

"SAMPLE COPY."  
Couldn't you think of something else to ask us! Won't your Society make some use of us! Beyond the threshold of intellect? It's those "Gordian knots" in which we find the empyrean of delight. It's those profound logical quagmires into which our intellect is most likely to sink. We always find it most refreshing to fondle "the horns of a dilemma" than to clutch the tail of simplicity, if "Sample Copy" will allow this simplest expression. True, your letter, bristling as it does with interrogation points, causes our warped pen to totter in the meshes, but why didn't you give us a poser while you had your hand in?

Couldn't you have inserted a spoke in the editorial wheel while we were dissecting our encyclopaedia? In other words, why didn't you give us something hard to write? We like to bait the waves and fish in troubled waters.

Your first question is pretty good evidence to sustain the painful fact that you haven't seriously impaired your eyesight in gulping up the contents of recent issues of the GAZETTE. You surely have not consumed much taper in absorbing the exhalations from "Towm College." You have certainly turned a deaf ear and a cold shoulder to our wild shrieks for "muscular movement." You have undoubtedly trampled our "tracts of reform" beneath a scornful heel. We advocate whole-arm movement only under the "Marquis of Queensbury Rules."

1. The muscular movement is best adapted to writing.  
Yes, there are a few advocates of finger movement left over from the medieval ages. The present age is preserving them as fossilized relics of obsolete methods. They are gradually wearing away by the friction of progress.

3. About the only data we require in the construction of a biography on the pyramid plan, is a lock of the victim's hair, a front tooth, a birthmark, and the name of the planet under which he was born. With these references we can weigh him in the cerebral scales and lew out any sized destiny he may require. With this clue to his personalities, we can hit him, as it seems, to the dizzy realms of re- no- men, and place him astride the top rail of fame. (Pass the plate, please.)

4. And you would like to know who em- blazons the zenith of chirographic skill, eh? What an opportunity for speculation!

What a glorious moment to allow judgment to be swayed by a great and noble justice may be tested under the weight of favoritism! What a fulcrum on which we might place our lever and lift F. M. W. D. B. or P. to a seat in the grand stand, and ab- —hem—we deist.

gilly, but not lastly. Now, dear "S. P.," nothing would please us more than to dazzle the eyes of our readers with the "Towm" College, but you do not think the frosts of January would freeze its rhythmic flow? No doubt the heavy mantle of adjectives and superlative odes in which you have so completely swathed it, would not only ward off the icy breath of cruel Boreas, but would withstand the probe of mortal steel, and would stand up to the test of the birds' rap to swell their necks with over- tures, and the festive tramp strides himself on the green, that you must unburden your soul of its florid epics, just measure off a few laps for our engima column.

6. Run your hand over your phrenological chart, and find the mountainous portion thusly: see if "concentricity" hangs out like a wen in bold relief; if so, do not seek further development through the aid of bed-

slais. If "self-esteem" calls for an extra inditure in your hat, go out and let the cold world shiver it down to its proper size. Now pass your index finger over your mental globe until you come to "Individuality." How is it, conceivably or conceivably? If conceivably, you may never suffer the tortures of the *semi-Pharisei*. (See Webster's large size page 1848.) Allow your hand to wander over the crest of "ideality." How do you find it? All there? If not, the symptoms are rather vague; you may not be happy and escape the cold gaze of the gushing public.

Trusting as you may hear from you again in a few years, we check the mad quill and cease to murmur.

### Another Transformation.

The typographer who in the November GAZETTE, so artfully smashed one of Mr. Anderson's poetical allusions by making "works of words" has in the same article (Delusions of Aspiring Bards) transformed "pigments" into "pigments." Fancy a team of skinny elves playing a game of base ball or doing an Irish reel over the grassy surface of a painter's palette. Mr. Anderson tells us that these glaring blunders have "planted a dagger in his heart." The pill has been a bitter one to him, but he is trying to swallow it like a little man.

### Revenge.

THE GAZETTE may, at times through its slack fingers, drop a word or two, and sometimes to "shake their gory locks" at its frail bubbles, but under such circumstances it has made up its mind, if it be the possessor of such rational faculty, to allow no corrosions of hatred to stain its pages; to devote no time to the weaving of stratagems or picking rods of vengeance. Right under the nose of "writing bayonets" it proposes to breathe forth its peaceful opinions. When the revengeful word does write in its breast it will emblazon a page with its gory thoughts, and place it on ice and allow it to remain over night, and on the morrow the ice is unrolled the rude words are consigned to the flames. All rankling recollections of revenge will be confined to the editorial wicker cage, and allowed to squirm out their days in oblivion, and all vials of venom will be wreaked upon the editorial cart, or curdled by the printer's breath.

THE GAZETTE, under the glorious heat of inspiration, may at times, undertake to smile the lyre, but that is no more than any lyre deserves. It may, under airy conditions, send up its pilot balloons into doubtful realms of gauzy notions; but it will even then descend on its own opinions. In no instance will it be led to rash things through the taunts of vengeance. It never is to be used upon reason, and nothing is reasonable is not to be replying with its aim. It realizes that to be driven by external motives from the path which its better nature approves, to give way to anything but honest convictions, to suffer the opinions of others to lead it, as with a ring in the nose, man, in the high, is to get good to the greatest number. The constant aim will be to let the scales even. If the wrong here is added the GAZETTE is ever willing to correct the blunder.

### Constant Employment.

An unemployed man is constantly haunted by doubt, and the more he doubts, the more times despair visit him, but when he bends himself with courage to his task, no matter how commonplace that task may be, these, all like hell-hounds, are quieted and sent growling to their distant caves. A man unemployed is not a man, in the high, is to get good to the greatest number of labor in him which bears up all poisonous thoughts and purifies his soul. He is not being rounded by the revolutions of labor while he remains idle. An idle man's mind sours and festers, and the current of his thoughts takes a downward course, and his whole nature becomes as a pestilential swamp.

An idle life is a doubt which has never been ended by action, an hypothesis unproven, a substance not moulded by the hand of destiny, a wart, we might say, blurring the face of creation. Labor lights up a man's whole nature, and sets a soul as an impulse on top. It pulls back the somber drapery of vice, and allows the "blessed flame" to light up the heart. Work ever carries to the heart a perennial nobleness, and in many cases sacredness. There is always hope in a man who works; if he never rises high, he is kept above the lowest, so long as he struggles, but the idle man sinks as naturally into perpetual despair as the stone dropped in the stream seeks the bottom.

### The Power of Style.

Facts may vanish from the mind; the heights of knowledge may be methodically scaled by all possessed of ordinary mental digestion; startling truths may shrink into mere truisms; and even the most elegant style, growing in freshness not its prestige. It is the felicity and idiomatic characteristics which preserve the writings of Addison as fresh as in the days which prompted them. The style of some writers even palliates the absurdity of their opinions by its fascinating powers. For the pomp and clearness of style, growing in the oriental color and rapid as the charge of an Arab horse," even more than for his colossal learning, is Gibbon admired.

Style we might say, is the very essence which preserves thought through the ages; the art of embalming the ghosts of the mind.

The manner in which a subject is treated is often of more importance than the substance. Originally in composition does not consist so much in creating its substance as in collecting and fanning the created into flame. A subject, however ephemeral or commonplace, may be made striking by being told in a grand and beautiful style. All the thought, the stuff or substance of a beautiful poem or essay, is necessarily commonplace. The poet walks along the green carpeted banks of a sparkling stream and listens to the mingling sounds about him; he goes to his study and moulds the thoughts which nature suggested into a description as natural and beautiful as the sunset, the word painting, the transfiguration, the language and haunting music the bird song and pulsing music of the stream vibrate, and in whose fitting metaphors and comparisons nature is mirrored in her truest splendor. A hod-carrier crushes the juice out of the same green carpet; looks upon the same moist bosom of the "crake" hears the same monotonous hum of the water wheels, and the same pebbles; listens to the same medley overhead; goes home and remarks to "Kathy": "Be me soul the crake looked purty this avemint!" and perhaps further reference in a similar style to the surroundings. Style of expression makes the former's impressions last, and the latter's are soon forgotten; he does not differ so much from the latter in the possession of different thought as in sitting, classifying and focalizing the same thoughts, and above all in giving them in the pearl of exquisite and adequate expression. Give two artists the same pigments, and one of them, from a forehead writer's style, tear away his fence of dazzling rhetoric, his peculiar style of word painting and poetical touches, and leave to him only the truths in their nudity, and he will be famous no longer. It would be like robbing the rose of its hues and fragrance, or stripping a landscape of its dreamy, lazy atmosphere, and its gorgeous dyes.

Some one speaking of Carlyle's style in depicting stormy scenes, says: "At times strange, wild, piercing notes of the pathetic are heard through his fierce bursts of eloquence like the wail of a chariot tripping beneath the blasts of a storm." His writings depicted no other facts than the gurgles and manhood which are as old as Solomon, substance, we may say, which if moulded by a crude or commonplace writer would bring on a sleepiness which no narcotic could rival in producing. He pictures

littleness in language that haunts the memory; instead of reposing us by a monotonous reiteration of unvarnished facts, he startles us with his novel and powerful expression.

Every man has a style peculiar to himself, and he can no more imitate the style of another than he can successfully counterfeit his voice. So many writers spoil the effect of their ideas by throwing the gaudy cloak of some one else over their personalities. But this is no disguise, their toes stick out through some idiom, or their hands are revealed through some idiom. Compositors are nothing more than pressing the contents of the mind into palatable shape; a moulding of ideas which are already in substance possessed. Then necessarily a man's peculiarities will crop out in some of his expressions in writing as naturally as in conversation. He may ape for awhile, but his ears will unfold finally and reveal his true species. If a man is egotistical it will glare through his perforated humility, even if he does "pick the dust" in his style; he may at times seem to be chewing humble pie, but careful watching will reveal the fact that he is rolling his own name under his tongue as he swallows the words. Style is a mirror in which the writer's nature—either better or worse—is reflected. If he is mean his little corrupted soul will stick out in his diction as a sneaking little reptile pokes his head up from the water, half concealed by the overhanging growth. If he is unstable he will as truly slide from one platform to another, shrink his own opinion and adopt that of another, as a weather-cock will shift with the winds.

### Educational.

The Illinois Wesleyan University, Bloomington, Illinois, has had before the public for nearly fifteen years, a Department of Non-Residents, matriculants in which follow prescribed courses of study, upon which examinations are set, and receive proper degrees on completion of their work. The Department is modeled after the operations of the London University, and like it offers opportunity for doing systematic study to professional and other people who are debarrd from residence at the seat of a University. Particulars regarding matters of study to be obtained by addressing PROF. CHARLES M. MOSS, inclosing stamp.

### The Sensitiveness of Penmen.

A correspondent asks: Are penmen as a class sensitive? Well, yes, as a rule, they are a trifle thin-skinned, but occasionally we find a migratory scribe with an epidermis, especially in the regions of his cheeks, which is as penetrable as a coat of mail. All artists naturally develop their sensitive natures by continually associating with harmony and beauty. Few penmen can smile with indifference, while the chords of their sensitive natures are being rasped by satirical scandal and goaded by the rust of daggers of envy. As a rule, they have a memory so treacherous that every line of censure is kept seething in their bosom, and were it not for the fact that "the pen is mightier than the sword" they would carve their adversary into very small pieces.

But penmen above all others should not be over-sensitive, for at times they need a hide tough enough to flatten rifle-balls. We who seem to escape the taunts and jeers of unjust and malicious critics, may credit the fact not to the thickness of our skin but of our skulls. The better way to ward off the inevitable lambs is to let them alone, while you yourself select iron indifference against their poisoned satire and rasping sarcasm, and let them buzz about their resources are exhausted. When you get down in the gutter to throw mud at a man you will generally find that he can outdo you in the gutter. He is more accustomed to dirt; he has nothing to tell, while you try to screen your character, and at the same time bring scorn to his level.

If properly taken every criticism, just or unjust, has power to strengthen us. If unjust, and we ignore it from that fact, we are made stronger to resist the next. If just, and we are willing to admit the fact, we find out in the future for that stumbling place which called it forth. Macaulay says: "I have never been able to discover that a man is at all the

worse for being attacked. One foolish line of his own does him more harm than the ablest pamphlets written against him by other people." It is said that Tannahill once heard some blackguard ridiculing his writings, and he never afterward held up his head or smiled again.

### Editorial Ban.

A PORTION OF OUR SALARY.

You are making a grand success of the GAZETTE. M. B. MOORE.

Send the GAZETTE for another year. I like it better than ever. H. D. GROSS.

The November GAZETTE is super-excellent. E. R. LATT.

Guttenberg, Ia.

Your lessons are the most practical, and your copies the most graceful I have ever seen in print. W. D. SHAWALTER.

Philadelphia, Pa.

I never read a paper that contained so much plain and spicy reading matter as the GAZETTE. MISS MARY G. GREENE.

Farmington, Minn.

Guide and GAZETTE to hand; could not be better pleased. The paper alone is worth double the money. A. K. BUSH.

Chenoi, Ill.

The lessons in the GAZETTE are a grand help to me, and I am very willing you should see how one of the "flock" is progressing. PINEY, Mich. MISS GELETT SALMON.

San Francisco, Cal. W. N. FULLMAN.

The GAZETTE shows continued improvement under the inspiration of your scintillating genius. The pace is good; keep it up. CHAS. R. WELLS.

Syracuse, N. Y.

Your most excellent GAZETTE comes to hand every month loaded with new and very interesting material. I read it with great pleasure. W. P. COOPER.

Kingsville, O.

I am taking solid comfort in practicing the lessons given in the GAZETTE, and perusing its contents. The lessons are given in such a fascinating manner that when once begun, one is loath to leave them. W. DEE. BROWN.

Auburn, R. I.

Allow me to say a few words in behalf of your excellent paper. I consider it the most useful and beneficial journal in the U. S. for young men, and I think it can be justly styled the young man's companion.

St. Louis, Mo. ARTHUR L. REED.

It is pleasing to note the rapid strides the GAZETTE is making as an educational journal; its influence among the young people must be keenly felt. Among other things it not only teaches them to write, but how to write. Chicago, Ill. D. B. WILLIAMS.

I think you are the only man who can run Gaskell's paper equal to Gaskell himself. I am highly pleased with the GAZETTE, for it is better than ever before, and I am sure you are the right man in the right place. I am willing to do anything I can to help you make the GAZETTE interesting. Syracuse, N. Y. A. W. DAKIN.

I have been practicing from the lessons in the GAZETTE less than a year, but do not hesitate to say that they have been of more practical value to me than all the school training I have ever received. I would not be without it for three times its cost. Can, Tex. L. WILSON.

The GAZETTE is one of the most wide-awake and instructive periodicals of its kind in the world. I think if all the young people who are thoroughly in earnest to improve themselves in practical education would subscribe for the GAZETTE they would never regret it. The talent of that most skillful workman, through its pages just as the leaves of bread causes the sponge to see a living thing. Dayton, Ohio. MISS CLARA SLOUGH.

## Shorthand.

This department is edited by PROF. WILLIAM D. BRIDGE, A. M., Principal of the School of Phonography in CHAUTAUGUE UNIVERSITY. [Address: Lock Box 555, Plainfield, N. J.]

Wide awake phonographers are invited to contribute this department. 1. Brief suggestions. 2. Newspaper clippings in our shorthand line. 3. Legal correspondence. 4. Social correspondence. 5. Personal letters relating to shorthand writers or work. 6. Typographical notices. 7. Local shorthand associations. 8. Shorthand periodicals or books for sale in our columns.

### Dots and Dashes.

—Two thousand type-writer characters in Chicago.

—“Grit,” “gumption” and “go” will give you a place as a shorthand writer.

—A writer in the *Exponent* for October 1 claims 10,000 writers using that system. When?

—Read through our last number, November and tell us if it was not as the ladies say, “perfectly splendid!”

—New York City has now in use over 7,000 type writer machines; 1,000 of these are in Wall street, and south of it.

—The *Chicago Tribune* says that the salaries of women type writers in that city range from \$25 to \$75 a month, averaging about \$45.

—The *Phonetic Journal* for Saturday, Nov. 6, 1896, is marked “No. 45, Vol. 45.” Forty-five years of a shorthand magazine! Good.

—We are thankful to our many correspondents who during the past year have given us many items for our columns. We shall be glad to have an increase of the number for the future numbers.

—One of our pupils, a lady, has just secured a very pleasant position at fifteen dollars per week, working for two parties, for one at eight dollars for the six forenoons, and for the other at seven dollars for the six afternoons.

—Repetition is mastery of shorthand in large measure. One word or one sentence written a hundred times is far better than ten sentences written each ten times. Frequent copying a specimen of perfectly written shorthand is of the utmost value in fixing principles and forms.

—“Meanness itself” is the feeblest theme we can mention for the act of a man in New York who “turned off” his amanuensis, one of our former pupils, who was called home to her sick mother, and found her dead, and was therefore compelled to be absent from the office a week.

—Beginning with the October number, the *American Shorthand Writer*, Boston, Mass., ceases to publish shorthand illustrations, facsimile notes, preferring to be a distinctly shorthand news journal. It aims to be newsworthy, and succeeds.

—In our morning’s mail for Christmas and for New Year’s days, we would be glad to receive five hundred letters from phonographers all over the world, of all systems, ancient and modern, from experts and amateurs, old and young, male and female. Remember this, and write.

—The Chautauque School of Shorthand was never more prosperous than now. We have more pupils in the advanced course than ever before. Still, there’s room for a few faithful students. Send for terms and our beautifully illustrated circular to the editor of this department.

—The *American Shorthand Writer*, Messrs. Rowell & Hickock publishers, kindly says: “The shorthand department of the PENMAN’S GAZETTE, under the able supervision of Prof. William D. Bridge, one of the ablest writers and teachers of the Graham system, is proving a most interesting feature of that popular monthly.” Thanks, brothers.

—One of our pupils, wishing to gain speed and to familiarize the word-signs on the reporting style, has written out the article in Graham’s Second Reader, “The American Bible Society,” forty-one times, and will write it at least nine times more. She will then take up something else in the same way. Her employer and herself see great gain in speed by her increased familiarity with forms and word-signs.

—The *Phonographic World* of New York makes it a point never to mention even by name, if possible to avoid it, any other short-

hand paper or magazine. The editor says that if people wish to find out that there is any other paper devoted to the craft, he is not the one to aid them. Nevertheless, we will boost the *World* by saying that it is doing a good thing in raising a subscription among phonographers of the United States toward the ISAAC PITMAN TESTIMONIAL, in honor of his fifty years’ devotion to the art. We have added our \$5 to this subscription, and trust it may reach many thousands of dollars.

### PHONOGRAPHY.

CONDENSED INSTRUCTION BY PROF. W. D. BRIDGE, PLAINFIELD, N. J.

#### ELEMENTARY LESSON.

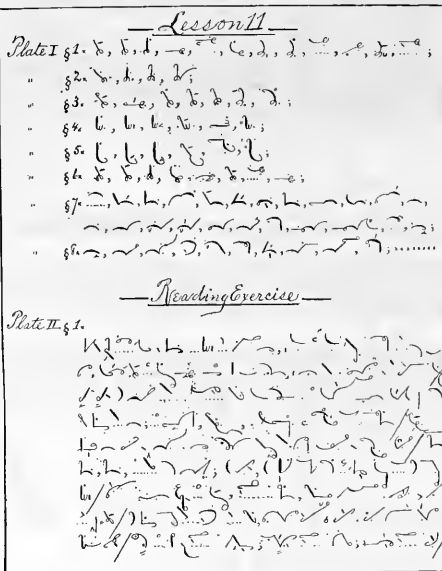
1. Well, Professor, still they come—the unnumbered principles of shorthand! Yes, my pupil, you “unnumbered,” but you could not say “numberless,” for though you have not numbered them, they can readily be numbered, and they are not numerous.

Last month I had the Tion and Tive hooks on straight strokes, and I saw their

Diffusion, Profession, Aggravation, Derivation. This use of the Eshon hook is optional, and many phonographers prefer to write the forms for these words as seen in Plate I, §5. Personally, we use the Eshon hook in preference. Of course, the Eshon hook may have a final s-circle written within it (see Plate I, §6): Positions, Possessions, Decisions, Physicians, Musicians, Processions, Incisions, Accessions.

3. I think, Professor, this Eshon hook is a “beauty” as the young ladies say, “perfectly splendid!” Yes, it is very simple, and adds much to the brevity of the system.

4. You spoke of two principles in this lesson. Yes, I will give the other. Make the m stroke heavy instead of light, and you add either the sound of p or h, as you choose. Vocalization of the stroke is exactly the same when thickened as before (see Plate I, §7): Imp, Bump, Damp, Lamp, Pump, Jump, Sambo, Tramp, Cramp, Vamp, Slump, Hemp, etc. You may read the second line of section 7 yourself. For the thickened m to add (see Plate I, §8): Imbue, Embarrass, Embellish, Ambush, Imbibe, Embassador, Jumbo, Embark, Ambergis, Somebody.



beautiful co-relation, or correlation according to sound principles. What advanced instruction do you give me now? Two beautiful principles: First, a final hook which we will call the “Eshon” hook. Study it. It is a small hook, and is used either (1) after an s-circle, or (2) after an v-hook. Look at the two words, Position and Position. Position can be written by a P or stroke, a large terminal right-hand hook, and an o vowel. But in the word Position there comes in an s sound between the P or stroke and the syllable tion. We write the stroke for P, make the s-circle, and then make a small final hook on the opposite side of the stroke. Read the words (see Plate I, §1) Position, Decision, Decision, Accession, Acquisition, Physician, Cession, Inclination, Recession, Association, Causation. Note also that this final hook may be written after the s-circle which follows an n-hook (see Plate I, §2): Compensation, Condensation, Transition, Transitional.

Note also that the Eshon hook may be written as a small final hook after the f or hook (see Plate I, §3): Supposition, Succession, Precision, Persuasion, Authorization, Conversation.

Note also that the Eshon hook may be written as a small final hook after the f or hook (see Plate I, §4): Division, Devotion,

Will you give me words on which to try my hand? Yes. Opposition, Apposition, Abduction, Causation, Cassation; Profession, Abbreviation, Professional, Hump, Pompey, Pump, Romp, Swamp, Ample, Impostor, Impale, Impel, Imposed, Imposist, Crimp, Simple, Imperative, Impervious, Shampoo, Impenach, Impulse, Mumps; Hump, Embargo, Ambition, Ambiguous, Embank, Embank, Emboss, Ambition, Steamboat.

Any desiring to write out this exercise can receive corrections by sending Prof. Bridge twenty cents with the same.

### Only Bites.

—One thing at a time, and that done well, gives reward.

—What shorthand rattles have you to sell? Send us word.

—We desire letters from Phonographers of forty years’ standing.

—Ask us for “glubbing” rates with other shorthand magazines.

—We would like a new written specimen of every system of shorthand used in this country. Send us your best word.

—Ever circulator twenty-five years ago were the best means of forming shorthand acquaintance, and practicing in the beloved art.

—With the January issue of this department in the magazine form, we shall give “brevities,” the cream of the cream, and we invite every reader to aid us in culling choicest news and other items for our department.

—Fifty names and addresses received at our office to be divided into ten “ever-circulators,” to begin January 1, 1897, will be a grand starting of the “Gaskell Ever-circulator Association.” Who will send at once? Ask to be enrolled on the list.

—Thanks to Prof. Dr. J. W. Zeilberg, of the Royal Stein Institution, Dresden, Germany, for his photograph and budget of acceptable publications. We shall refer to these soon. We hope to let our readers soon see the face of our friend.

—Our friend, Alfred Day, Esq., of the Spencerian Business College, Cleveland, Ohio, thinks Phonography cannot be taught by mail giving a fair return for the money paid. We know he is totally mistaken. Scores of our pupils say to the contrary.

—Measure the space we give to one of our shorthand illustrations, then write with black ink in your best style the first part of the last chapter of the book of “Revelations,” and we promise to publish in an early number of our paper the best specimen sent to the editor of this department.

—We will give one year’s subscription to the *Gazette* and also to the *Student’s Journal* to the person sending us in the month of December the best specimen of Graham’s Phonography giving shorthand news—the space written to be not over fifteen lines of ordinary note paper. Use black ink, and write in brief reporting style.

### The Shorthand Society, London, England.

The Shorthand Society, London, Eng., under whose auspices the proposed Ter-Centenary and Jubilee Meetings will be held in London next fall, held its regular meeting November 3, at 55 Chancery Lane, London the President, Dr. Westby Gibson, in the chair. The following new members were elected: Fellows, J. A. Sutcliffe, F. S. Gedge, and E. G. Associates, M. J. Kate (New York), J. Delahunty, Mrs. Westby Gibson, and Mrs. Pocknell. Several donations to the library were announced. The President delivered his inaugural address, entitled “Education by means of Shorthand in the old Non-Conformist Academies.” The academy chiefly described was that set up by the celebrated Dr. Philip Doddridge, where all the students were compelled to acquire a modification of Cartwright’s system (commonly known as Rich) for the purpose of taking notes of lectures delivered by Dr. Doddridge on various subjects. At the close a cordial vote of thanks was given to the president for his paper, proposed by Mr. T. A. Reed and seconded by Mr. Pocknell. A hope was expressed by Mr. A. J. Cook that information might be obtained as to whether shorthand is anywhere used in colleges at the present time in a like manner to that adopted in Doddridge’s Academy.

### German Stenography, Again.

In the August number of our department we gave an editorial on German Stenography, making reference to the fact that we had a column and a half of comment in the *Phonographic World* by Adolph Frank, Prest, and Dr. Rudolph Tombo, Secy. of the German-American Stenographic Society “Gabelsberger.”

The first point we made (of the comparatively slow utterance of German speakers) is denied by these authorities. We founded our statement on the observations of many visitors to the Reichtrah in Germany, and elsewhere, and on our own personal acquaintance with educated Germans.

Our second point, a study of stenography for educational and esthetic purposes, is gracefully acknowledged to be well taken.

Our third point, the criticism that, as is one of *ridicule*. We meant it for the most earnest congratulation of the many devices which stenographers in the fatherland take to increase interest in their beloved art. We do not have any spirit of ridicule for the enthusiasm which our German confreres put into their work. Not at all. Will our critics please re-read this paragraph in the original article and tell us wherein “ridicule” is seen through their spectacles?

## Our Recantation.

When we were fibbing, we do sometimes "take it all back." Bro. Packard (S. S.), who gave us one of the best photographic magazines (*Packard's Reporter*) we ever saw, says we didn't tell the exact truth in our November number when we said it "gave up the ghost and died." He says it didn't; it simply stopped, as it was intended to stop, when it came to its predestined end. He says it was distinctly stated in every number that it "was started to run twelve months," and he says: It did not "give up the ghost and die," any more than a book or a post gives up the ghost when the last type is set, and it appears between covers.

We take it all back. It didn't die, because it didn't *live*. It now exists as a book—a most readable mélange of matter script and letter press "wise and otherwise." W. D. BRIDGE.

## This Month's Illustration.

Our shorthand students will be happy to see in juxtaposition the three-column engraving of the first ten verses of the second chapter of the Acts of the Apostles. The first column is an exact copy of Isaac Pitman's latest edition of the New Testament, just from the press; the second is a common version in A. J. Graham's Standard Phonography; the third is the "revived" version in Graham's Phonography. The utmost pains were taken to make the characters of the same general size, and equally spaced, and the result shows the Graham Phonography in this specimen to be about one-seventh more brief than the Isaac Pitman shorthand.

## A Happy Interview.

With our "better half," we spent an hour recently interviewing the veteran American author of "Standard Phonography," Andrew J. Graham, Esq. of Orange, N. J. We found him enjoying greatly improved health; steadily at work on the engraving of a new edition of his *Second Phonographic Reader*; specially satisfied at the constant increase of the demand for his instruction books; welcoming with joy the advent of Prof. F. G. Morris' new "Graham" magazine *The Motor*, and equally pleased with the work which we are doing for pure shorthand in the columns of the *PENMAN'S GAZETTE*. Long may he live to enjoy the congratulations of his thousands of friends and fellow-standard phonographers.

## The Gazette's Shorthand Lessons.

There must be many scores, if not hundreds of persons in our country studying shorthand carefully from the shorthand lessons given monthly in the *GAZETTE*, if the number of letters received from correspondents is an indication. The editor has had nearly a dozen letters within a week, and all speak in highest terms of their simplicity and helpfulness. Back numbers can be had of the publishers.

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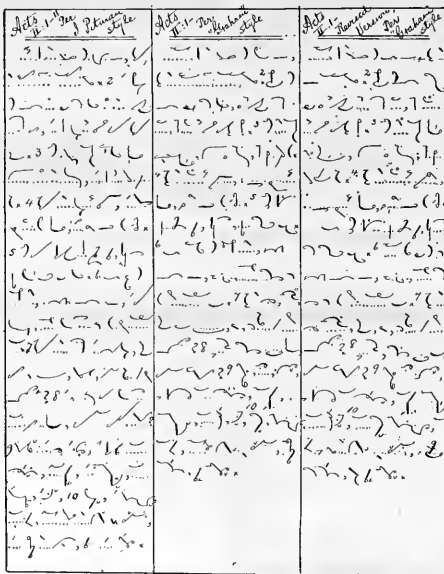
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Stenographic Almanac and Note  
Book..... May.  
History of the Literature of Short-  
hand, Rockwell..... May.  
A. J. Graham's Complete Works..... June.  
Shorthand Numbers, W. D. Bridge, July.  
The Shorthand Bible, J. Herbert  
Ford..... August.  
I. Pitman's Recent Publications..... August.  
One Hundred Valuable Sugges-  
tions, Moran..... August.  
Shorthand History, J. Westby.  
Gibson..... August.  
Shorthand History, A. J. Graham..... August.  
Technical Reporting, Thos. Allen  
Reed..... November.

## Gabelsberger's Centenary.

Franz Xavier Gabelsberger, the originator of the leading German shorthand, was born in Munich, Feb. 9, 1789. He was the Isaac Pitman of the Germans, whom they all delight to honor.  
Centenaries of shorthand are now to be common, and one of the first will be that of this esteemed and worthily honored pioneer of stenography. In 1883 the project was started to erect to his memory a statue of brass, and under the leadership of royal and other patrons of the art a popular subscription was begun, which has already secured nearly \$7,000 for the purpose. All artists were invited to compete for the design of the statue, and out of seventeen designs proffered that given by Hieru Syrian Eberle was awarded the palm by the Royal Academy of Arts at Munich. Worthy honors to a worthy guardian in Germany of a worthy art.

—Very often we find evidence that "God helps them who help themselves." The first person who joined the Chautauqua University School of Phonography (conducted by correspondence) was a lady who had an invalid husband and a young son dependent on her. Going at the study of shorthand, *con amore*, she also hired a typewriter and began diligently

to master both. Her church friends, seeing her purpose, her diligence and her faithfulness bought and presented her a type-writer—and she is happy.

—Beginners, or those who have taken one course in shorthand would do well to select some standard work of say three hundred pages. Then select or some one else to attend to spend the long evenings, one or more hours, in reading this book, beginning at such a slow pace that the phonographer may write in a specially selected note-book, with first rate pen and ink, every word uttered in a neat and correct shorthand. The speed will naturally increase and speed is always to be utilized in discussing the most salient items read. Accuracy of form and facile movement should be industriously cultivated. These results will follow: 1. Two friends helpfully associated. 2. A valuable volume read and discussed. 3. The reader's elocutionary capabilities cultivated. 4. The writer's knowledge, taste, skill and speed all developed and the result of beautiful shorthand in neat binding, filling its place in the phonographic alcove—the product of one's own toil. These are certainly five worthy fruits of a winter's evening.

—At least a dozen editions of the New Testament have been published in shorthand in England. Isaac Pitman and other phonographers, but to our knowledge no one has ventured the work in the United States. The humorist would say, "Where this whyness?"

—Mr. Isaac Pitman is not at all ashamed to do "missionary" work for his beloved art, and whilst visiting Scotland on a recent tour, had an informal meeting with a number of the shorthand writers in Inverness, and suggested the formation of a local society for advancing the cause phonographic, leaving with the company a bundle of his instruction books to be presented to lads desiring to learn the system but too poor to purchase them. About ten days after his visit fifty young men met in the court house and organized the "Inverness Phonographic Society," to meet weekly and to further the interests of the art. Good work appropriately done.

—John Westby Gibson, LL.D., president of the short hand society of London, England, has been preparing with true archaeological instincts a valuable series of papers on "Dr. Doddridge's Nonconformist Academy and Education by Shorthand," in which he brings out many interesting facts concerning the celebrated Dr. Doddridge and his adaptation of Rich's Stenography, as employed by him in his academy, where out of just two hundred pupils there were one hundred and twenty ministers, many of whom became very celebrated in their time. Dr. Gibson will make a large exhibit of this divine's shorthand library at the ter-centenary celebration in London next fall.

(Translation.)

## A Mother's Love.

There is SOMETHING in sickness that BREAKS down the pride of mankind. It softens the heart and brings it forth to the feelings of sympathy. *Who that has languished even in advanced life in sickness, can ever be so kind as that has pined on a weary bed in the neglect and loneliness of a foreign land, but has thought on the mother that looked on his childhood, that smoothed his pillow and administered to his helplessness? Oh! there is an enduring tenderness in the love of a mother to a son that transcends all other affections on earth. It is neither to be chilled by selfishness nor daunted by danger, nor weakened by weaknesses, nor stifled by ingratitude. She will sacrifice every comfort to his convenience; she surrenders every pleasure to his enjoyment; she will glory in his fame and exult in his prosperity, and death in his adversity can never be so dear to her from misfortune; and if disgrace steals upon his name, she will still love and cherish him; and if all the world beside cast him off, she will be all the world to him.*

"The leading souls of the world administered only are given."

—We do not very often find the *Esperanto* napping, but it is a little odd that an editorial written for this paper by our editor should be credited to the *Phonographic World*, which appeared in the September number of the *PENMAN'S GAZETTE* for the first time.



For the PENMAN'S GAZETTE.

## A Bachelor's Dream.

DEAR EDITOR:—I am a penman. I am also a bachelor. I am, furthermore, a cynic, and am very prone to be skeptical in regard to matters consoling. But it is not a sad recital of the frailties of animated female nature that I am about to give you. It is an account of a dream that recently disturbed the settled melancholy, and broke for a spell the painful, cold monotony of my bachelor life.

The day's toil was ended. I had survived the tedious conference for another weary period of duration, and had done havoc to the boarding-house supper. I was seated in my private apartments, feeling about as sour and disagreeable as any penman in the profession—as my furrowed brow reflected back to me in the mirror, would seem to indicate. Upon the table before me lay a stack of unanswered letters, some from home, some from scattered friends, some from brother penmen, and some from rustic amateurs in rural districts, who had become deluded with the impression that I was a good writer, and who made very modest requests for specimens of my handwork for their card-boards, and in the hurry of their business engagements omitted including even a stamp for reply. Ah! what terrific volleys of unexpressed oral expression shook my delicate frame as I rested my weary eyes on those requests for specimens!

"Please send me samples of your plain and or namental writing, card-work and all urshing." I read the words over tenderly, pathetically, and found it difficult to restrain the biny tears! Oh, what a spell is woven around that young countryman! He thinks that I have nought to do but send free samples of my work to all country boys who may possess the deadly scrap-book. I feel averse! Shall I write him a bitterly ironical epistle, inquiring if I should consume midnight oil, stationery that was purchased by me for a specified sum of "filthy rupee," skill which cost me years of toil, and time that should be given to sleep or recreation, in ministering to his diseased craving for free specimens?

"No," he will not do. I would be thought a stingy, selfish, cranky individual if I should write thus. So, calling to my aid all of the good nature I still retain, I write him a letter, assuring him of the unalloyed happiness it affords me to comply with his request, and with a resigned air, mail him the coveted specimens. As the letter is being sealed, I notice that a stack of two censors is running, and when I come to realize that this free specimen business is the cause of the shortage, a sort of chorographic dynamite glitter may be seen in my orbs of perception! My usually placid mind meditates upon sundry unpleasant things, but memory informs me that I was once a "barefoot boy," with check of port-fell gait, so I endure the tortures of retributive justice.

For a change I pick up my old photograph album—looking like one in a dream, through the familiar art gallery—dwelling amid the pictured shadows of long ago. Such reflections have a tendency to sadden, and a feeling of indefinable longing came over me, which I would fain have banished—but I could not. A small portrait had revived recollections which I had long tried to bury.

But at length, wearied beyond endurance, I sank into troubled slumber. The wand of the dream goddes touched me, and I followed her in her flight to the land of whispering shadows, of past and future revelations. I was at home again. The bitter draught of life, the tonic of experience, was as yet untasted. I was gradually drifting into the current of sweetened longings, but I did not know that the rapids were now me, and that when tossed by their raging fury, I would lose many of the sweet, delusive hopes of budding manhood, and be tossed—yea, almost wrecked—on the frothing rocks of reality!

Yes, in my dreams I threaded the old familiar streets again in search of the bounding squirrel, or made the woods resound with the echoes of my well-plied axe. The sun poured through the thick clusters of trees in streams of liquid gold. The air was fragrant with the salutations of myriads of wild flowers, and the sweet-voiced warblers in the great orchards of nature, the fitting birds, were overflowing with twittering melody. Stooping, as of old had been my wont, to cool my lips at a dash-

ing cascade, I again heard the sweet music of the babbling brook, dancing in sparkling merriment through the shaded forest, laughing at the sunbeams and splashing in playful mood over great projecting rocks. How I envied that brook! How earnestly I longed for the time to come when I could glide away from the quiet seclusion of my mountain home, and mingle with the great outside world! Ah! I little thought that as the crystalline beauty and transparent purity of the brooklet was no longer perceptible when it reached the great surging sea, so the earlier aspirations, plans and hopes of my life would vanish when I had been thrown in the dark whirlpool of active life in the circles of competition.

I planned, longed for a chance to show my abilities to the world, and built air castles as I had done in the years long past. With eager

## Change.

Where, oh! where is the *Pen and Ink Journal* for November?

As usual, the *Western Penman* for November is sparkling with life.

The *Penman's Magazine* for November is fraught with delicacies for the mind as well as the hand and eye.

The *School Supplement*, Detroit, still maintains its enviable reputation as a superior school and literary magazine.

*Literary Life* for November eclipses all former numbers in point of mechanical beauty and rich and noble thought.

The *Rochester Commercial Review* is one of the nearest college journals published. It always finds a welcome corner in our files.

## Mr. Vaughan Speaks.

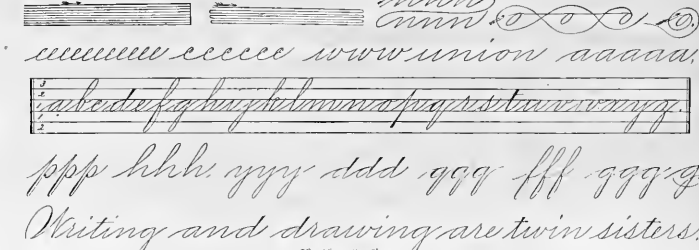
You have made an entire success of the *GAZETTE*, and no one takes greater pleasure in that fact than myself. I shall never cease to be attached to the *GAZETTE*, and wish it well. I look forward to the change in the form of your paper with great interest. There is no reason why it shouldn't be a big success, and I believe it will.

FRANK E. VAUGHAN.

Former Editor of the *Gazette*.

## Slient Forces.

I have seen the wild stone avalanches of the Alps, which smoke and thunder down the declivities with a vehemence almost sufficient to stun the observer. I have also seen snow-



Writing and drawing are twin sisters.

C.H. Crandle, Sec.

eyes I was endeavoring to scan the distant possibilities of my future life. I looked before the curtain that veils the future, and saw myself in life's full vigor, honored, esteemed by all, wealthy, famous and happy. I had conquered life; its difficulties I had safely contended with, and was past all danger of defeat.

I was passing up a stately avenue in a great city—the profusion of lavish magnificence scarcely attaining a single glance. No—the brilliant beauty of art and nature combined could not, at this moment, detain my hurrying feet. It was an eve in September. My day of labor was finished, and that handsome cottage yonder was my home. I stopped a moment in front of the beautiful structure to gaze at the homelike beauty of the place. How lovingly the light shone through those deep

The *Omaha Commercial Argus*, Buffalo and Erie, is to be issued hereafter as a bi-monthly.

The *Omaha Commercial Argus* is a welcome visitor to the *GAZETTE's* sanctum.

*Heart and Hall* is a well printed journal of choice literature and information, published in Grand Rapids, Mich.

"Proceedings of the Eighth Annual Convention of the Business Educators' Association for 1886," is on our desk, through the kindness of Prof. S. S. Packard.

*The Critic*, New York, keeps its readers thoroughly informed on literary matters. It gives independently and impartial reviews of all important books published in America; occasional comments on matters relating to the fine arts, music and the drama; literary news and notes; original poetry, etc.

flakes descending so softly as not to hurt the fragile spangles of which they were composed; yet to produce from aqueous vapor a quantity of that tender material which a child could carry, demands an exertion of energy competent to gather up the shattered blocks of the largest stone avalanche I have ever seen, and pluck them to twice the height from which they fell.—*Tyndall*.

—Brother Cross starts the ball a rolling with "Lessons in Eclectic Short-hand" in the September 15th issue of his magazine. May A. Rosenberger show what "stuff" eclecticism is made of.

—Eclectic Short-hand is a progressive shorthand, so its author claims, and in his magazine he exhorts his followers to teach only the



clouds of lace curtains! And at the window,—look! some one—yes, more than one, are watching for me to come! A child's loving stress, and a wife's looks and words of love await me.

With a start I awoke! The bright vision was only the reproduction of a dream of my youth. And, with a pang of remorse, I remembered that the face I had seen at the window in my dream, was no other than the one I had before me in the old album—the small portrait.

Ah! "It might have been!" But I take up the thread of my life again, leaving behind me the plans and expectations of bygone years, only hoping that somehow, in the great future, the broken chain of earthly happiness will be linked again by the Author of love and the Designer of life.

The *International Exponent of the Chirographic Art* is a neat journal in the interest of the pen art, published at Altoona, Pa.

*Young Man's Best Companion*, Des Moines, is a well-edited journal in the interest of practical education.

The *Cornellian*, published by the literary societies of Cornell College, Iowa, is one of the most intelligent college journals to be found on our files.

*Education*, edited by Wm. A. Mowry, Boston, is decidedly the finest and most extensive educational magazine we have on our exchange table.

—Mr. F. Dehaan, Amsterdam, Holland, has recently adapted photography to the Dutch language.

system as he teaches it, i. e., the alphabet which he now gives in his most recent work. That is right, but some of us found fault with Isaac Pitman for urging his followers to do the same, and would not tell a book with his old alphabets. Prof. Cross says: "It is very desirable that there should be harmony among all teachers of the art, and that any slight personal preferences should give way before the harmony and perpetuity of a uniform system."

W. D. BRIDGE.

Am glad to see the improvement in the *GAZETTE* since you have put your hand to the helm, and don't doubt but there are many good things coming from you in the future. You have my best wishes for success and happiness.

W. H. SADER.

Baltimore, Md.



# Another Proof of the Compendium's Merit.

C. A. Faust, according to hearsay, was born near Meadville, Pa., Oct. 8, 1856, about the period in which stragglers were being incubated and bullets were being moulded for the late little overture of bombs and bayonets. Although born at an epoch of brilliant arms, he has wisely chosen the pen as the mightier instrument in the "battle for bread." He says that Gaskell's Compendium is to be credited for his present position as a penman. He has not

—L. W. Hammond, one of G. B. Jones' pupils of Batavia, N. Y., is one of the rising knights. His strokes are very graceful.

—E. L. Glick, Saranac, Mich., is one of the GAZETTE disciples, and the freshness and grace of his work attests the fact. Age 16.

—Miss Mary G. Greene of Farmington, Minn., writes the GAZETTE a letter in a style which is very good for a girl of sixteen.

—W. DeF. Brown, Auburn, R. I., is rapidly becoming a penman for the master, and is training it to move in very graceful ways.

—R. S. Collins, Knoxville, Tenn., sends the GAZETTE a letter written in his superior style, along with a club which no one should be ashamed of.

The GAZETTE has just received some very handsome strokes from the far-famed pen of A. W. Dakin. Every stroke from his plastic quill attests the artist.

—W. E. Dennis has recently shipped us a copy of ornamental waxes. For downright "pictures," Bill Dennis snatches the laurel from his parent stem.

—W. D. Showalter is well pleased with the Quaker City. We trust Dennis will not poison his young mind by leading him into the cigarette and mineral water habits.

—A. N. Palmer fills the scales at something under 300, and still there are beans in the markets at Cedar Rapids. Perhaps the next card will announce him posing as a fat man or an alderman.

—J. W. Harkins of Curtis Business College, Minneapolis, paid the GAZETTE a pleasant call a few days since. Mr. Harkins does some very tasty work in the way of lettering and designing.

—That remarkable little quill-driver, A. D. Taylor, lit up the GAZETTE office with his genuine presence a few days since. He has been to New York City, and will doubtless pick his tent there. We trust that Madrazo and Kelly will use him well.

## BOOKS & NOTICES

BARNES' COMPLETE GEOGRAPHY, by James Monteth.

Introduces the subject according to the observational and deductive methods. Contains physical and political geography. Illustrated pictures of the hemisphere. The faces of mountain ranges in colors, their features, a complex and characteristic customer clearly and fully explained. The book is very well illustrated, and the illustrations are of the highest quality. The book is very well illustrated, and the illustrations are of the highest quality. The book is very well illustrated, and the illustrations are of the highest quality.

BARNES' NATIONAL SYSTEM OF PENMANSHIP.

The publishers claim these books are the best ever issued in this country, for the following reasons: They contain a practical system which, after long teaching, can be easily learned and put into practice. Pupils who use these books will write in a free, easy, and rapid manner. The classification of capitals is wonderfully simple. Eleven letters are formed on one general plan, ten on another, and the rest on a third. The system is simple, perfect, and the business form is clearly engraved on steel. The whole series for all grades of schools and colleges is complete. The use of the large, graded capitals in both city and country style is an additional book of smaller size to meet the demands of a still closer graduation.

GOODFELLOW'S BUSINESS PRACTICE.

Prof. Goodfellow, president of the Cedar Rapids (Iowa) Business College, has recently perfected a new business practice for students and business colleges. It is being received with great favor by business colleges, East and West. It has been the Professor's plan for years to develop a system, that would enable the student to send transactions to the man of the hour and hour will be less successful contact with them. He was so fascinated with the work that very few were able to complete the course, and when they did, they had entered upon the practical work. Such a system is a skillful every department of business, and is provided for by constant repetition. In addition, much is to be learned and proven daily in a business work must be learned. The system is a skillful every department of business, and is provided for by constant repetition. In addition, much is to be learned and proven daily in a business work must be learned. The system is a skillful every department of business, and is provided for by constant repetition. In addition, much is to be learned and proven daily in a business work must be learned.

The November GAZETTE is a very pretty number. The GAZETTE and Compendium have been a most excellent investment for me, which I owe my present writing.

Samuel D. EOGAN J. HENRY.



C. B. R., Denver, Col.—We can furnish all back numbers of the GAZETTE from December 1885 to the present time.

W. H. P., Davenport, Iowa—Your writing shows a good, free movement, but you slant your letters a little more than is necessary.

L. W., Cone, Tex.—Your writing tells that you are on the right track. Use more freedom of motion. The GAZETTE is proud of you as one of its followers.

H. D. G., Perkasie, Pa.—Yes, you are on the right track; don't switch off; keep your eye ahead; look out for false signals, and you will arrive there on the proper schedule.

H. T. B., Walkill, N. Y.—Try to regulate your spacing. Don't slant your writing quite so much. You can become a good business penman by diligent practice.

Miss G. S., Pincleville, Mich.—If your town is large enough to justify an evening writing class you might teach awhile to aid your mother. You are right in wishing to remain at home with her.

W. N. S., San Francisco, Cal.—You should remember that the whole arm movement is only practical under the Maquis of Queensbury rules. The fingers are brought into action a trifle in the formation of loop letters.

A. N. W., Orleans, Ind.—Your work is a little irregular yet, and your movement is like that of a child learning to walk. You don't make your hand go just as you wish, but you show pluck—an ingredient which surpasses all dreams of genius.

LEE R., Sallis, Miss.—Your writing shows a good movement, but you hide its real beauty in surplus curves. Use care; we are counting on you. Just go ahead, shake off those extra strokes; maintain a rigid upper lip, and you will reach a high perch in the quill art yet.

W. B. B., Pekin, China.—And you object to the Mongolian trousers, do you? No doubt you look very spectral strapping along the alley of Peking, but in a regular system of movement drills as given in GAZETTE. Learn to move slowly and regularly; then as you improve, increase your speed.

A. N. P., Cedar Creek, Cal.—Your corpulence may be reduced in many ways. Fasting for a few months would work wonders in the way of physical reduction. Walking twenty or thirty miles before breakfast would "shrive" your massive form" no doubt. You might also try to advantage the swinging of dumb-bells or saw-horses at the gymnasium.

B. O. R. E., Free Shop, Neb.—And you would like to know who "Sally" is in the "Ask of the quills," and if no reply in ten days, drop a line to the P. O. Department. "Sally" is the girl who kicks a 3-cent stamp before adding it on her letter.

W. E. D.—No, we cannot give definite information regarding a genuine beard and whisker. You might try a solution of sawdust and elixir; then sleep on the sawdust and drink the tea. If you really crave the luxuriant hirsute of the "Age of Villain" you would find a thin veneering of Sicilian varnish and buy run a good prom. ter.

Apply on chin for beard and on upper lip for moustache. If neither of these processes bring them out, try trippers.

B. L. P., Owensdale, Pa.—Your drawings, while not very life-like, are splendid pointers for lovers of the rebus to speculate upon. However, you have very happily labeled the dragons and sent by mail a good prom. ter to arrange the human features in their natural order your etchings would take much better. We are under the impression that you were slightly mixed in arranging the labels, for

under a large symbolical squash you have written "human," and under the map of Florida you have inscribed "horse." If you would construct a key for each group the public at large could grapple with the artist's intent more readily.

Miss C. R., Milwaukee, Wis.—Your choice is happy in selecting the cabbage as a new subject for the display of art. No poet has yet dared to crystallize this fragrant blossom in immortal song, nor has the painter's canvas ever been embellished by the delicate petals of this Hebrew scrub. You can almost detect the native fragrance in the nose-pieces of the graphically depicted. In your opinion, drawing. No doubt scores of artists will eagerly smear their canvases with this odoriferous vegetable when your productions have dazzled their aesthetic vision.

Miss Mary I. G., Farmington, Minn.—You write a very nice hand for a young lady of your age. We are really glad you find comfort in the GAZETTE for your lettered whoops. But is not a trifle wicked in you to find amusement in our editorial sores? Certainly if you will write us a letter each month we will criticize its defects, but you might find, as we get better acquainted that the keen edge of our criticism would become slightly blunted. You can keep the ink off your fingers by using a shallow vessel for a stand, like a saucer, pot lid or napkin ring. Take up our lessons in October GAZETTE and begin in earnest; we will assist you all we can.

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